

NOV.-DEC.

HEADLINE COMICS

IND

No. 16

10c

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



In This Issue

ATOMIC MAN

A New, Sensational
Feature



WEB COMIC
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It's Fun to Draw

Drawing is FUN! Drawing is easy, too, easy as A, B, C — this fascinating new way. This helpful book, with more than 1,000 Sketches and Drawings, takes you from the first stroke on paper to the advanced stages of complete drawings. You are shown how simple lines and outlines evolve into finished drawings of **FACES — FIGURES — STILL LIFE — ANIMALS — CARTOONS — and ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL KINDS.** There are easy lessons on drawing Simple Objects (box, glass, chair, jug, etc.), Trees and Flowers, Birds, Insects, Fish, Dolls, Children, Clothes, Houses, Posters, Commercial Art, Comic Drawings, Animated Cartoons, Lettering (including 37 complete popular alphabets). Fun in Art (games, chalk-talk, cut-outs, greeting cards, etc.). Book includes a **MANIKIN** for posing and tracing; **TOOLS FOR THE ARTIST**; and a **MUNSELL COLOR CHART.** You don't have to be a "born" artist — nor is any previous knowledge on your part expected. This new art manual shows you exactly how to draw. If you can write, you can learn to draw!

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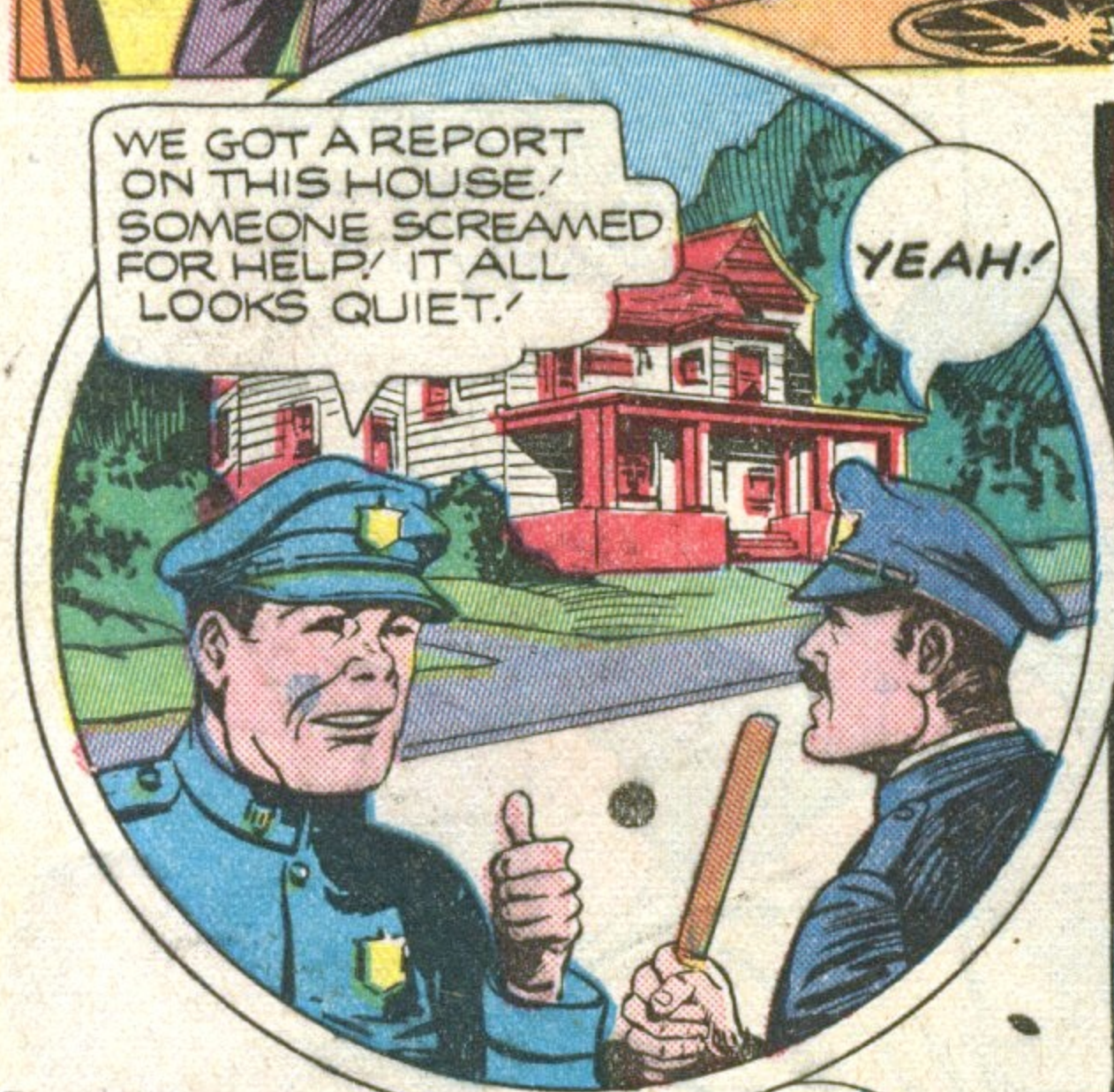
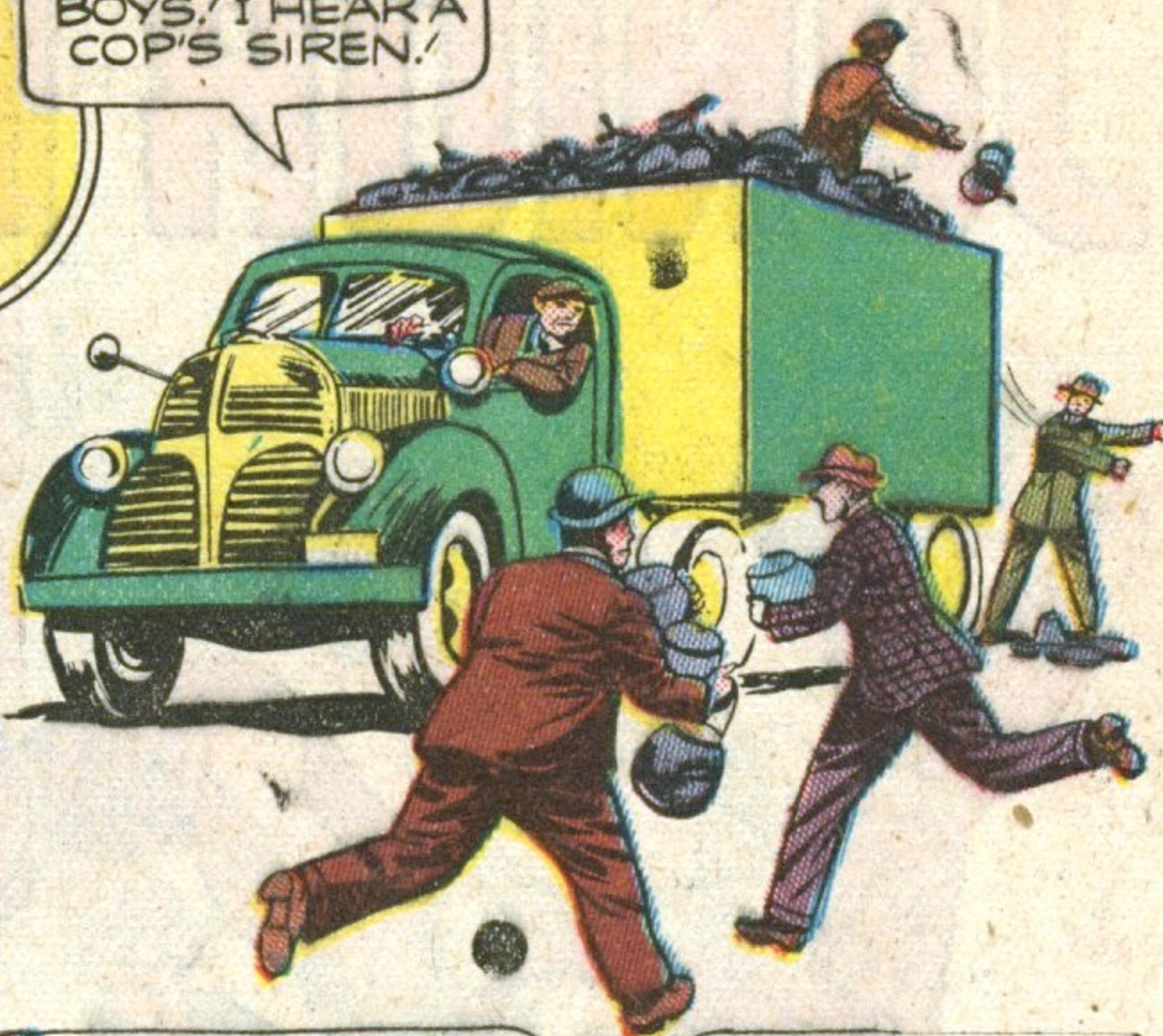
in "BARNACLE BILL"

JOUSTING WITH DANGER HAS BECOME ALMOST A COMMON PLACE THING FOR THOSE DARE-DEVILS, THE "JUNIOR RANGERS"... BUT THEY ALMOST MET THEIR MATCH WHEN THEY TRIED TO FIND OUT WHY AN ACCOMPLISHED AND VICIOUS GANG, IS STEALING KITCHENWARE... POTS PANS... AND.... **DEATH!**

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TO FIND OUT WHY
AN ACCOMPLISHED
AND VICIOUS GANG,
IS STEALING
KITCHENWARE... POTS
PANS... AND...
DEATH!



HIT THE ROAD, BOYS! I HEAR A COP'S SIREN!



WE GOT A REPORT ON THIS HOUSE! SOMEONE SCREAMED FOR HELP! IT ALL LOOKS QUIET!

YEAH!

AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME ALL THEY STOLE WERE POTS AND PANS?

YES! IT SOUNDS ABSURD, BUT IT'S TRUE!



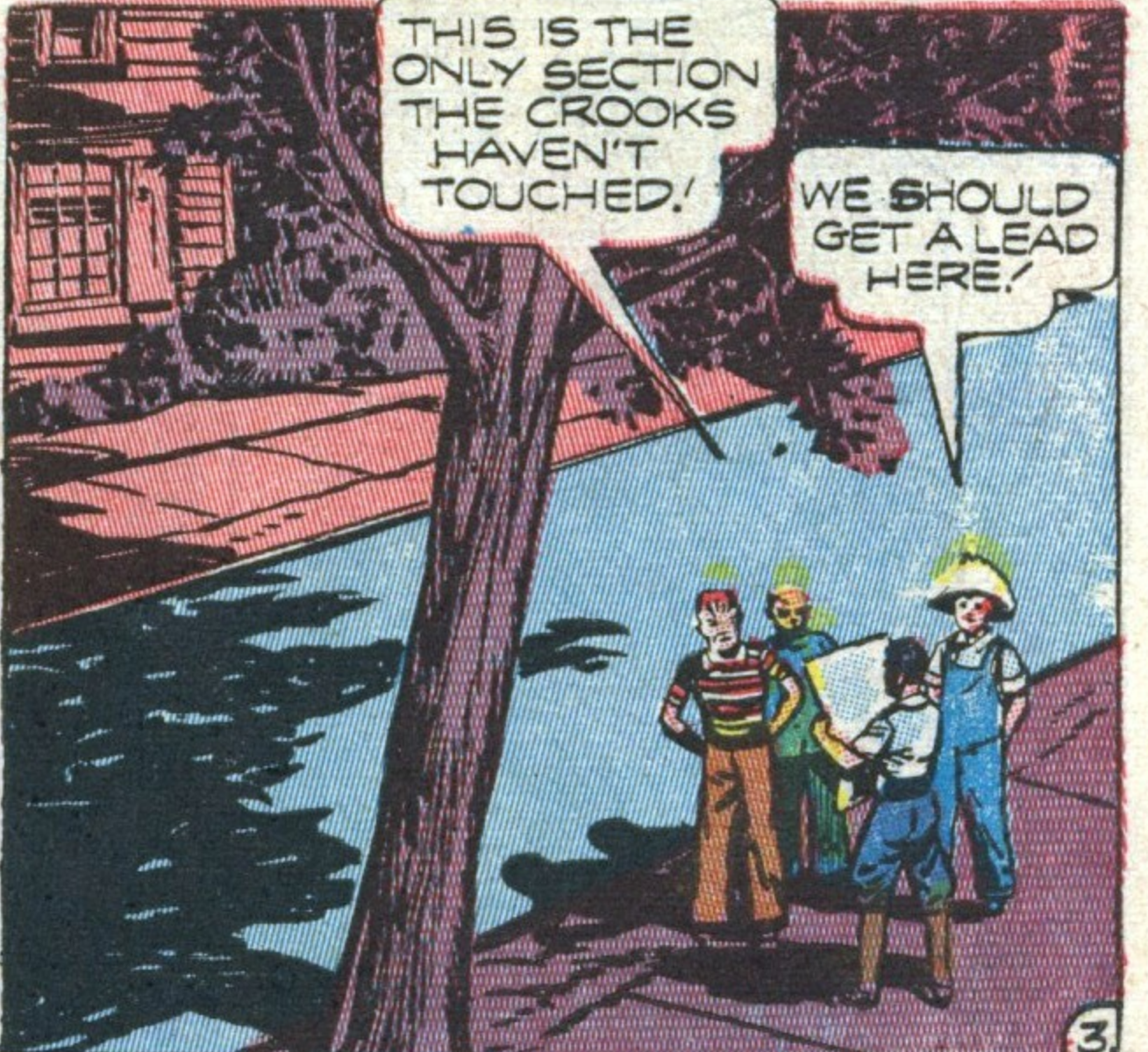
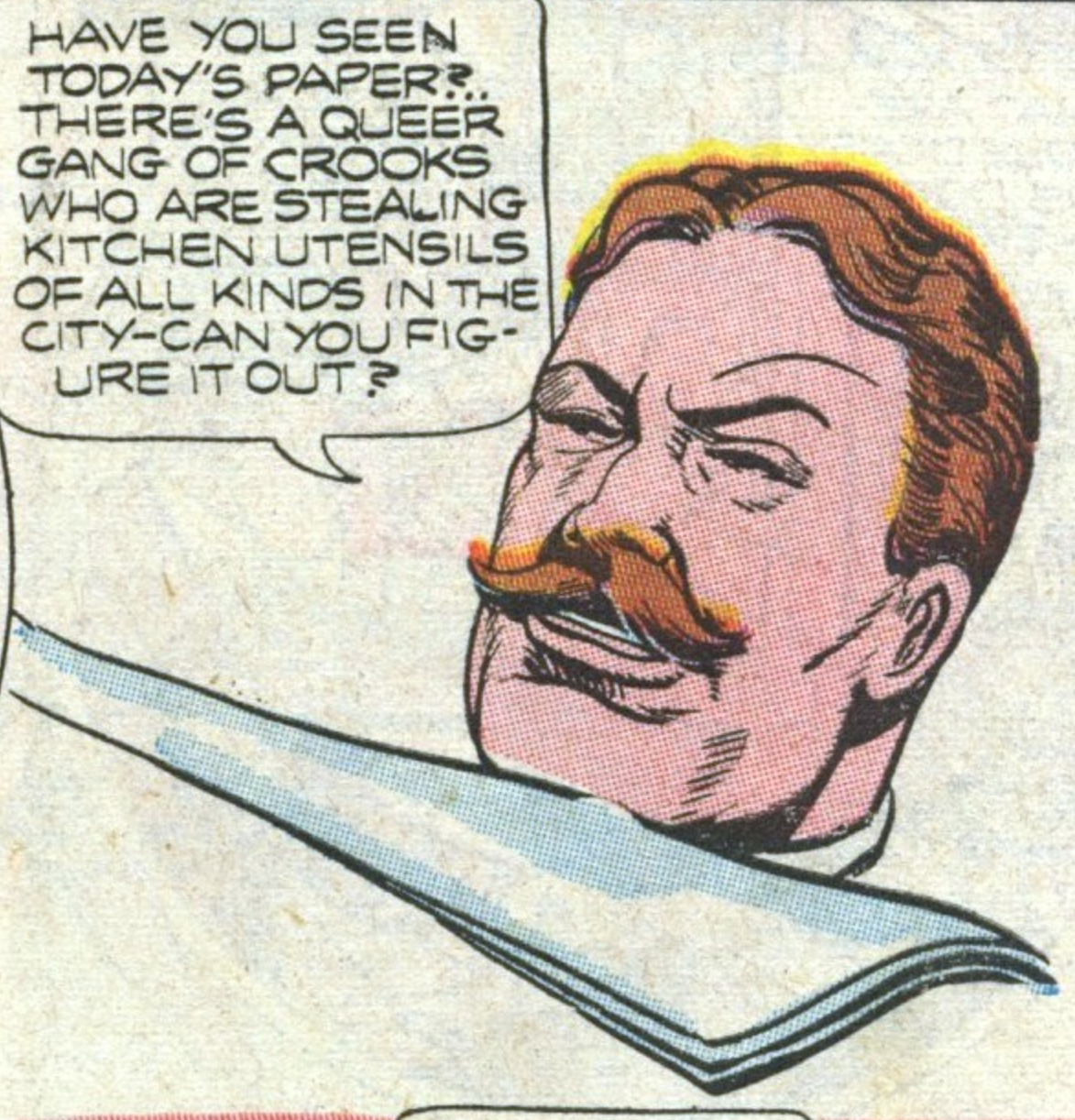
PROBABLY SOME KIDS ON THE PROWL! SHE JUST SAID THEY WERE ARMED MEN TO IMPRESS US... COME ON!

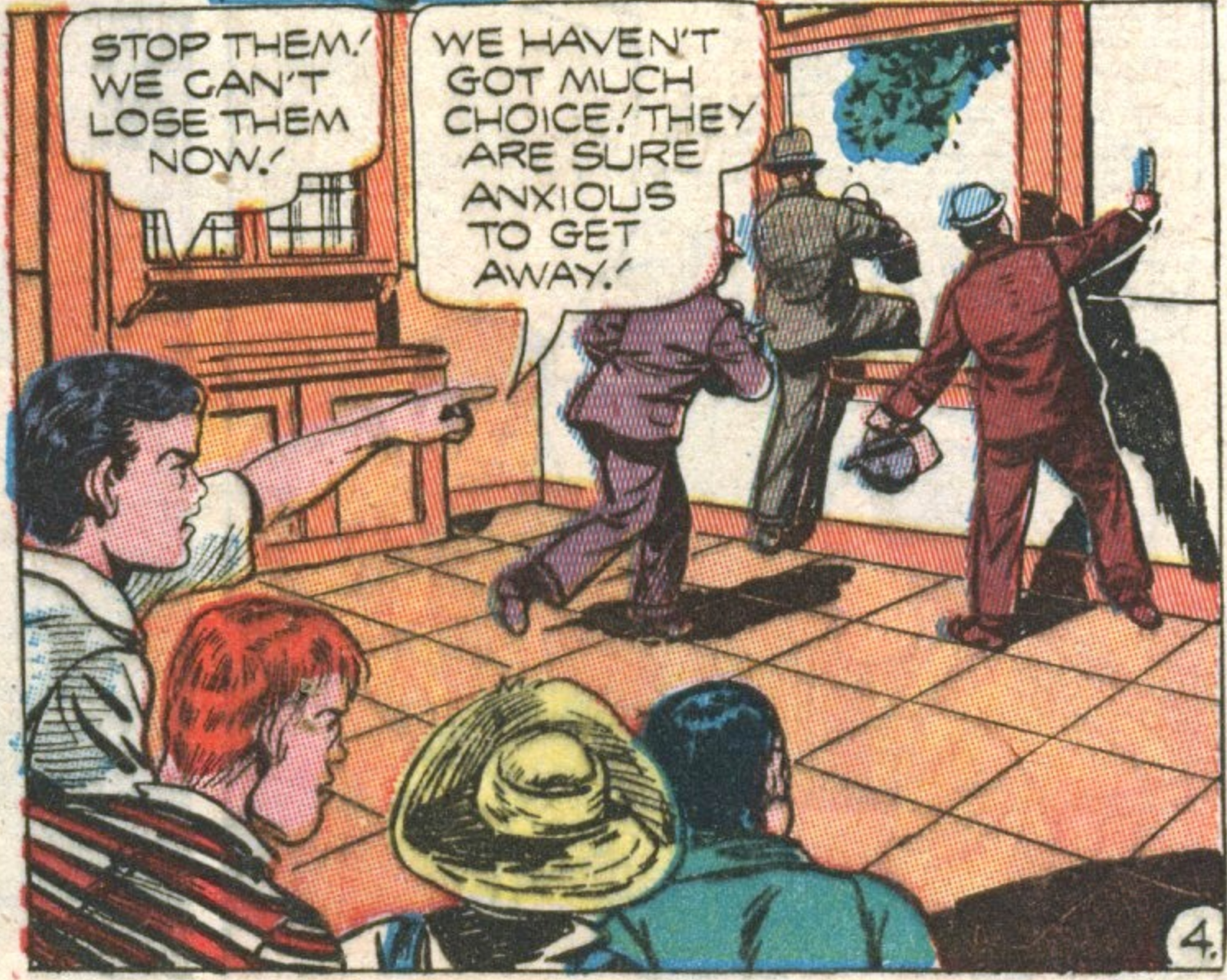
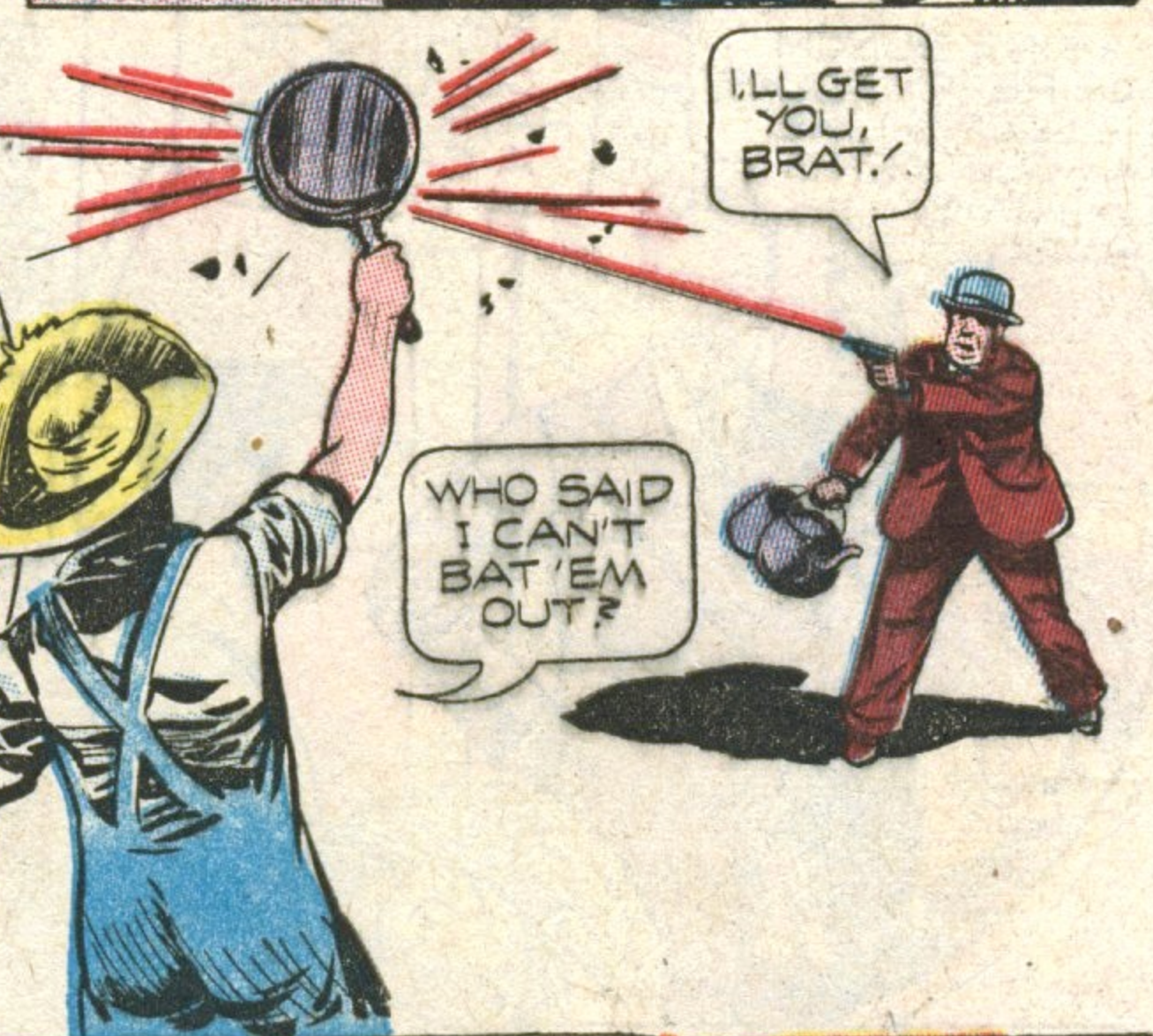
WAIT... THERE'S OUR CALL!

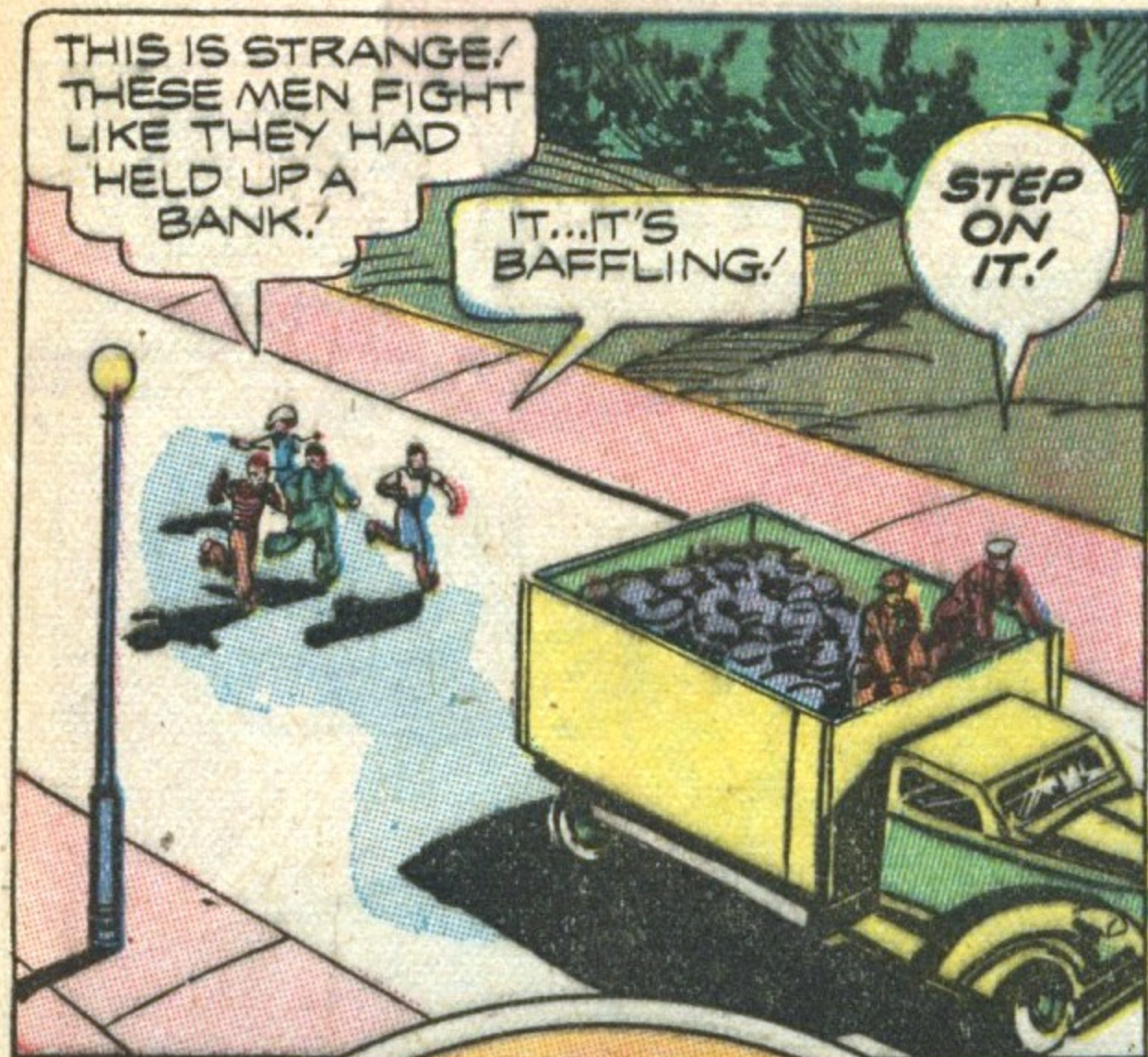
CALLING ALL CARS... VICIOUS GANG STEALING KITCHEN UTENSILS SHOT ONE WOMAN! ARREST ON SIGHT!

WHAT?









THIS IS STRANGE!
THESE MEN FIGHT
LIKE THEY HAD
HELD UP A
BANK!

IT...IT'S
BAFFLING!

STEP
ON
IT!



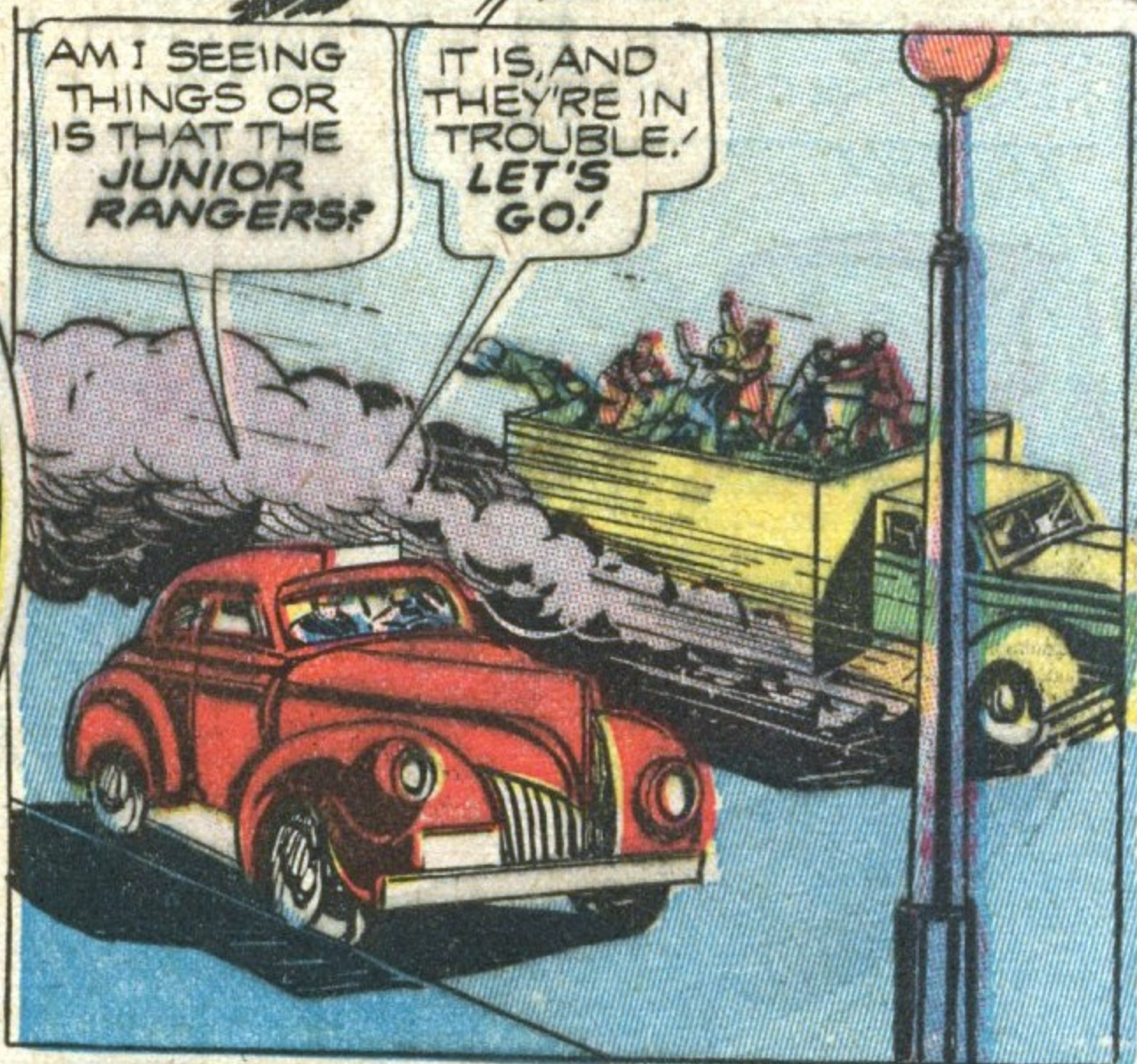
ALL
ABOARD!

DEY AIN'T
GONNA LIKE
THE IDEA OF
HITCH-HIKERS!



IF THE BOSS
FINDS OUT ABOUT
THIS, WE'LL BE
GONNERS! LET'S
DUMP THESE
SNOOPS BUT
QUICK!

SUPPOSE WE
TRY IT **OUR**
WAY, AND
DUMP YOU?



AM I SEEING
THINGS OR
IS THAT THE
**JUNIOR
RANGERS?**

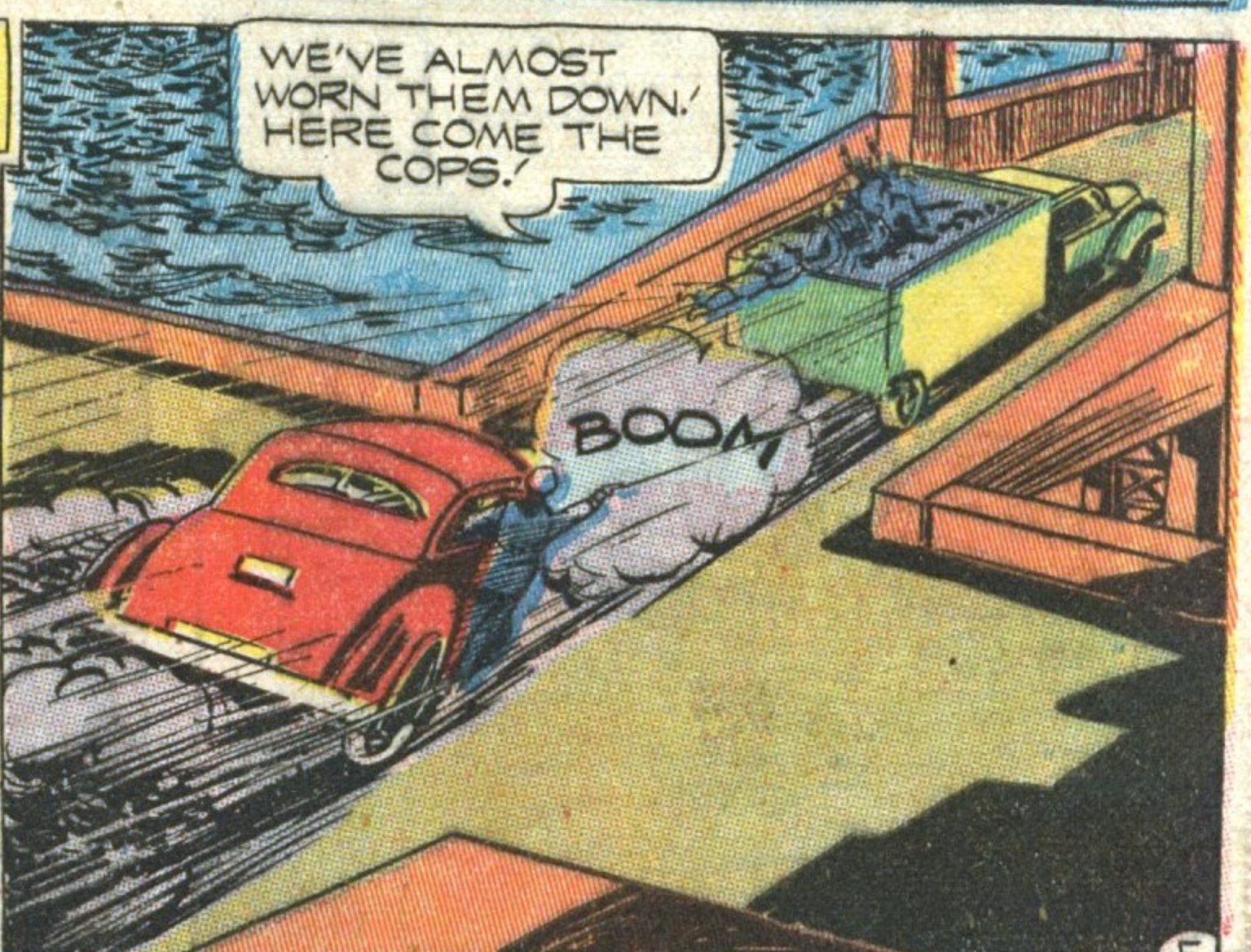
IT IS, AND
THEY'RE IN
TROUBLE!
**LET'S
GO!**



FIGHTING ATOP THE SWAYING TRUCK,
THE RANGERS BATTLE FOR THEIR
LIVES! A MIS-STEP MEANS **DEATH!**

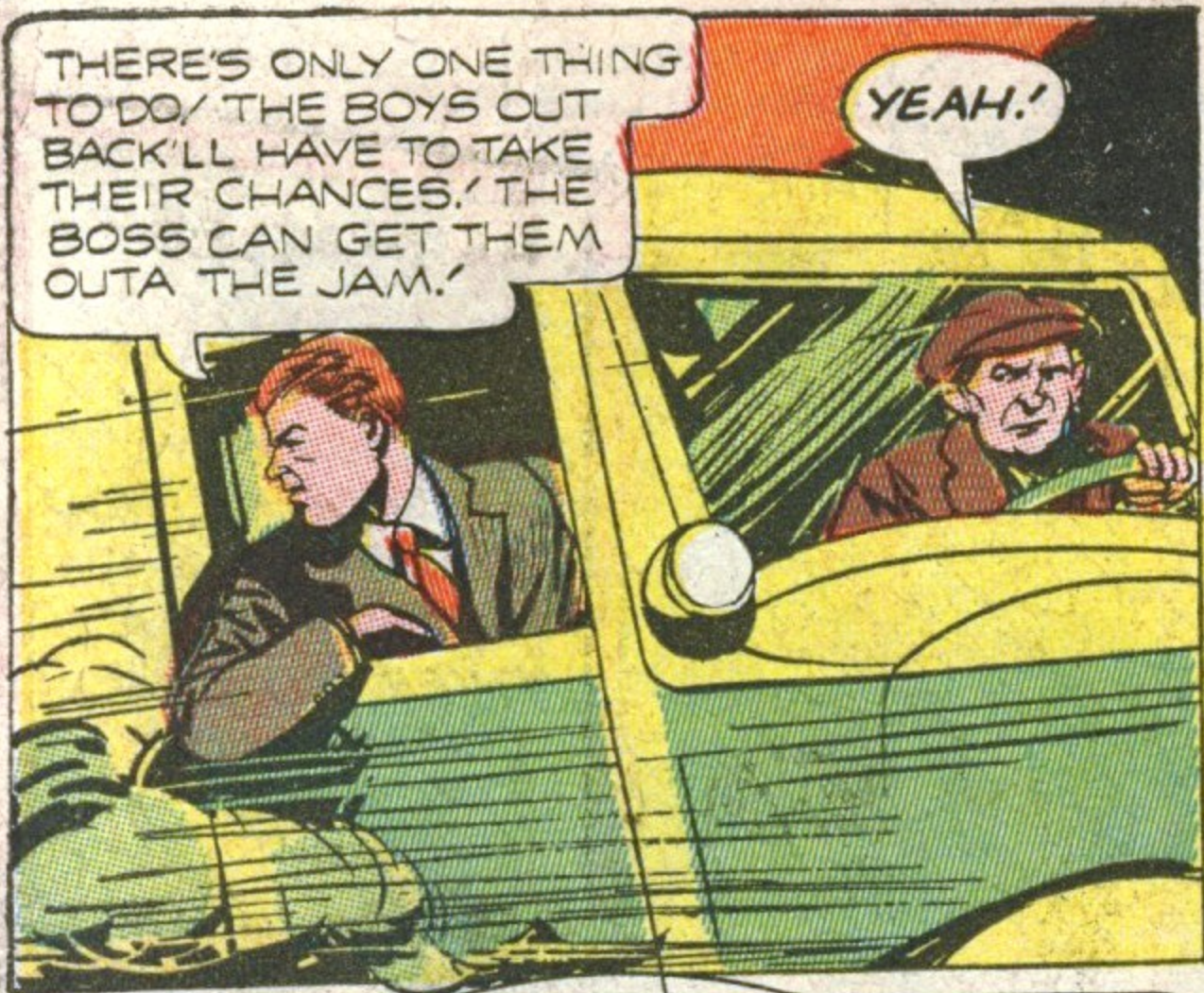
AND JUST AN
HOUR AGO, WE
WERE BORED.

I'LL BORE YOU...
WITH A **BULLET!**



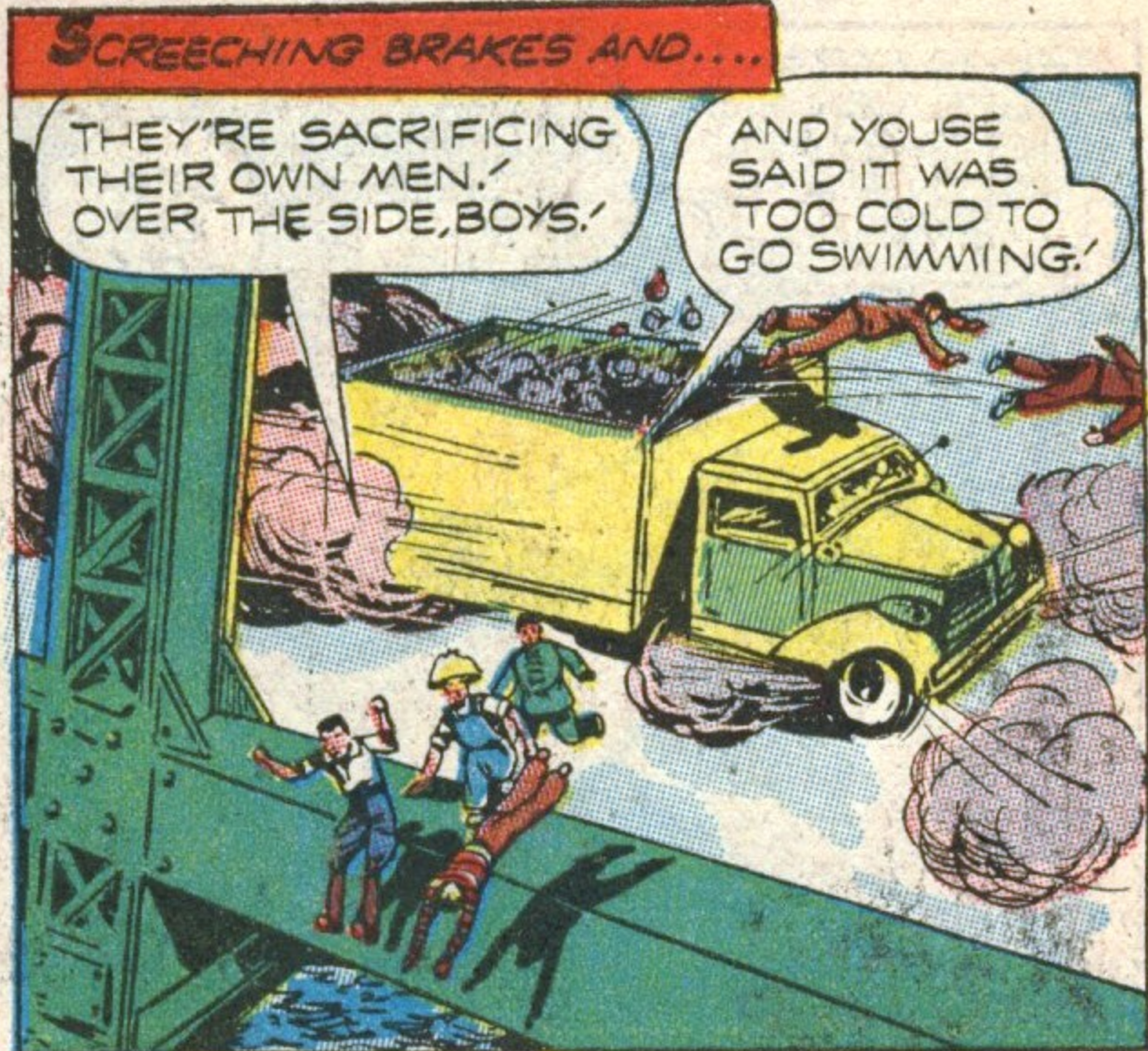
WE'VE ALMOST
WORN THEM DOWN!
HERE COME THE
COPS!

BOOM



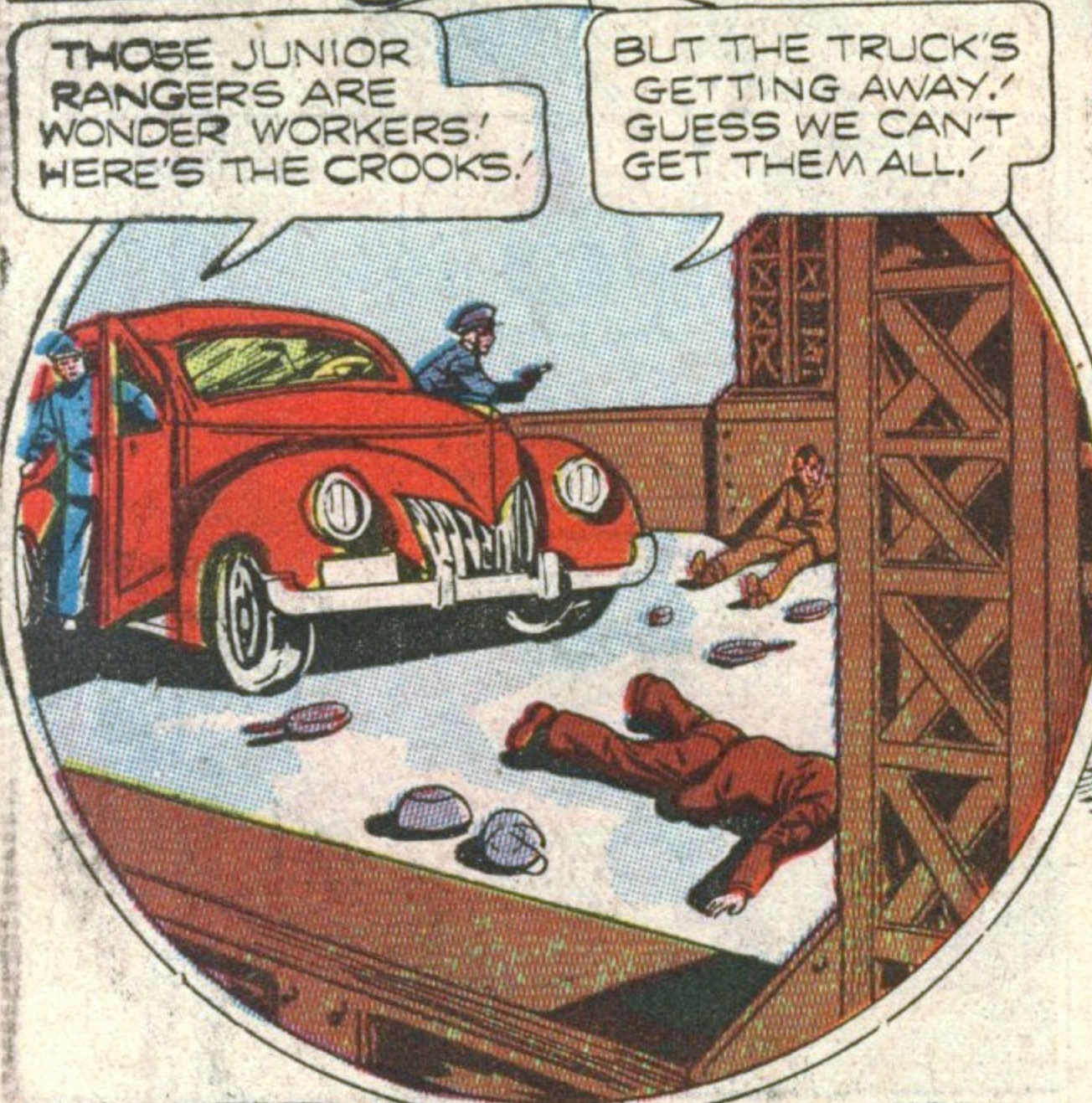
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! THE BOYS OUT BACK'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEIR CHANCES! THE BOSS CAN GET THEM OUTA THE JAM!

YEAH!



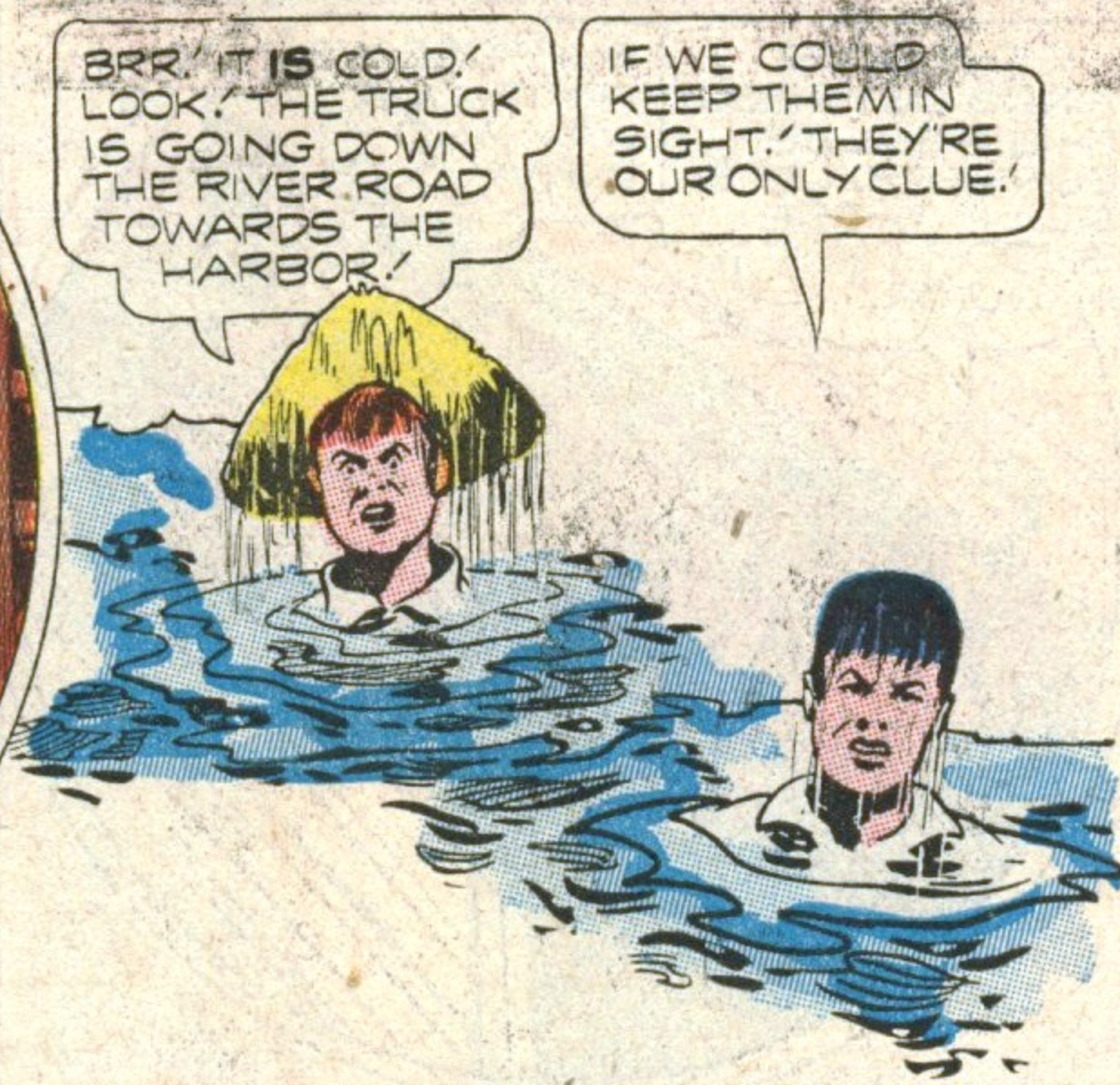
THEY'RE SACRIFICING THEIR OWN MEN! OVER THE SIDE, BOYS!

AND YOUSE SAID IT WAS TOO COLD TO GO SWIMMING!



THOSE JUNIOR RANGERS ARE WONDER WORKERS! HERE'S THE CROOKS!

BUT THE TRUCK'S GETTING AWAY! GUESS WE CAN'T GET THEM ALL!



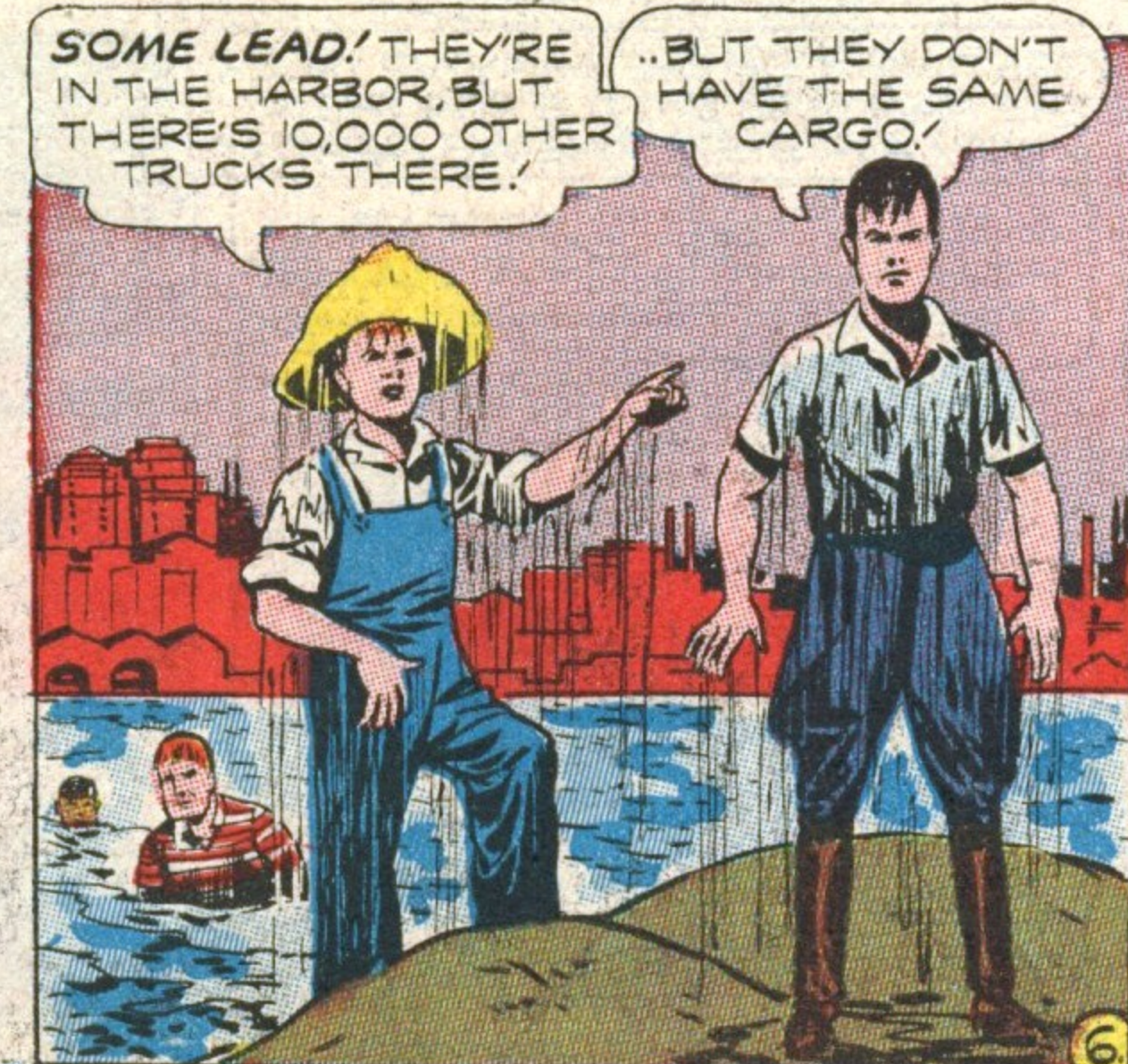
BRR! IT IS COLD! LOOK! THE TRUCK IS GOING DOWN THE RIVER ROAD TOWARDS THE HARBOR!

IF WE COULD KEEP THEM IN SIGHT! THEY'RE OUR ONLY CLUE!



PUFF PUFF! IT'S NO USE! THERE THEY GO!

LET US PICK UP THE TRAIL ON SHORE BEFORE WE FREEZE!



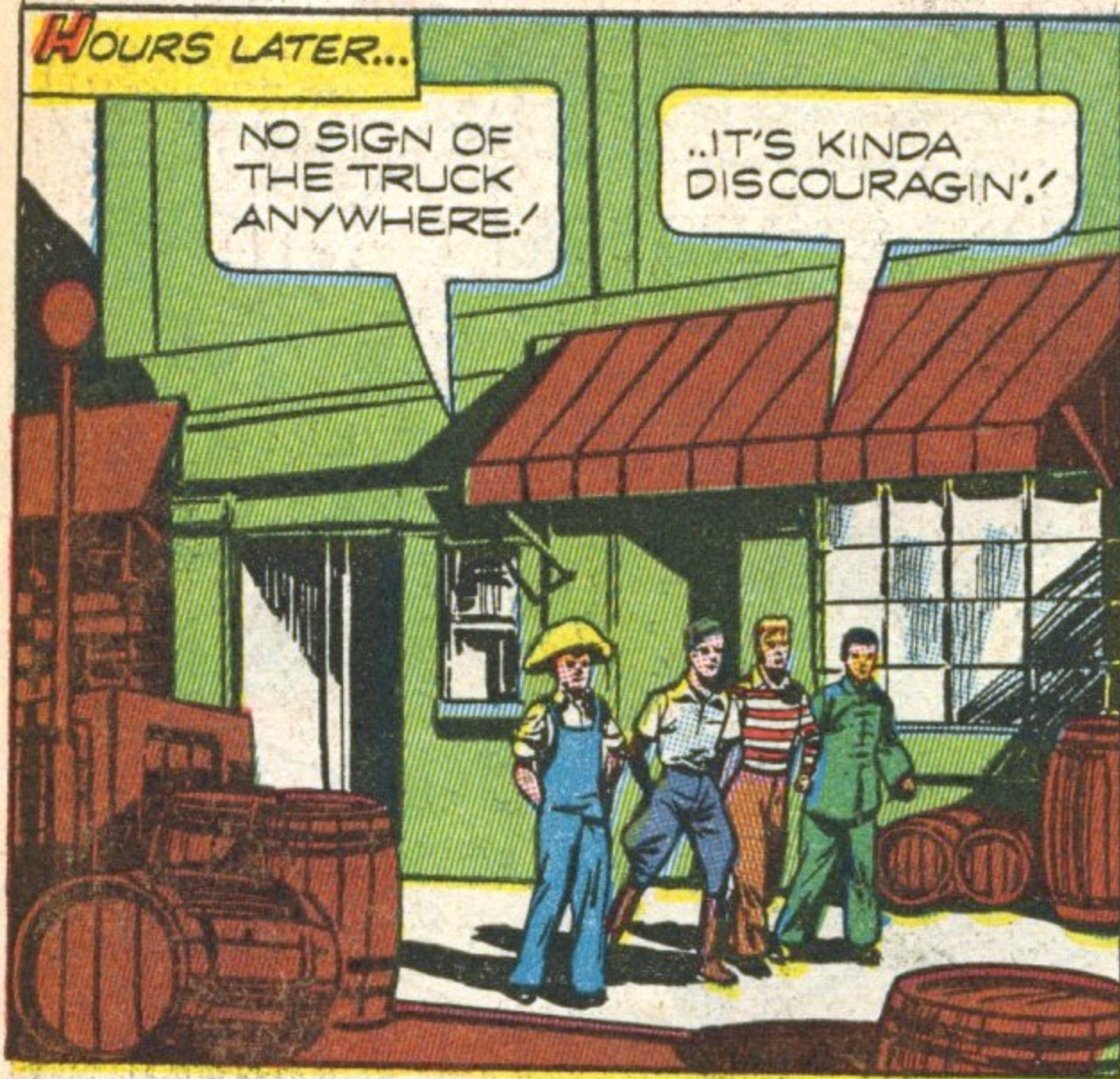
SOME LEAD! THEY'RE IN THE HARBOR, BUT THERE'S 10,000 OTHER TRUCKS THERE!

..BUT THEY DON'T HAVE THE SAME CARGO!

HOURS LATER...

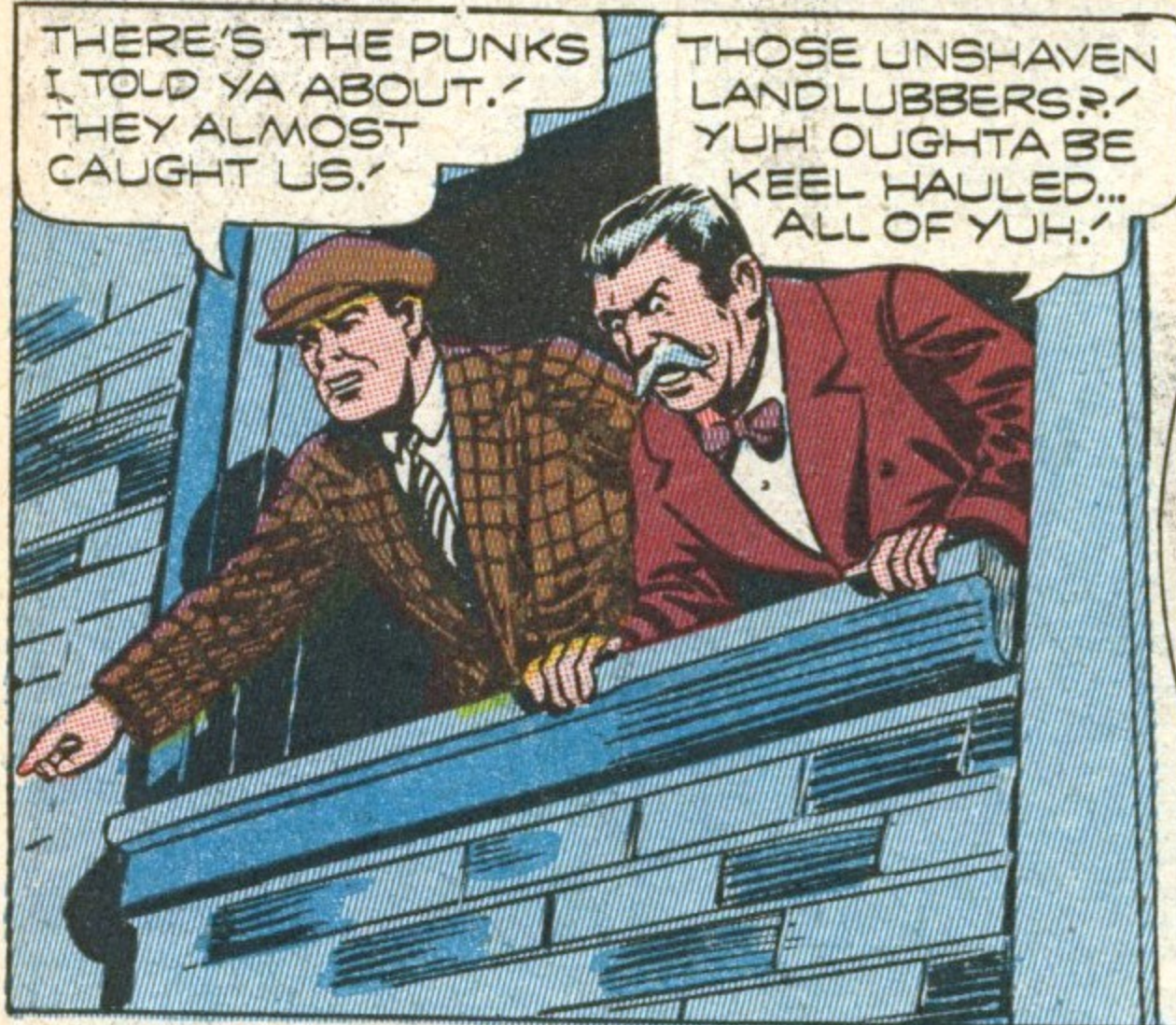
NO SIGN OF THE TRUCK ANYWHERE!

..IT'S KINDA DISCOURAGIN'!



THERE'S THE PUNKS I TOLD YA ABOUT. THEY ALMOST CAUGHT US!

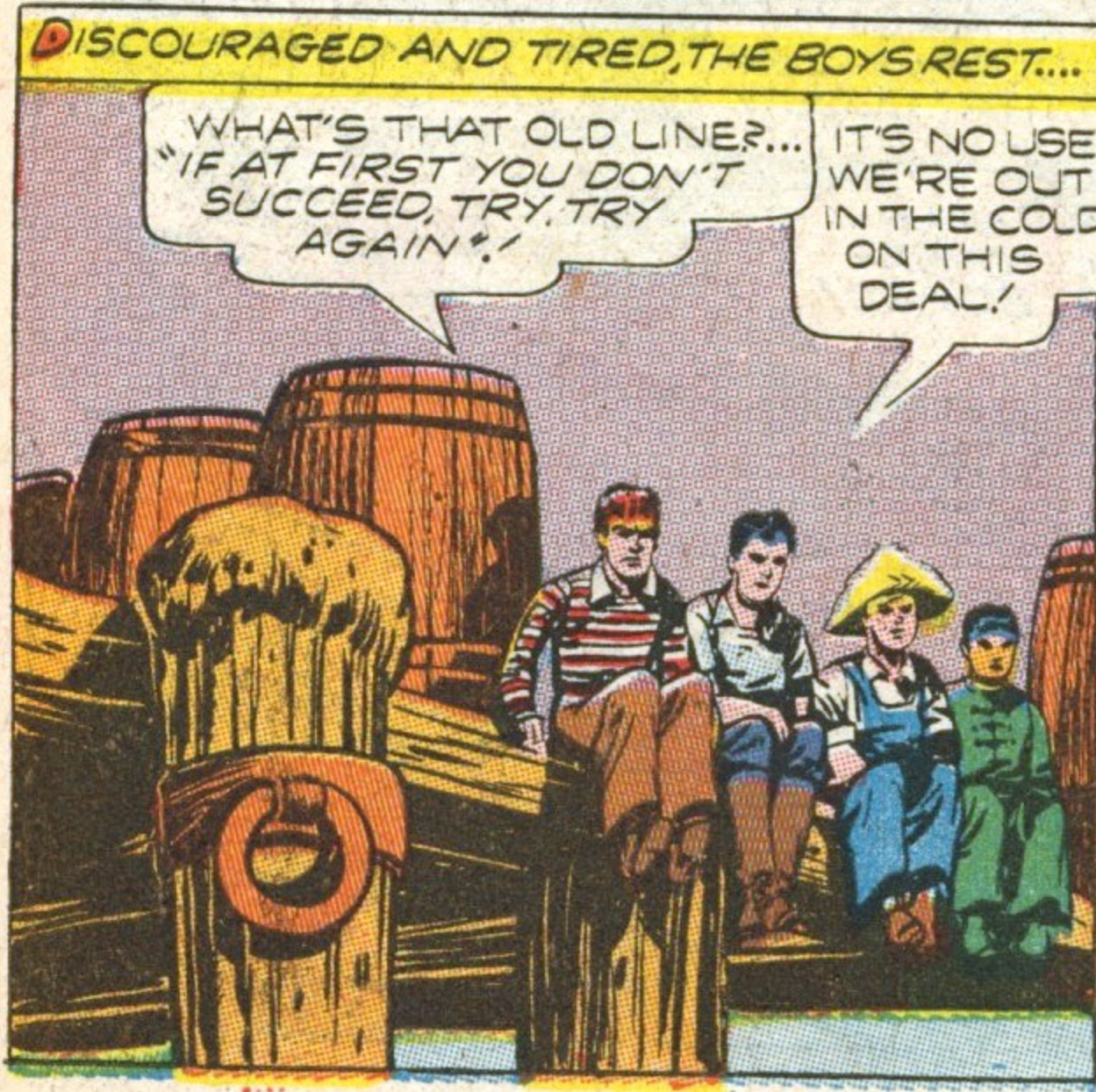
THOSE UNSHAVEN LANDLUBBERS? YUH OUGHTA BE KEEL HAUL'D... ALL OF YUH!



DISCOURAGED AND TIRED, THE BOYS REST...

WHAT'S THAT OLD LINE?... "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN"!

IT'S NO USE! WE'RE OUT IN THE COLD ON THIS DEAL!



HMM! THAT'S SOMETHING NEW! BARNACLES ARE THE PLAGUE OF ALL SHIPS! THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE HOURS A SHIP SPENDS IN DRY DOCK!

YEA..THESE GUYS MUST MAKE A FORTUNE IF THE METHOD WORKS!



**BARNACLES
BLASTED!**

**USE OUR NEW
PATENTED METHOD
AND LOSE ALL
BARNACLES-THEY
NEVER COME BACK
AFTER OUR
TREATMENT!**

AVAST!-LET OLD BARNACLE BILL TAKE THE HELM! I'LL GET RID OF THESE SPOUTS!

THEY'RE NO PUSHOVERS! WE DON'T WANTA LOSE OUR DOUGH NOW!



MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT WARM FOR THESE BLISTERS!





AHOY, LADS..
HOW BE YE?

H'M...MAYBE HE
KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THE TRUCK!

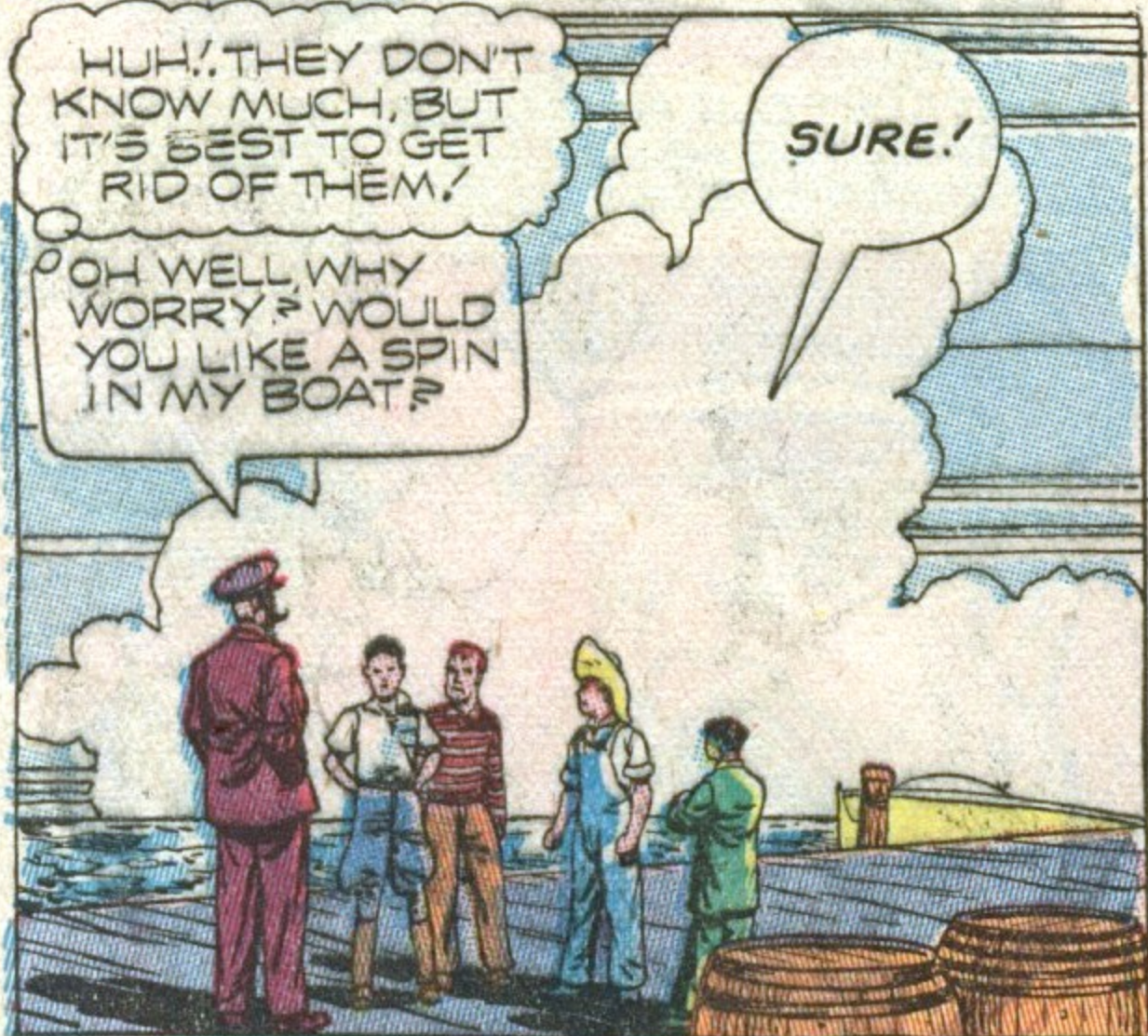
YOU SALTS ARE GOOD
OBSERVERS! DID YOU
NOTICE A TRUCK FULL
OF KITCHENWARE
GO BY HERE?



THEY'RE STILL ON
THE TRAIL! I'VE GOT
TO TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

CAN'T SAY I DID, SON!
WHY DO YOU ASK?

BECAUSE IT'S
STOLEN...NOT
THAT I KNOW
WHY!



HUH! THEY DON'T
KNOW MUCH, BUT
IT'S BEST TO GET
RID OF THEM!

SURE!

OH WELL, WHY
WORRY? WOULD
YOU LIKE A SPIN
IN MY BOAT?



YOU'LL ALL BE
SEEING DAVY
JONES LOCKER
SOON!.. THAT'S
A SAFE PLACE
20 FATHOMS
DOWN!

WELL, THE DAY
ISN'T A COMPLETE
LOSS, EVEN IF WE
HAVEN'T CAUGHT
THE CRIMINALS!



THERE'S A
CURIOSITY!
THERE... IN THE
WATER, LAD!

WHERE?!



HE'LL GO
STRAIGHT
DOWN AFTER
THAT CLOUD!

IT'S CHAN!
I'LL GET
HIM!

MAN
OVER-
BOARD!

THEY'RE GETTING SEPARATED
I CAN'T RISK THIS!..NOW'S
THE TIME FOR ACTION! NO
ONE'LL HEAR A SHOT THIS
FAR OUT!

WHY THE
DOITY!!!

A
GUN!



DIS IS SOLVING
A CASE THE
HARD WAY!

YEA!..IF WE
GET A CHANCE
TO SOLVE IT!



HOW DOES
THIS FEEL?

UG!

HEY...WHAT
ABOUT
ROGER AND
CHAN?



HE'S SHOOTING AT
ROGER! TH..THIS
MUST HAVE SOME
CONNECTION WITH
OUR CROOKS!



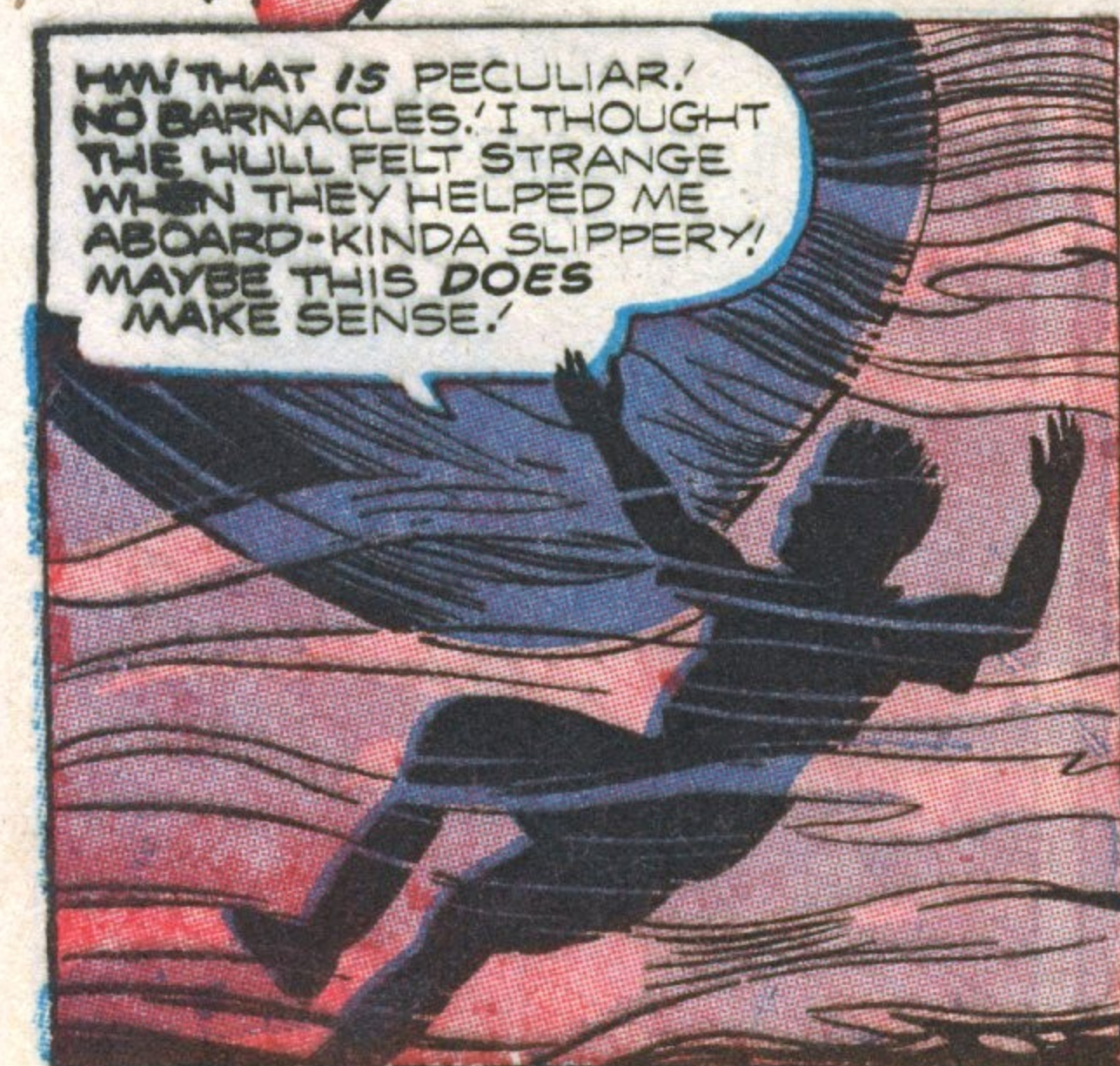
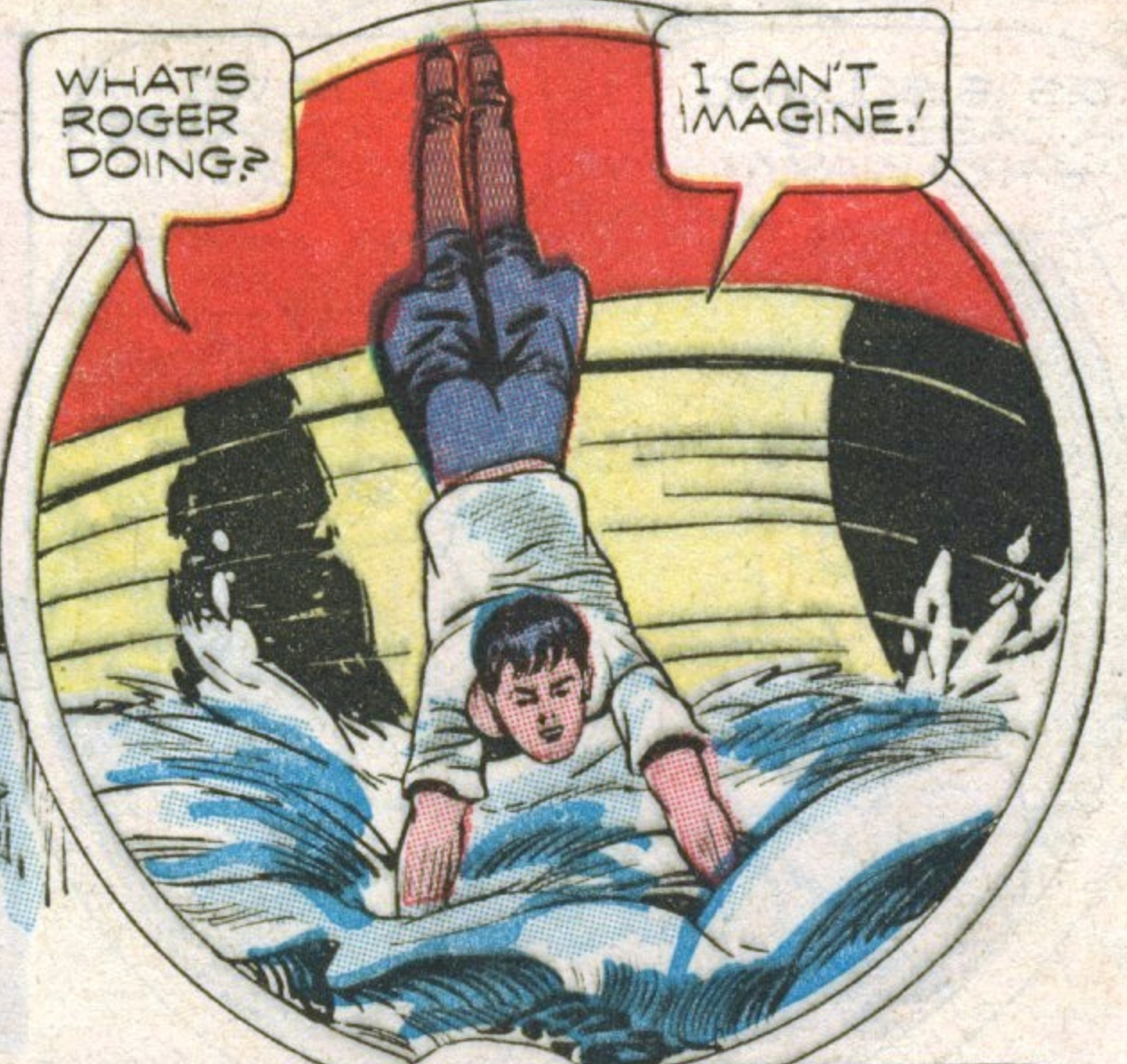
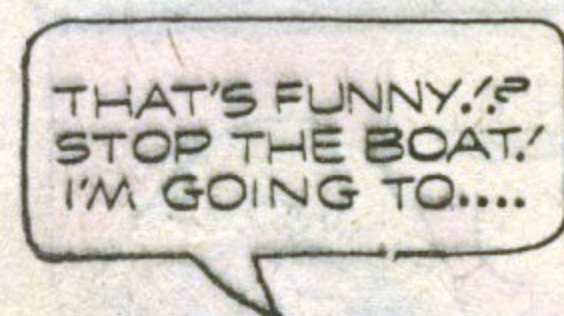
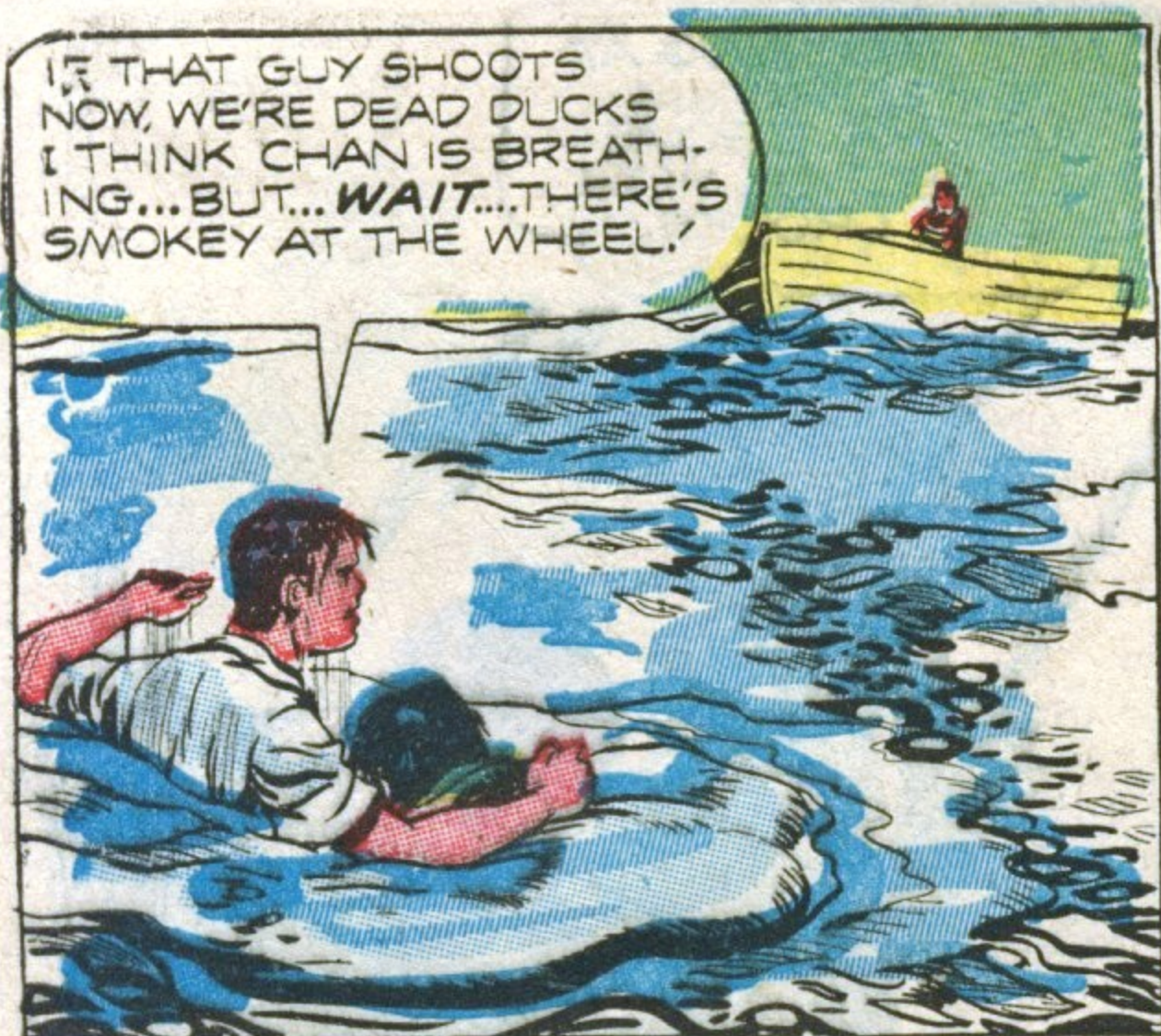
GEE!..DAT GUN DON'T
LOOK AN INCH BIGGER
DAN DE HOLLAND
TUNNEL!



IN THE
WATER...

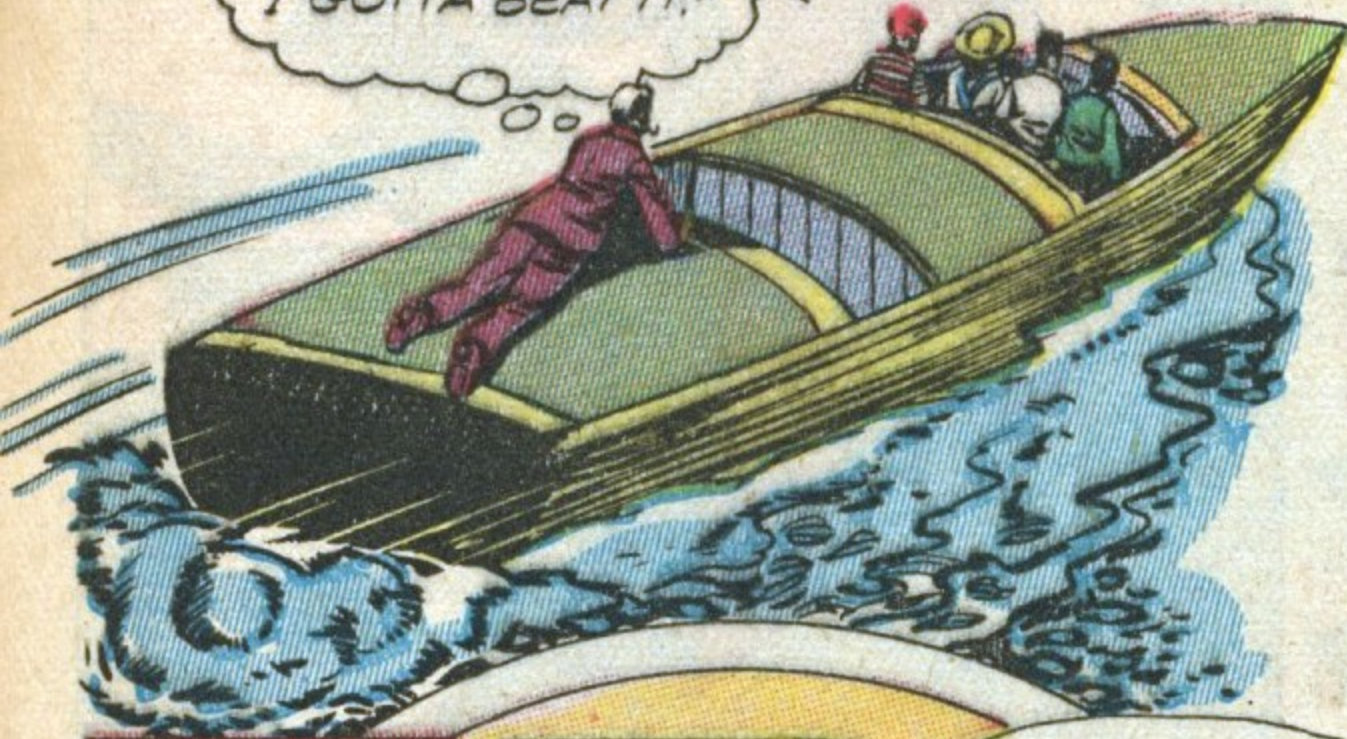
IS HE DEAD?!
LOOK AT THE
WAY HE'S
FLOATING!





OUR FIRST STOP IS THAT BUILDING THAT ADVERTISED THAT THEY COULD GET RID OF BARNACLES!

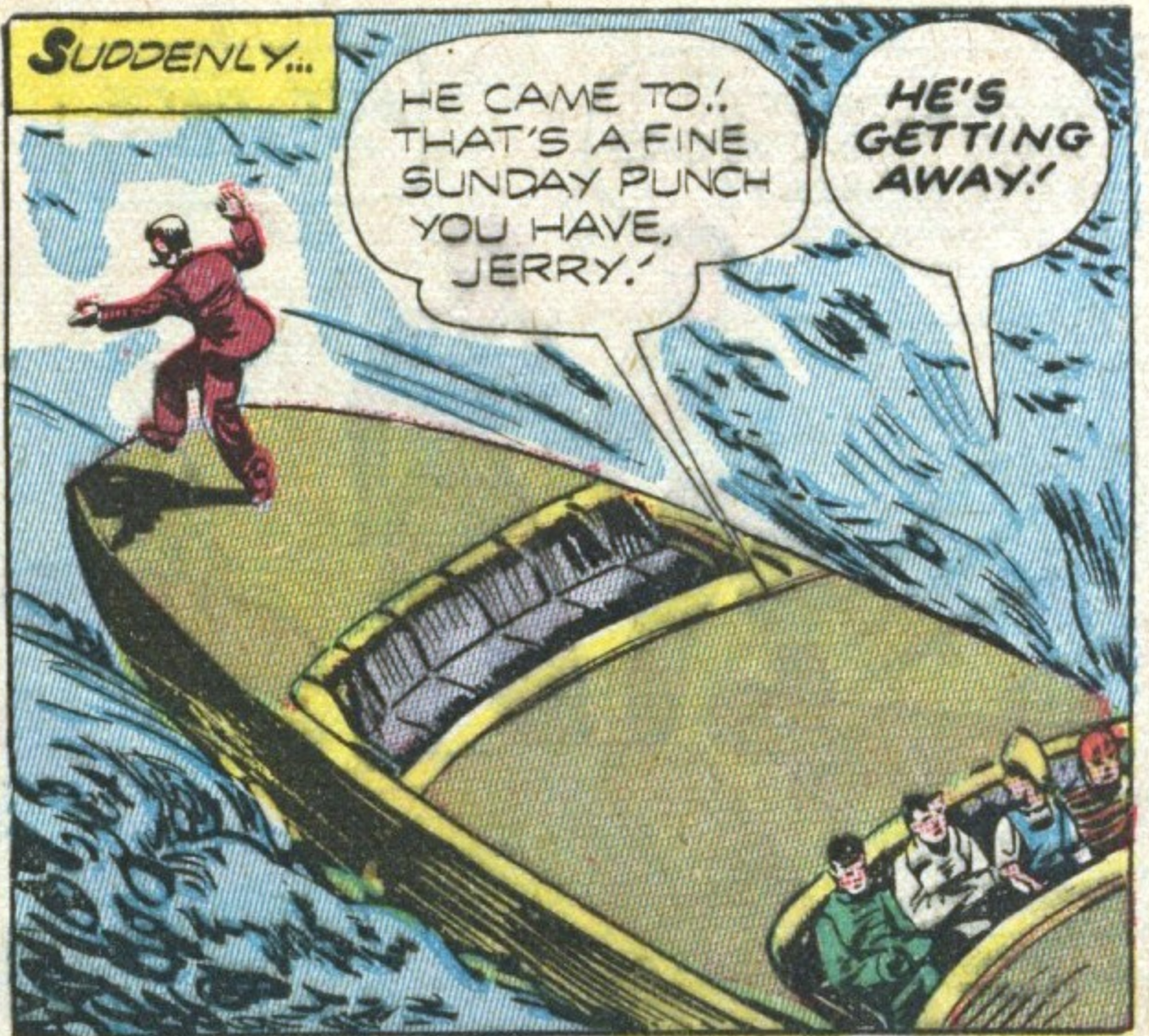
THAT KID IS WISE I GOTTA BEAT IT!



SUDDENLY...

HE CAME TO! THAT'S A FINE SUNDAY PUNCH YOU HAVE, JERRY!

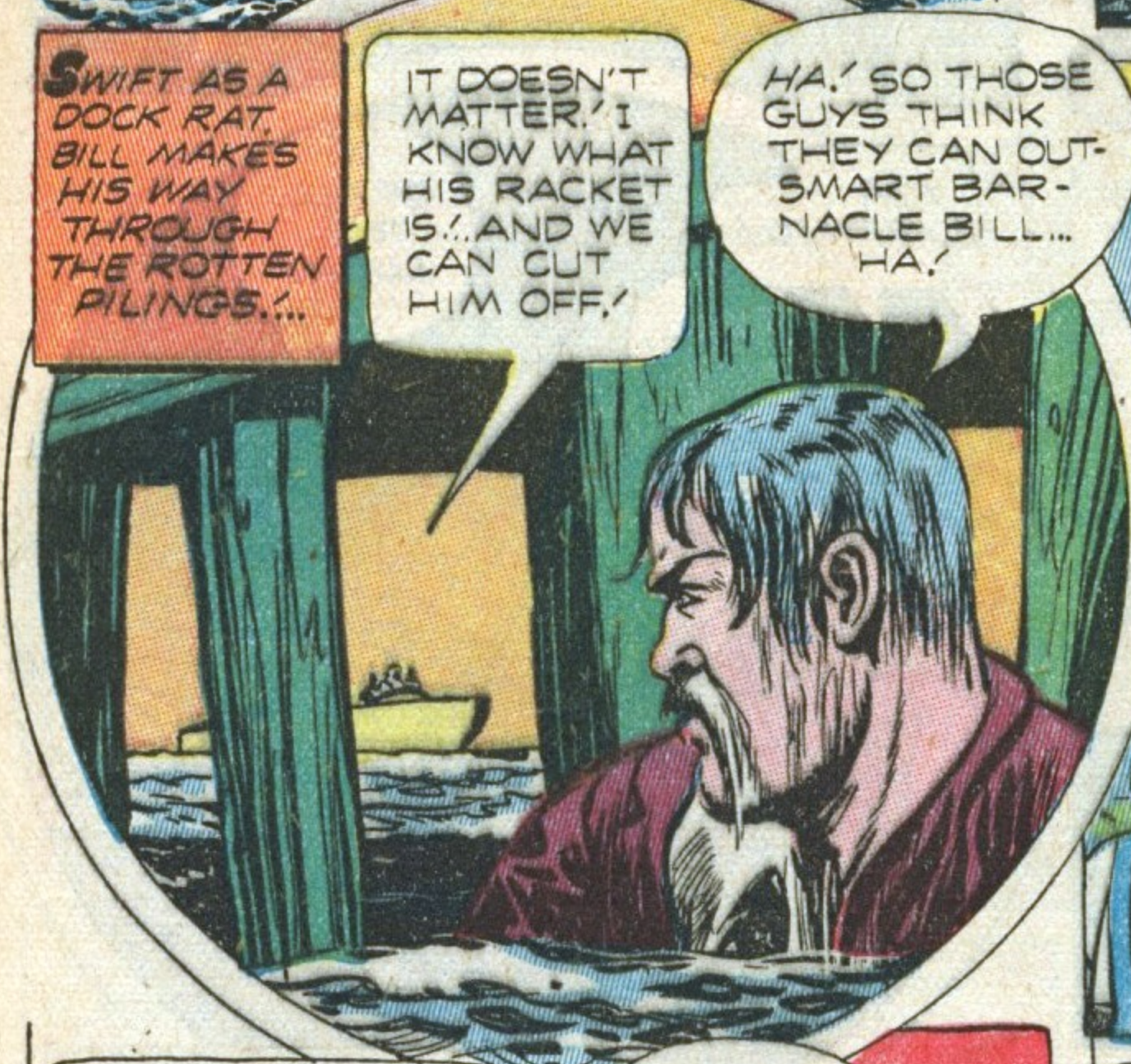
HE'S GETTING AWAY!



SWIFT AS A DOCK RAT, BILL MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROTTEN PILINGS...

IT DOESN'T MATTER! I KNOW WHAT HIS RACKET IS... AND WE CAN CUT HIM OFF!

HA! SO THOSE GUYS THINK THEY CAN OUT-SMART BARNACLE BILL... HA!



THE BOYS LEAP TO THE DOCK, AND...

DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE, ROGER! WHY DID THEY STEAL THE POTS AND PANS?

BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T WANT THEM!



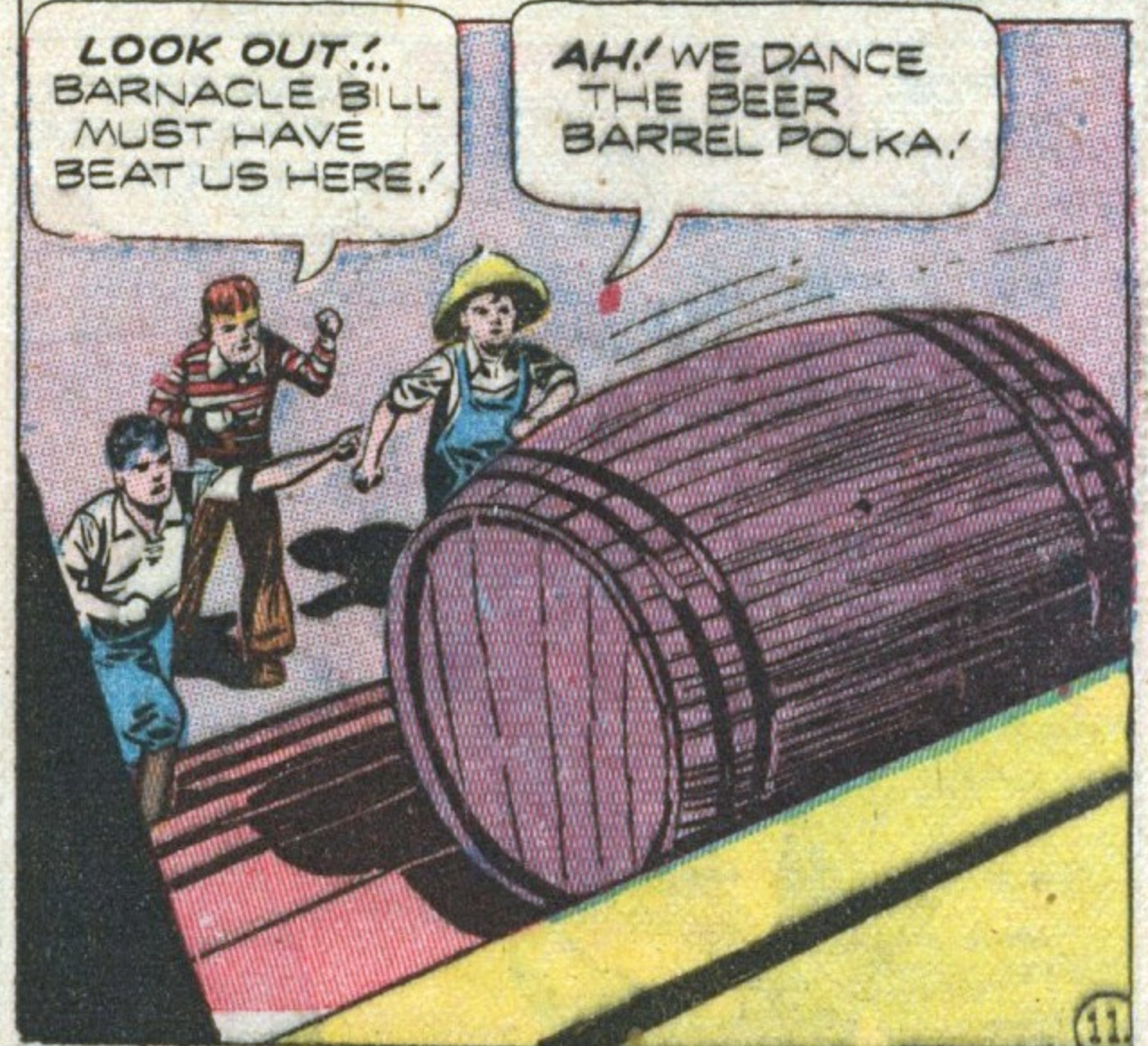
CHAN-YOU STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THAT SMACK YOU GOT, SO YOU GET THE COPS!

BUT...OH... I WILL, BUT ME NEVER HAVE NO FUN!



LOOK OUT! BARNACLE BILL MUST HAVE BEAT US HERE!

AH! WE DANCE THE BEER BARREL POLKA!





THERE...THAT'S WHAT THE CROOKS WERE REALLY STEALING FOR!

BUT...DAT'S MERCURY!



CURSES!.. IT MISSED!.. BUT I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

THERE HE IS!



YOU BRATS CATCH ON QUICK! THAT'S THE IDEA! BACK DOWN TO THE FLOOR! NOW IT'S CURTAINS!

WHAT THE? MY FEET!



I'M SLIPPING!

OOPS!

OF ALL THE LUCK!



OUTSIDE...

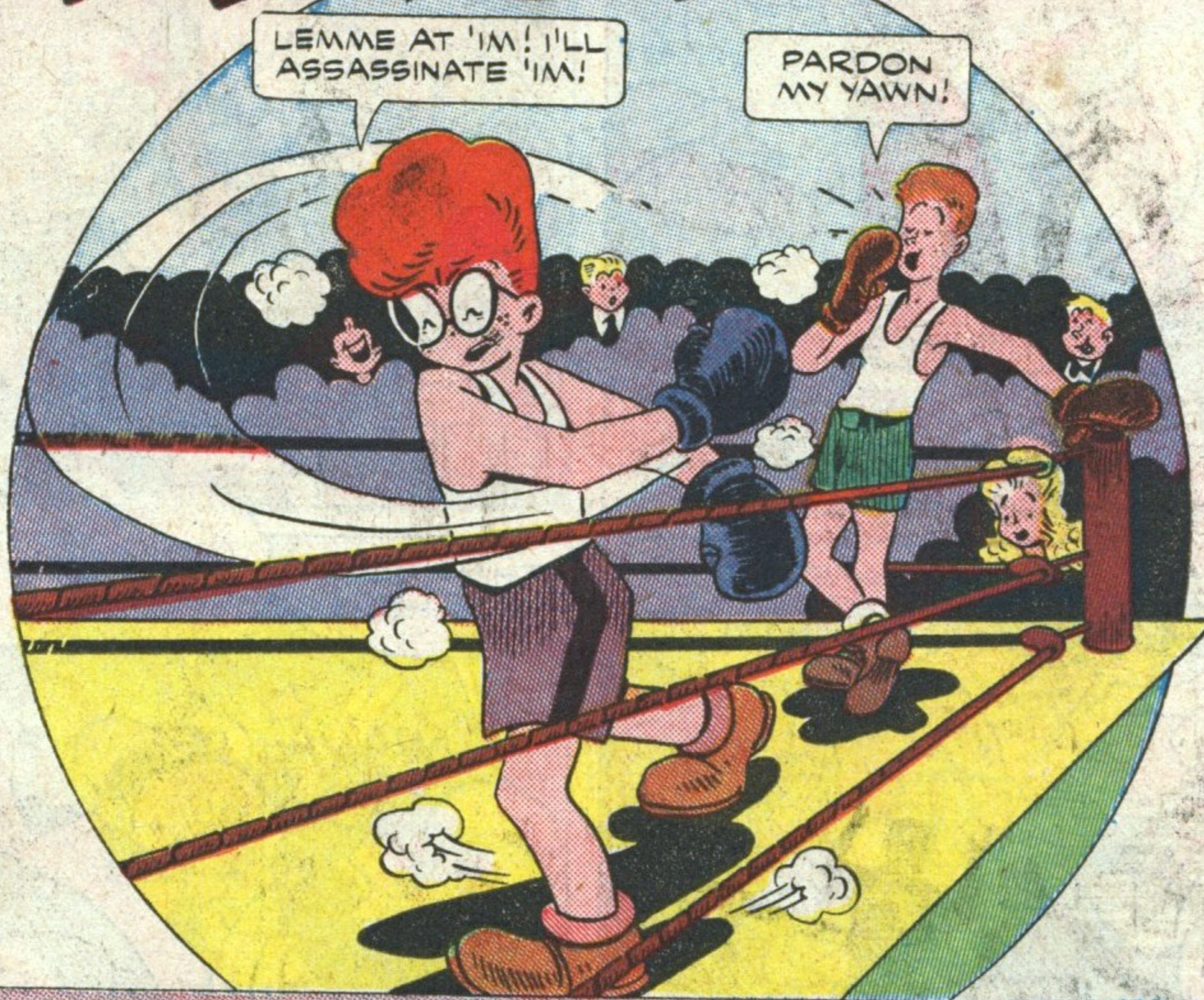
SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING! HURRY!



GRAB HIM! HE OWNS A PROCESS FOR GETTING RID OF BARNACLES FOREVER! THE PROCESS USES MERCURY!

SO THAT'S IT! HE COULD NOT GET MERCURY DUE TO THE WAR, SO THEY LOOTED KITCHENS FOR POTS AND PANS, IT SEEMED, BUT THEY REALLY WANTED THERMOMETERS!

CARROT TOPP



LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL ASSASSINATE 'IM!

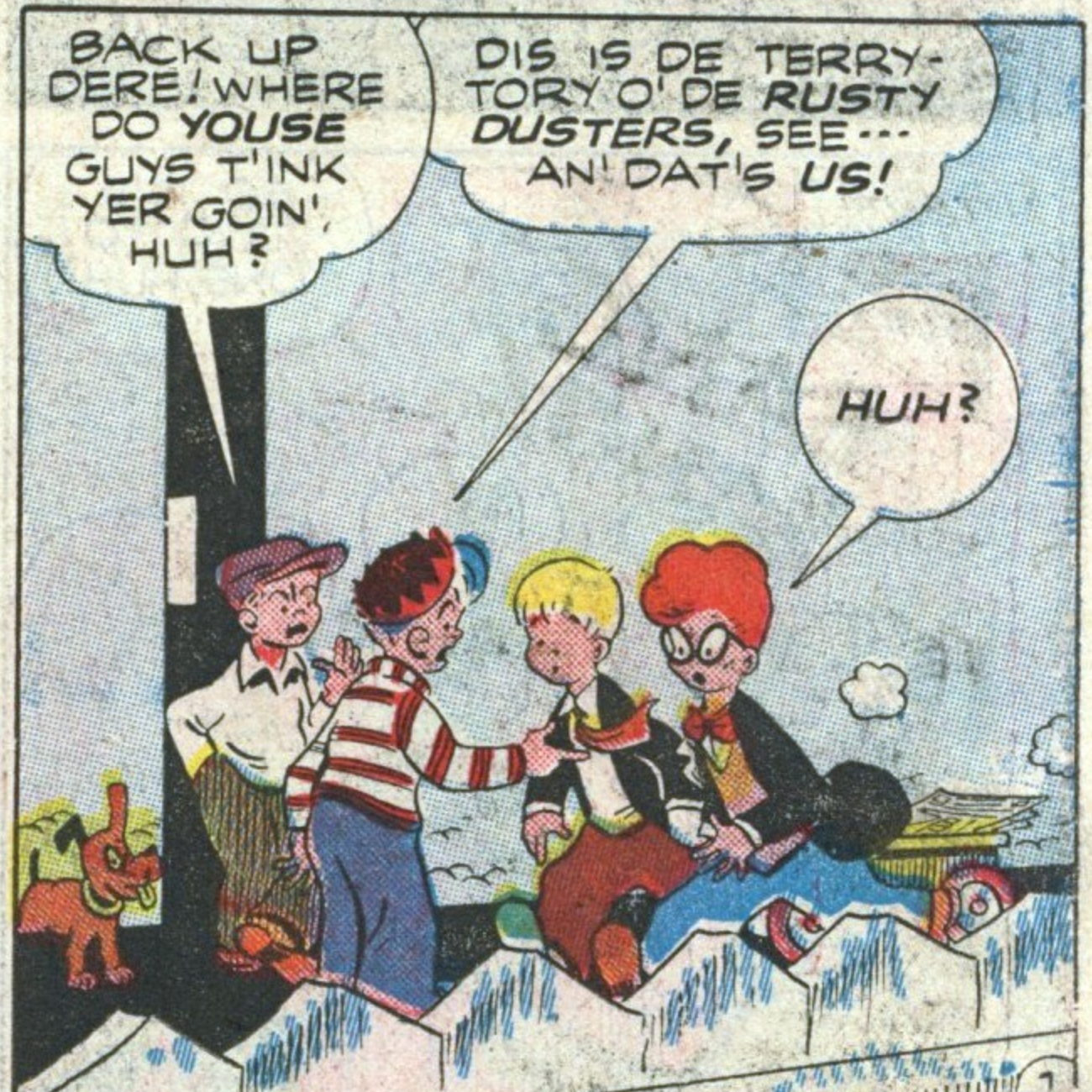
PARDON MY YAWN!

NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF CARROT TOPP AS FIRST CLASS PRIZE RING MATERIAL... BUT OUR BOY WILL TRY ANYTHING ONCE! IT LOOKED LIKE A PUSHOVER FOR CARROT WHEN HE PUT ON THE GLOVES IN HIS BOUT OF THE CENTURY WITH THAT STRANGE CHARACTER..."THE DUCKER"!



NO MORE BIG BUSINESS DEALS FER ME! THIS NEWSPAPER ROUTE SUITS ME FINE!

YER TALKIN' SENSE, CARROT! MAYBE AFTER A COUPLE MONTHS WE'LL WORK OUR WAY UP TO A REAL NEWSSTAND... AN' JIST SIT DOWN ALL DAY!



BACK UP DERE! WHERE DO YOUSE GUYS T'INK YER GOIN', HUH?

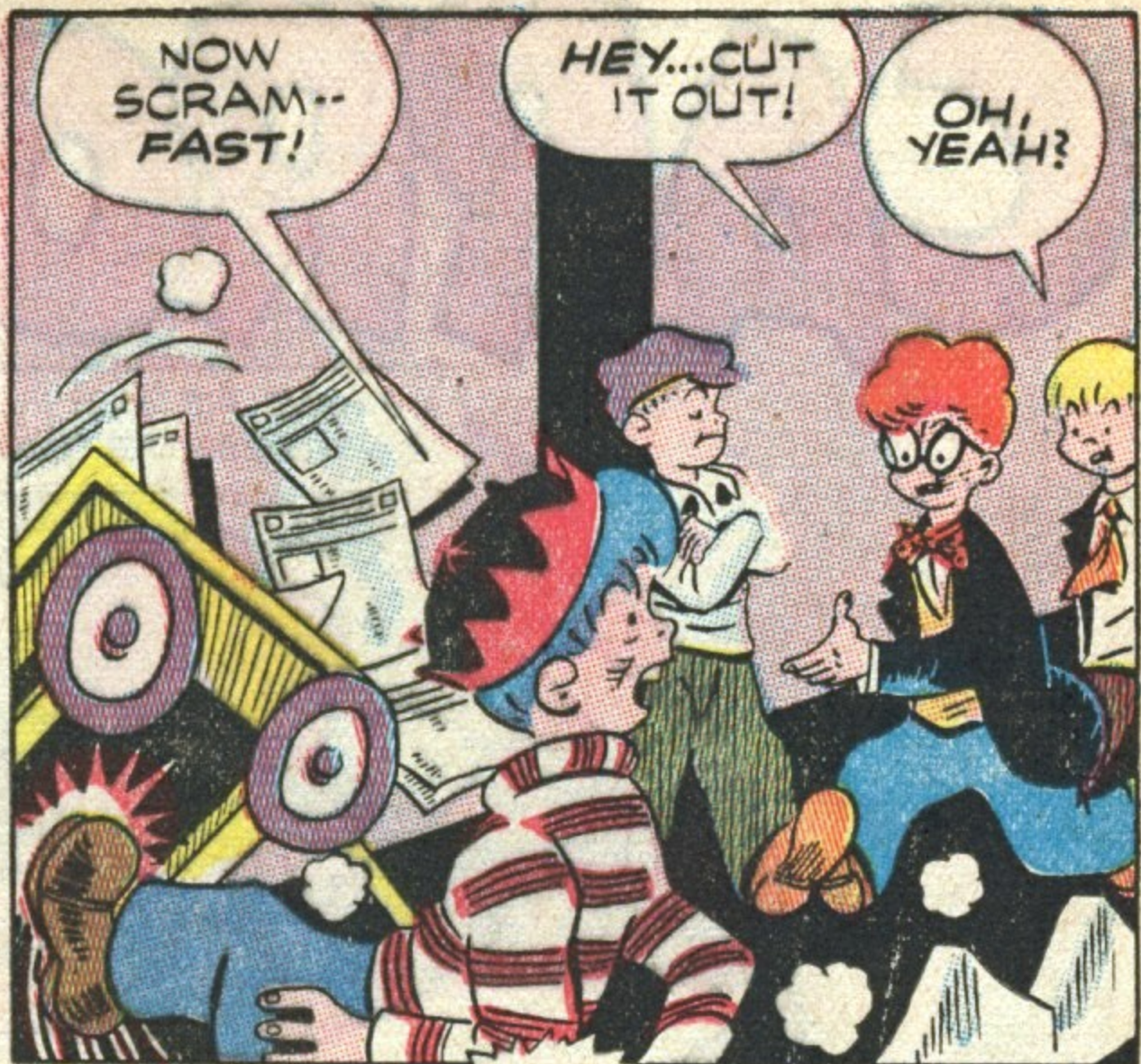
DIS IS DE TERRY-TORY O' DE RUSTY DUSTERS, SEE... AN' DAT'S US!

HUH?



WE'RE JIST DELIVERIN' PAPERS ON OUR NEW ROUTE! WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY ELSE HAD THIS ROUTE!

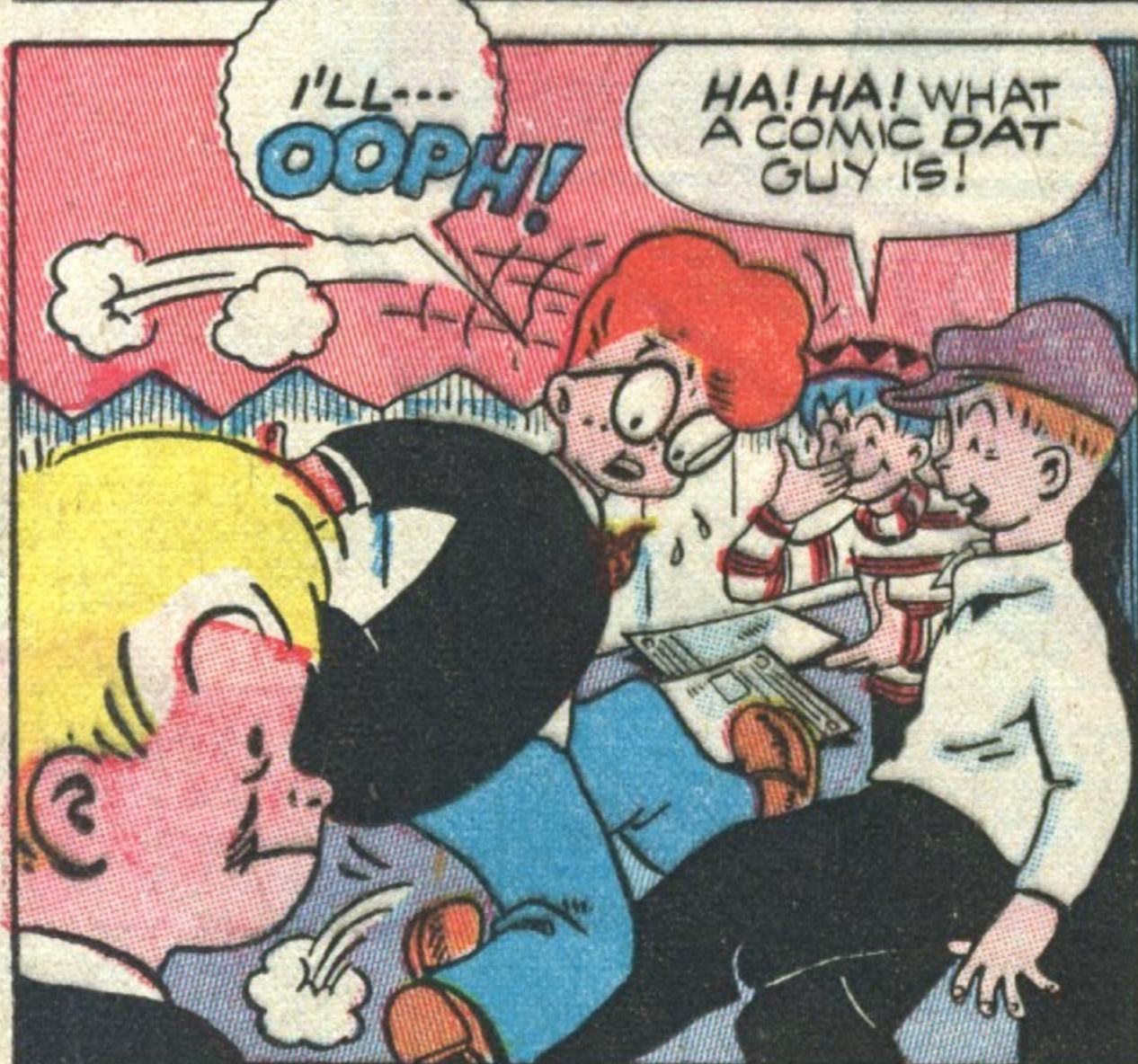
WELL, *NOBODY* AIN'T GONNA DELIVER PAPERS AROUND HERE, SEE? AN' *THAT'S* FINAL!



NOW SCRAM--FAST!

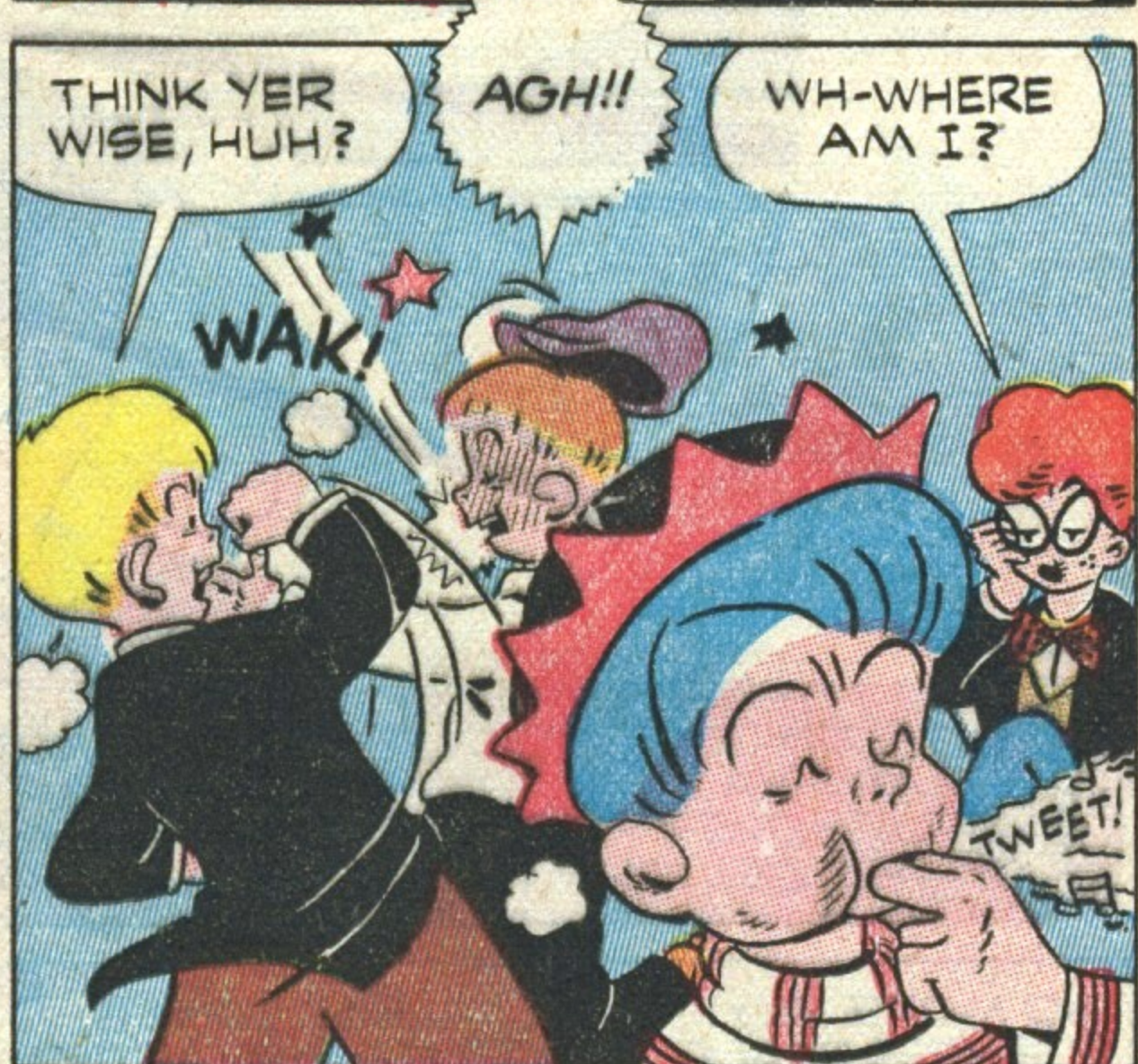
HEY...CUT IT OUT!

OH, YEAH?



I'LL...
OOPH!

HA! HA! WHAT A COMIC DAT GUY IS!



THINK YER WISE, HUH?

AGH!!

WH-WHERE AM I?

WAK!

TWEET!



GO ON, BEAT IT... BEFORE WE PUSH YER FACE IN!

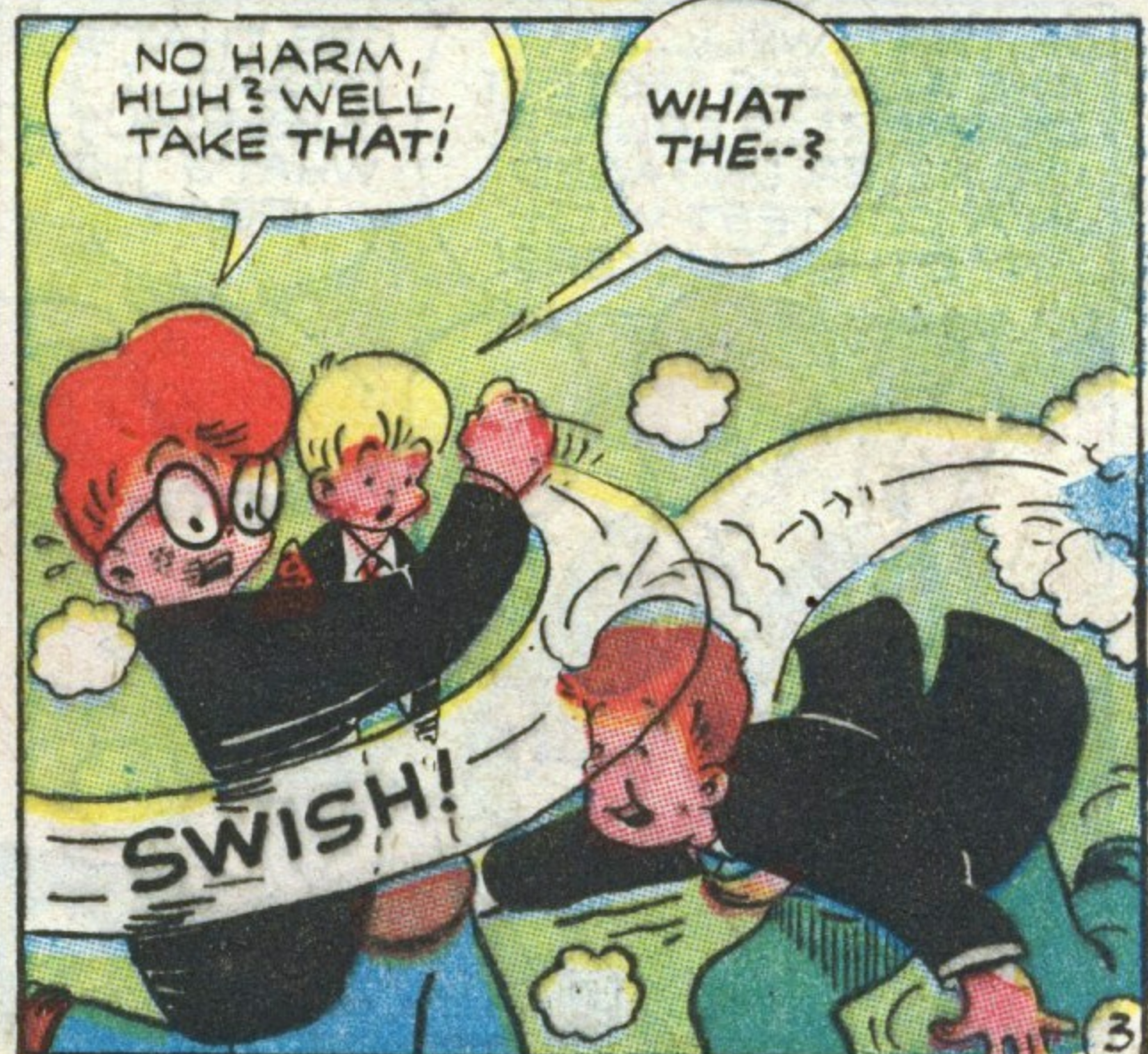
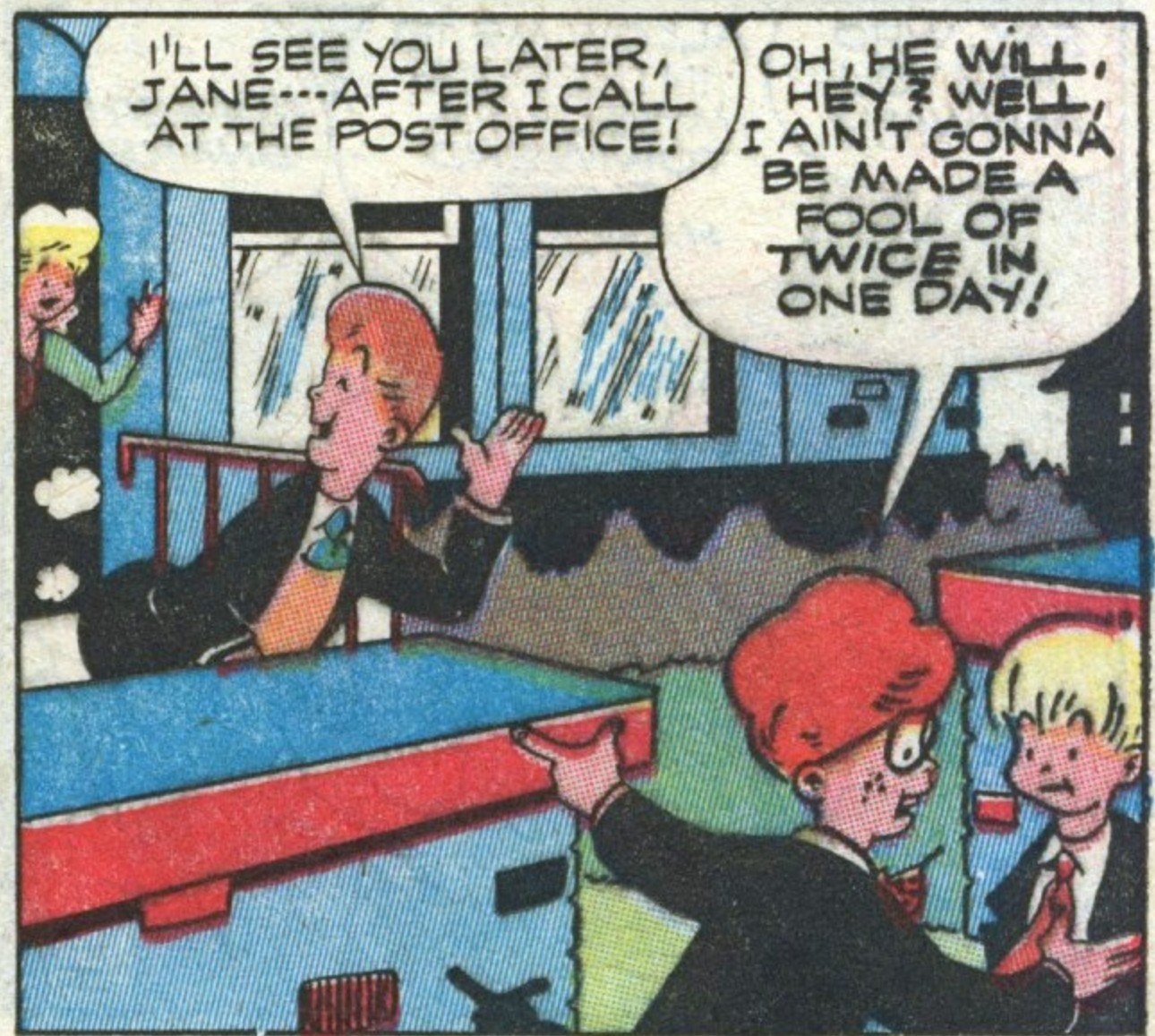
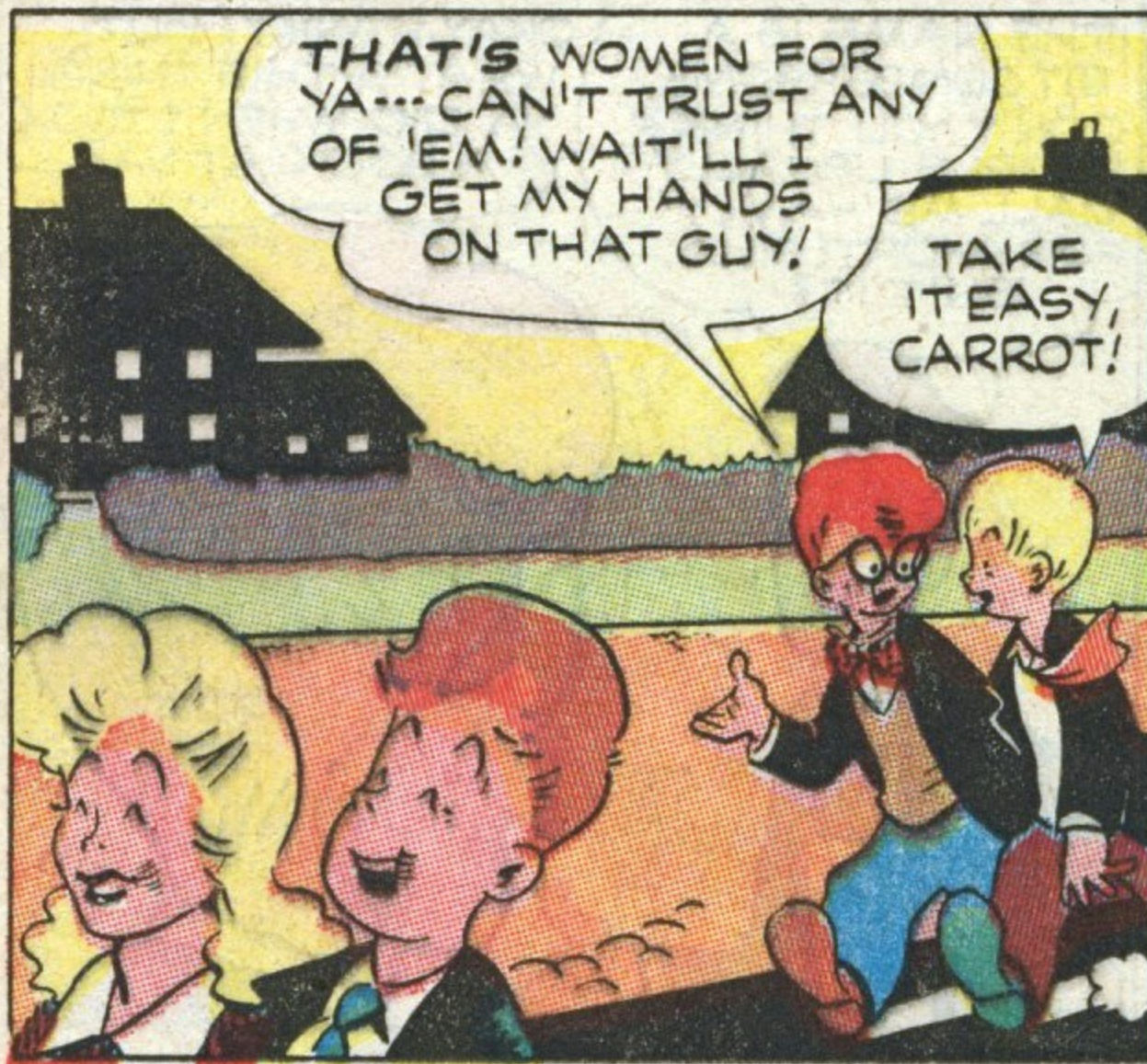
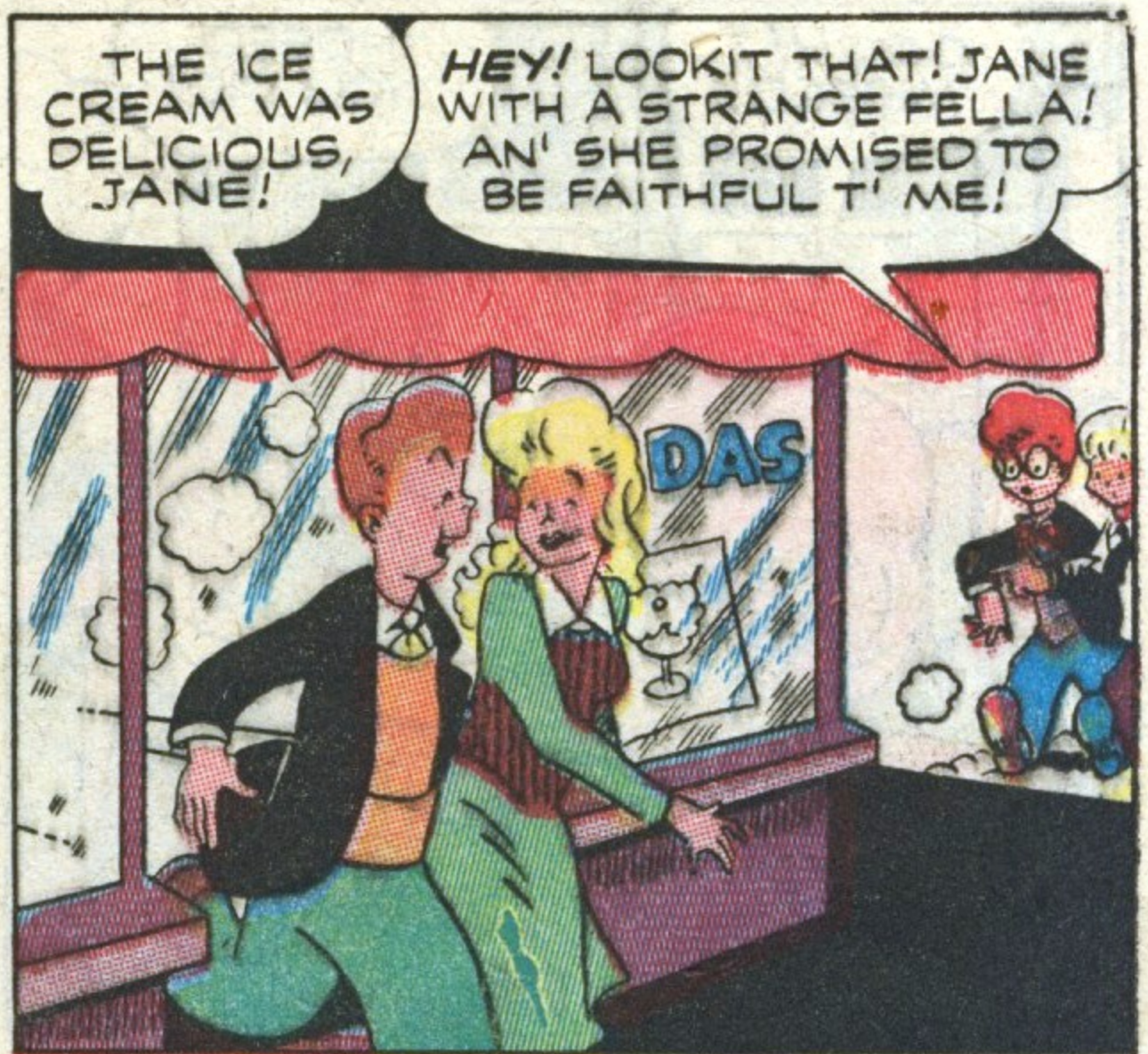
LAY OFF ME!

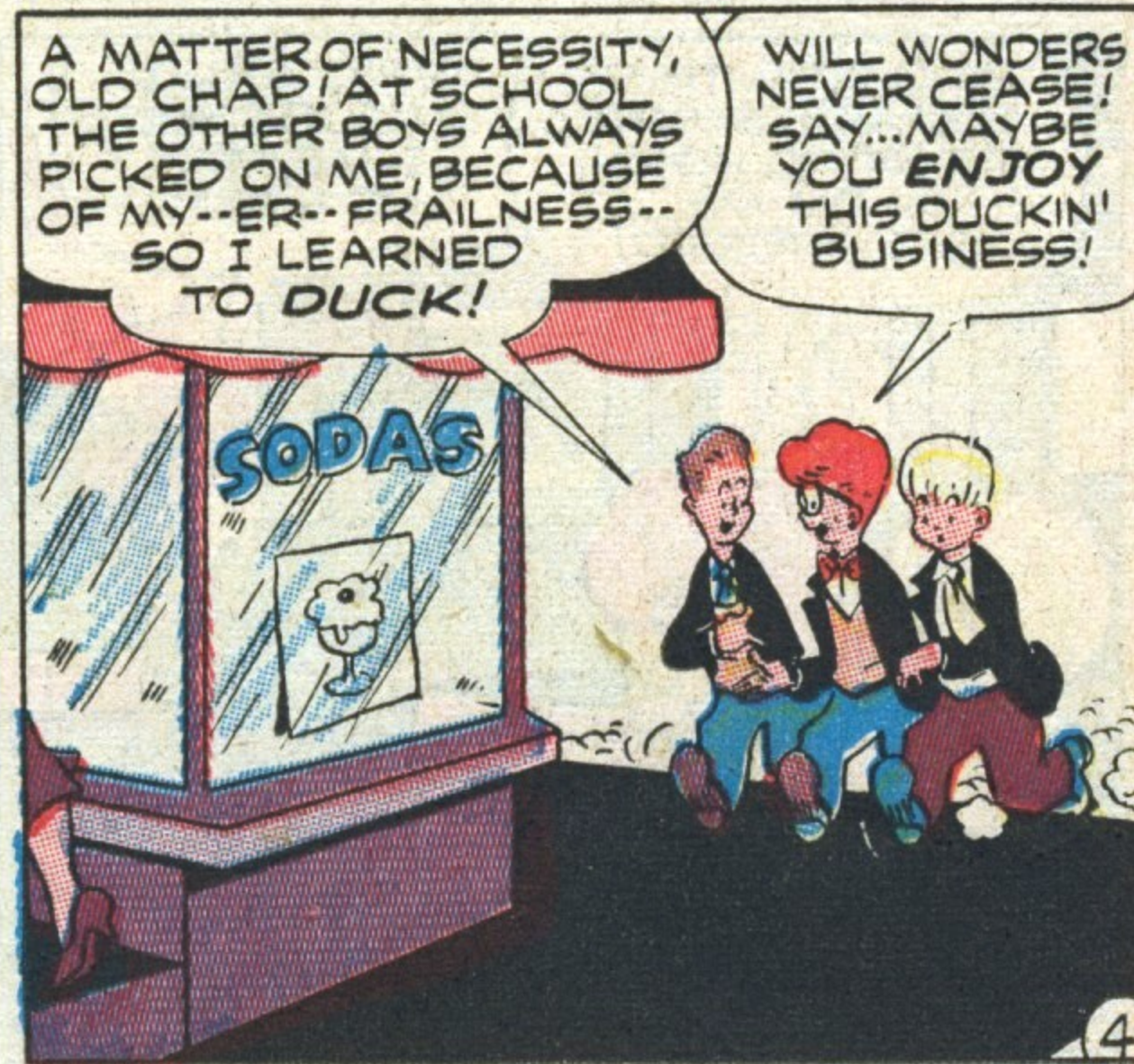
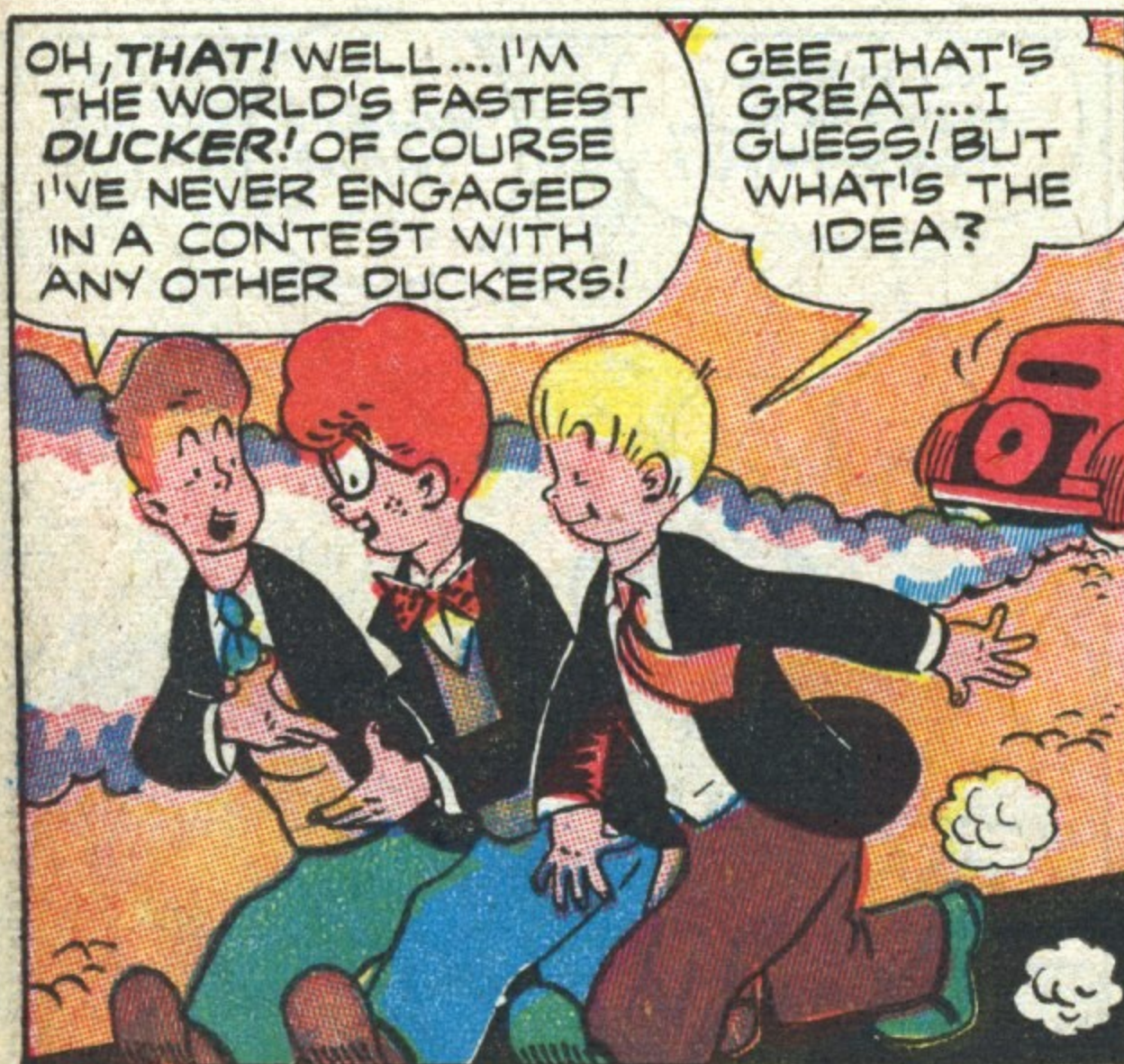
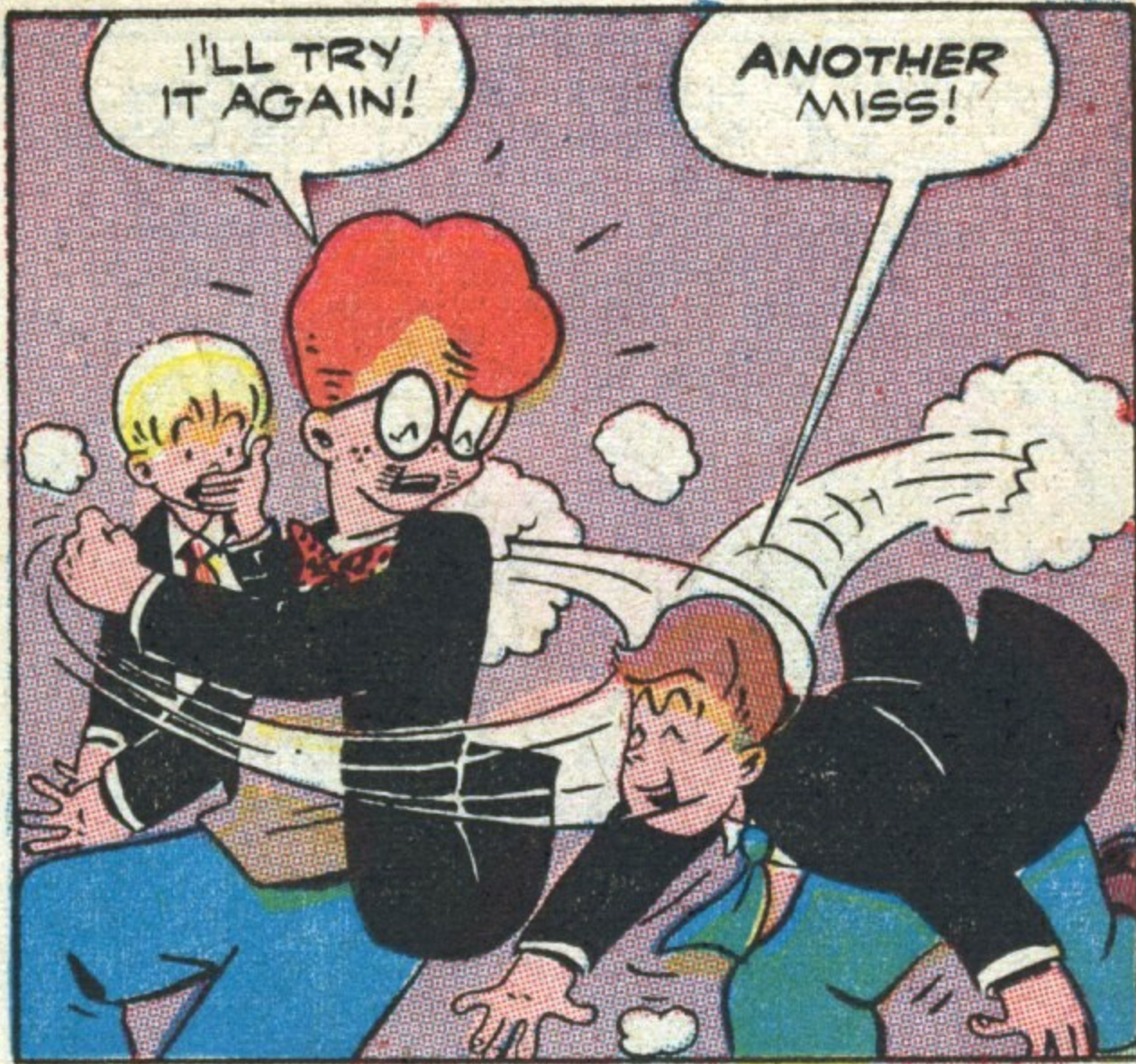
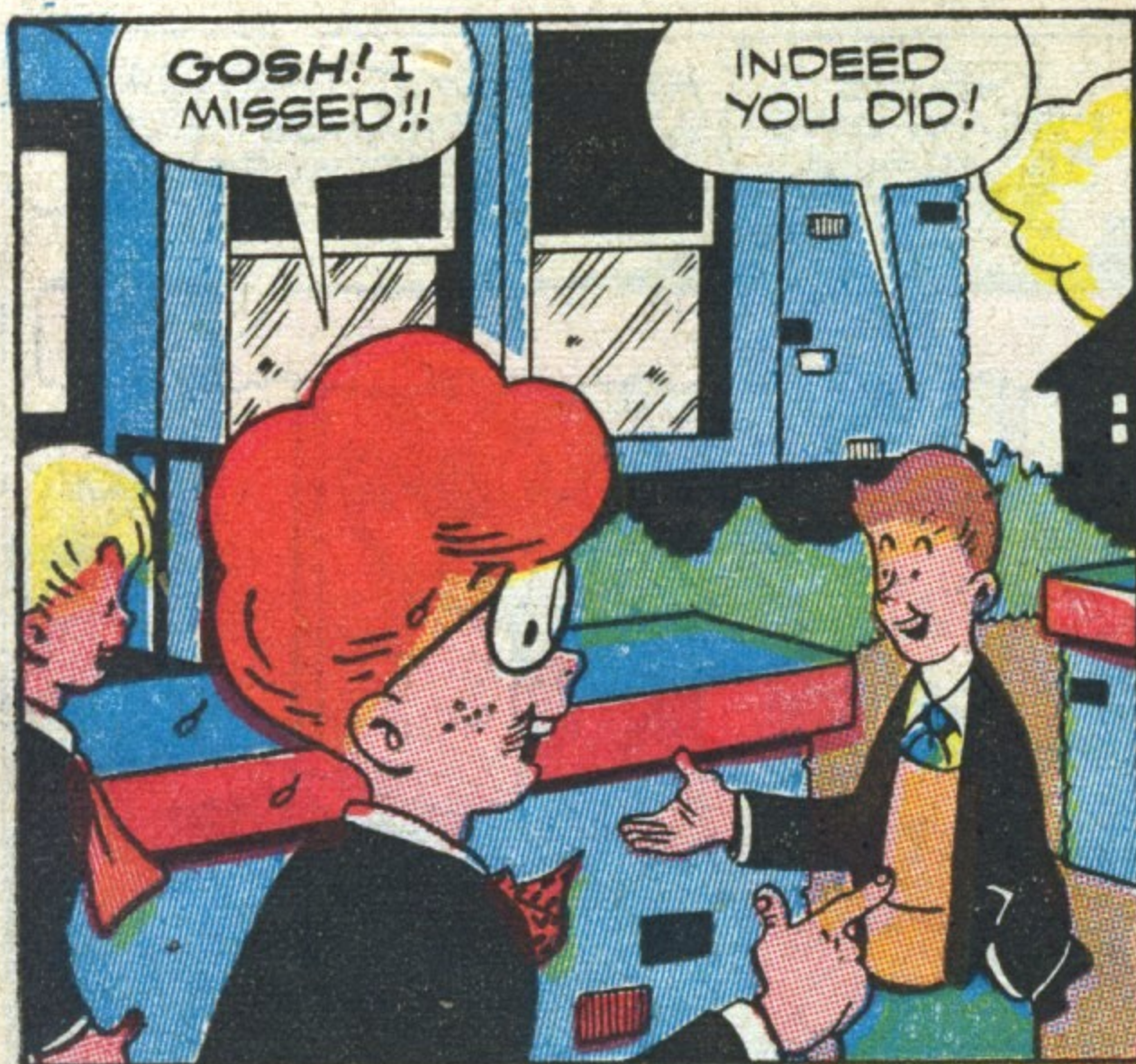
SO IT'S TWO TO ONE, HUH?

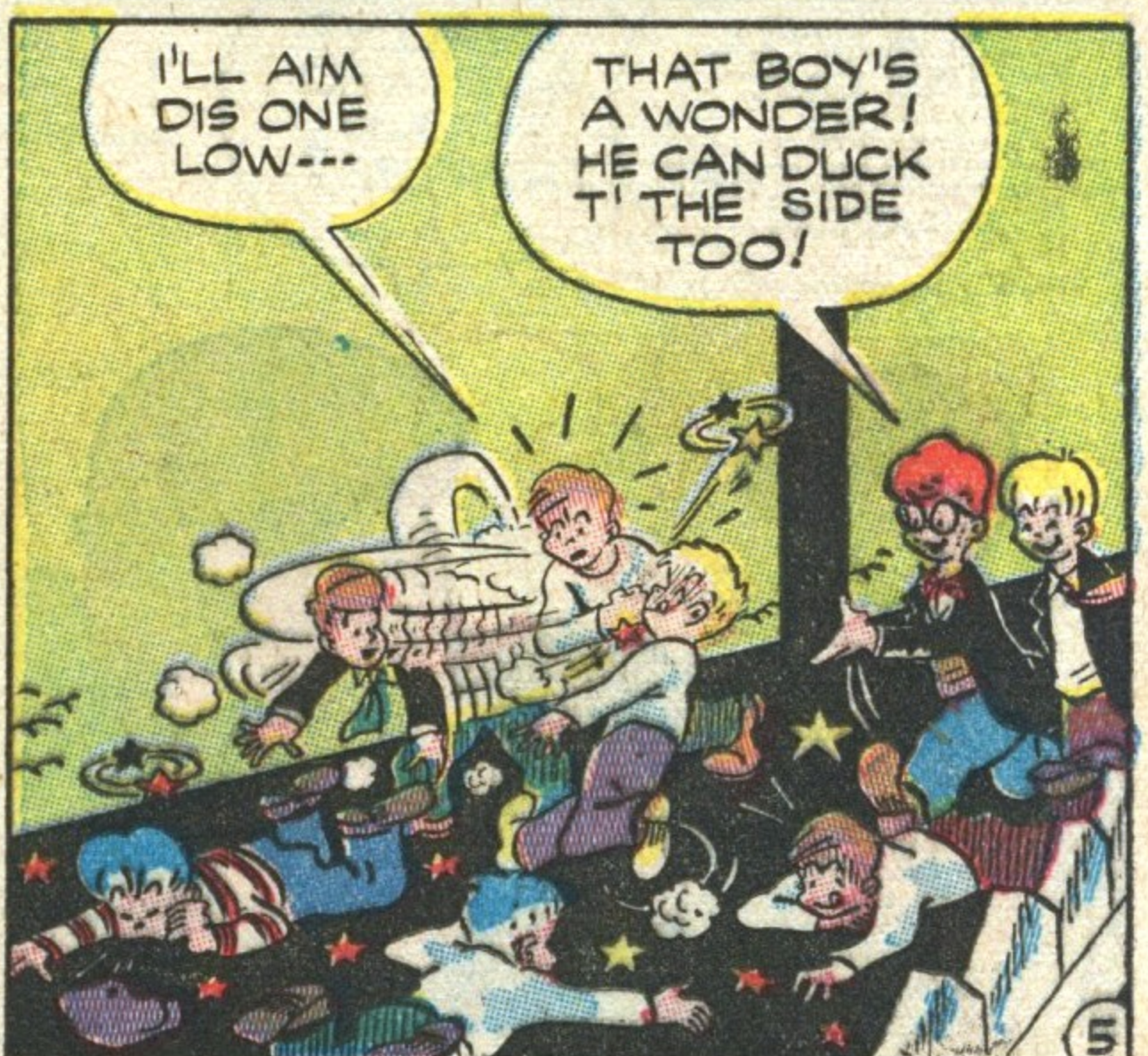
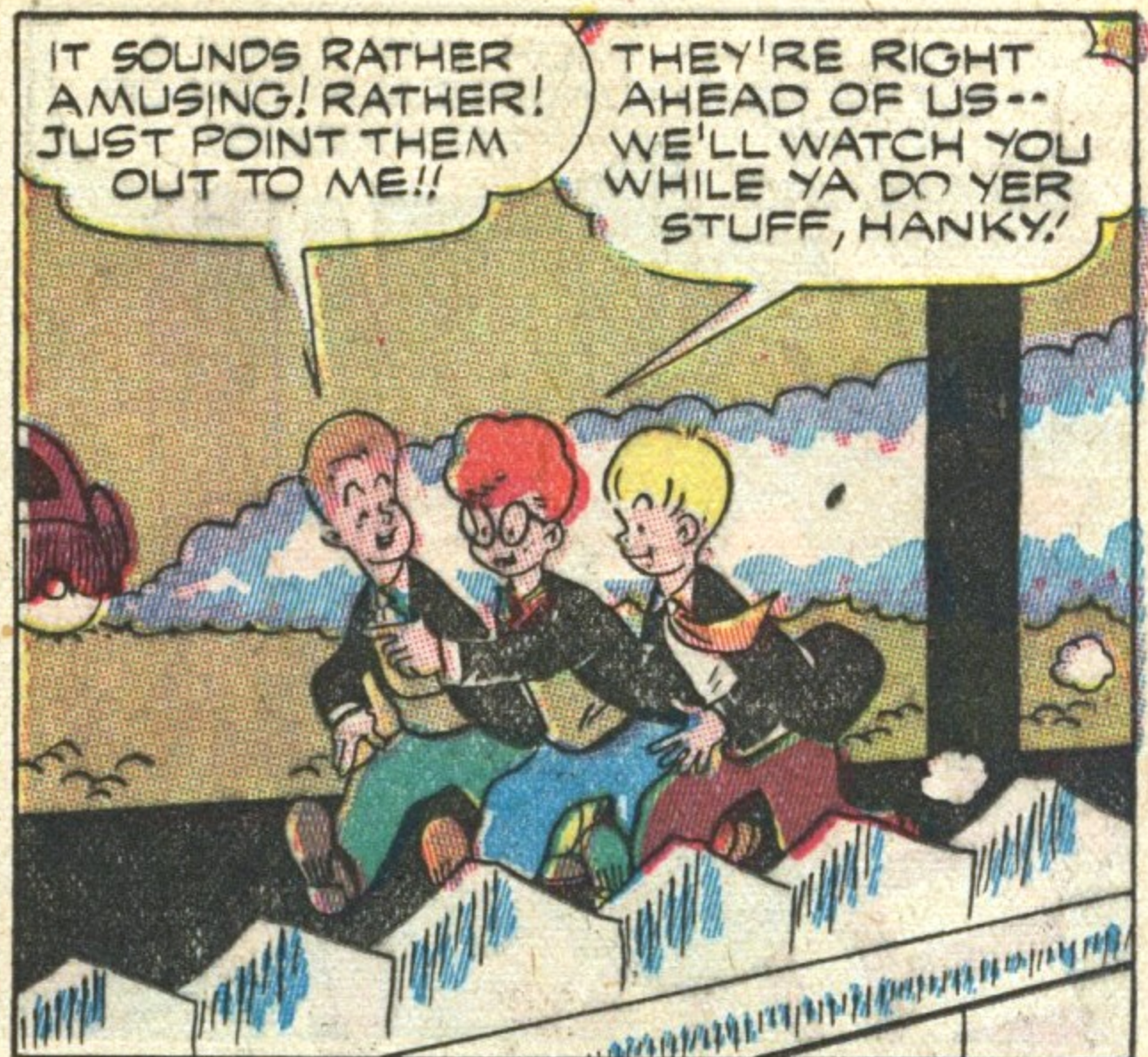


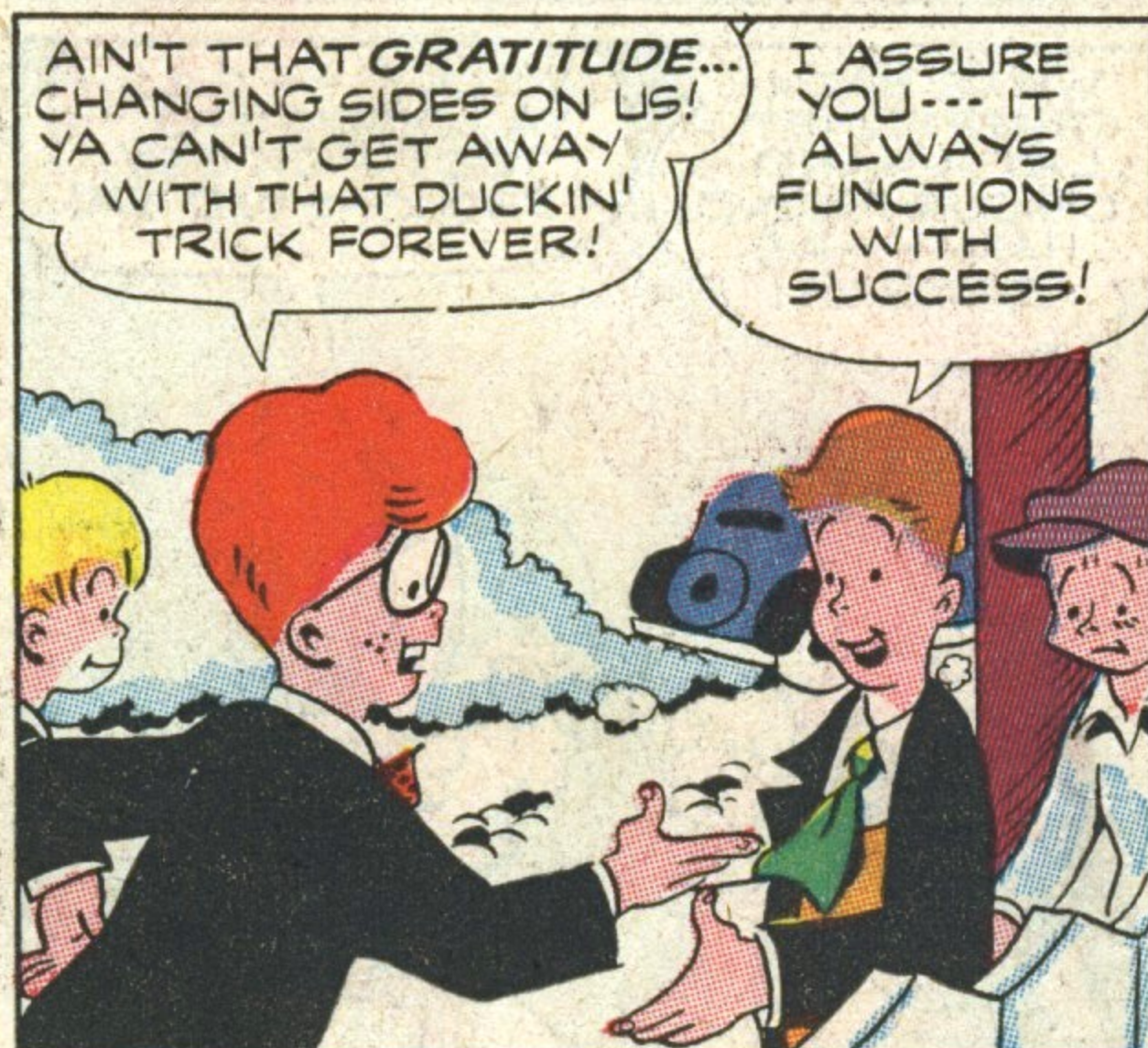
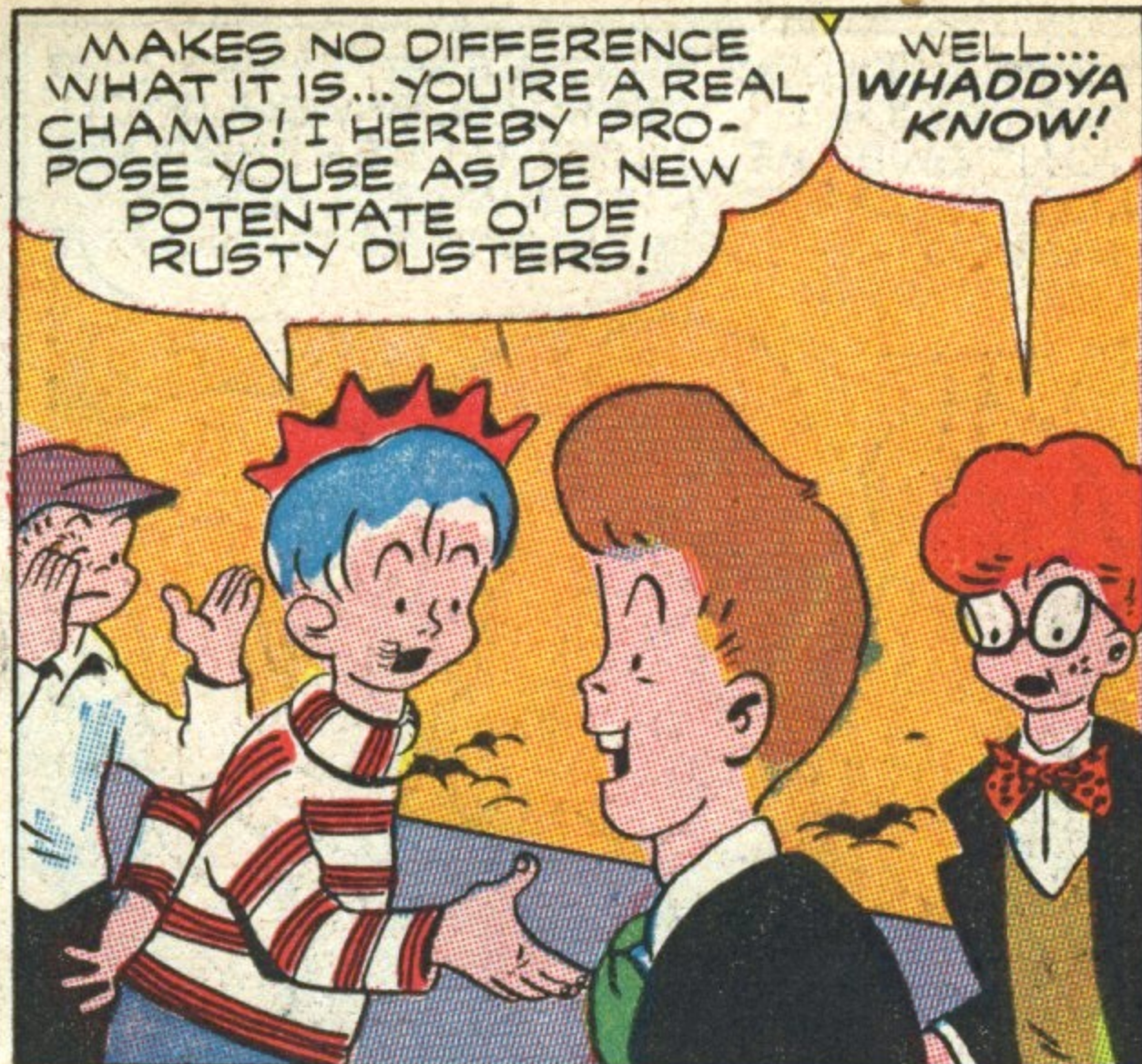
YOU, TOO, FUNNYFACE! TAKE A POWDER!!

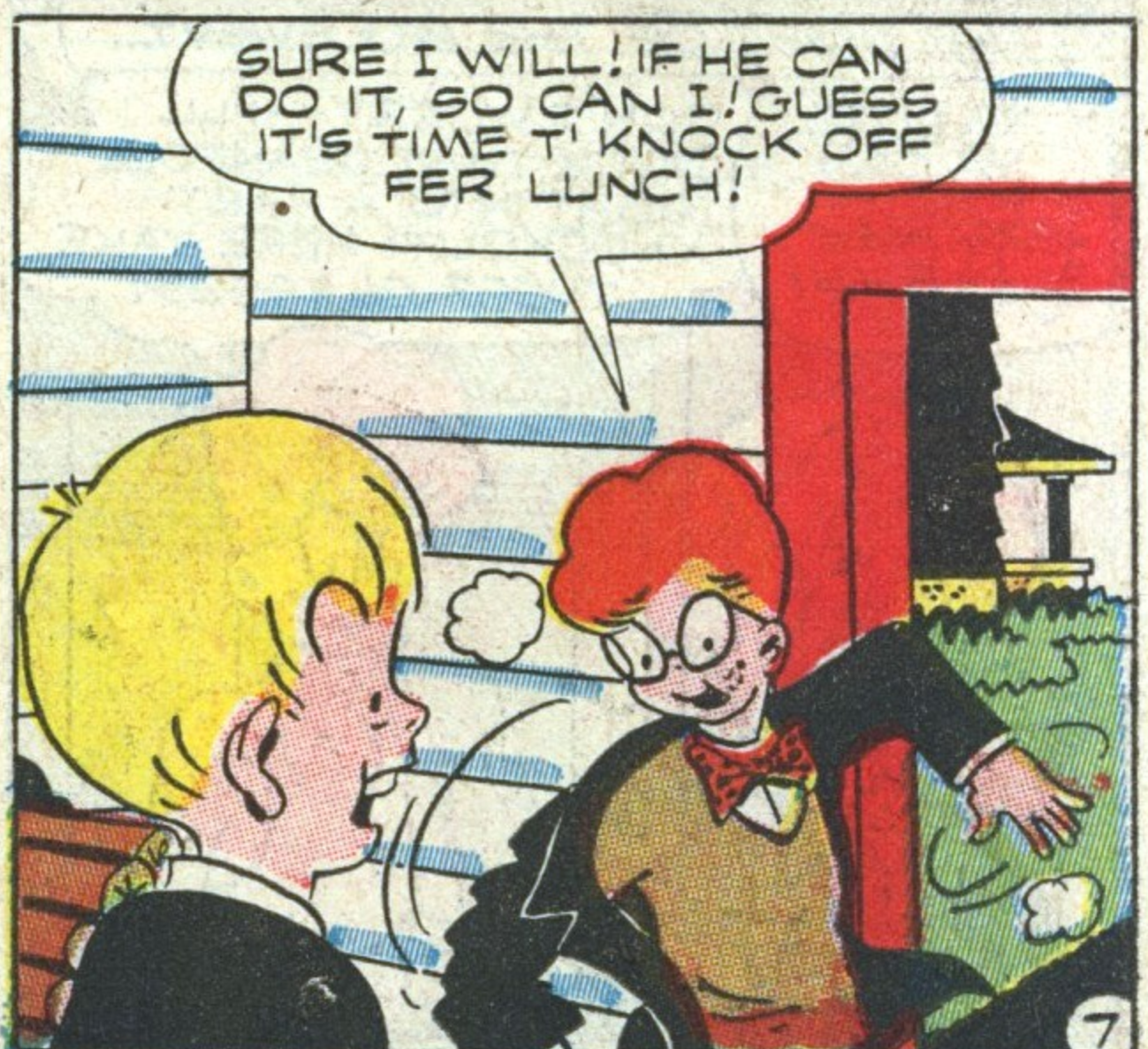
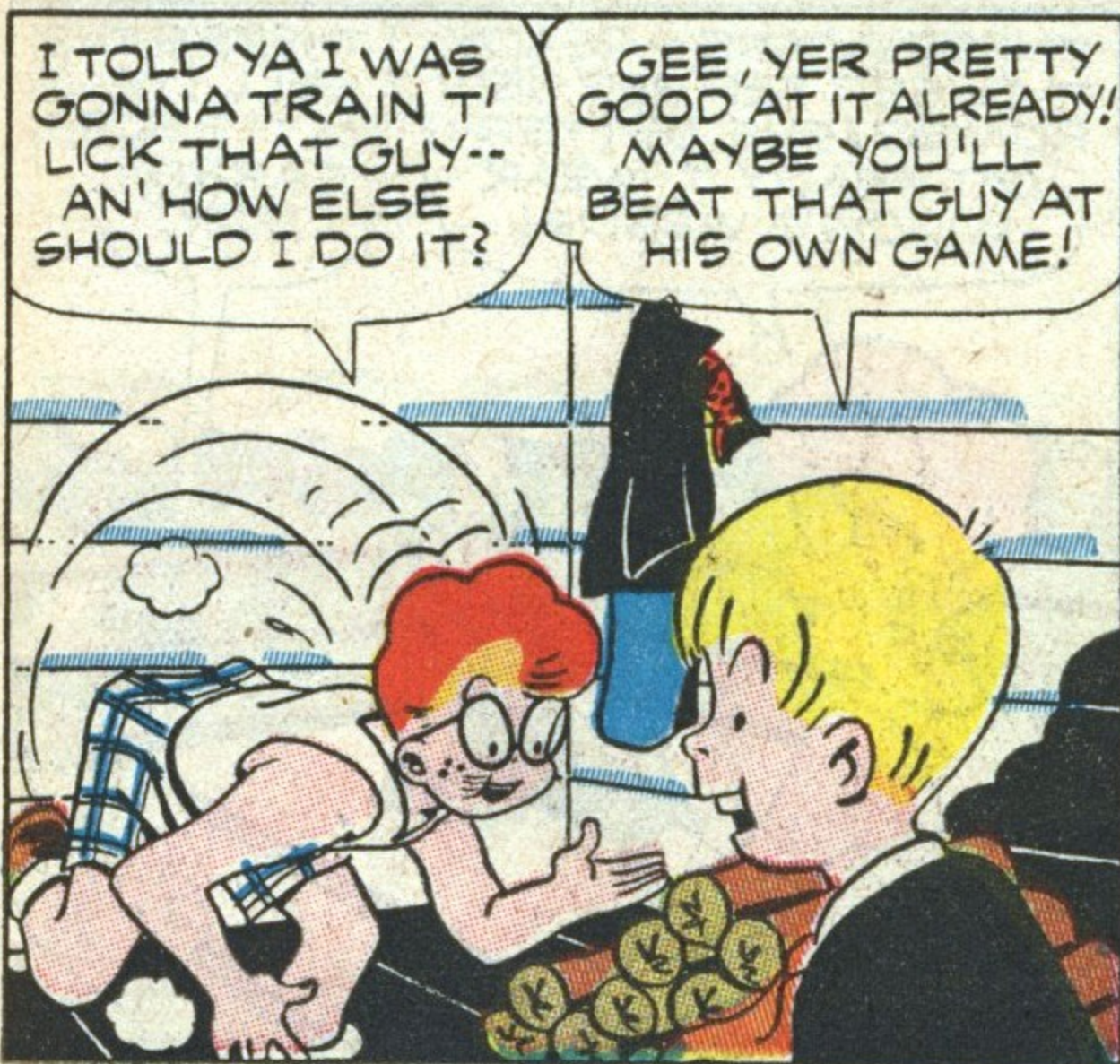
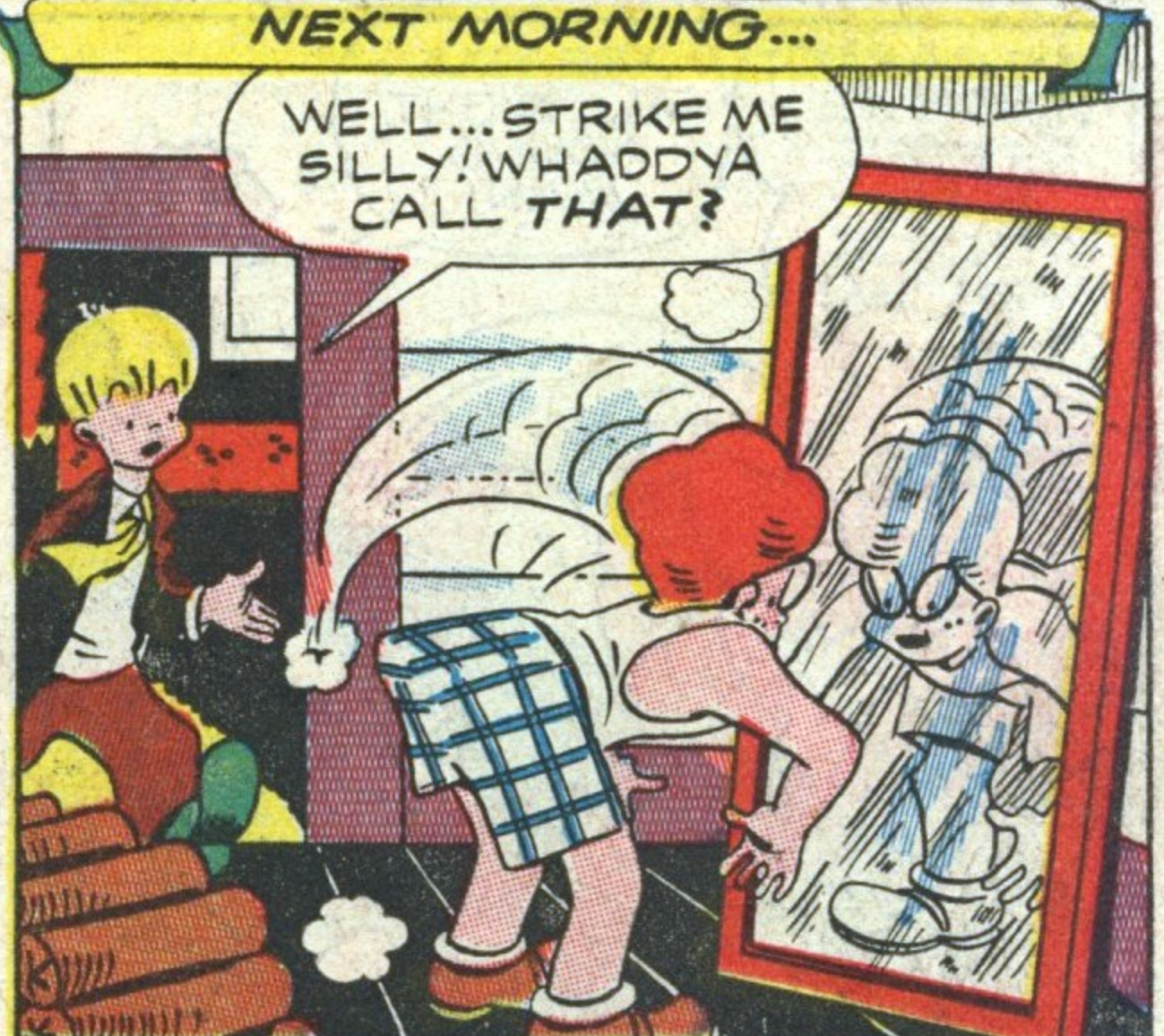
GIT YER HANDS OFF ME, JERK!

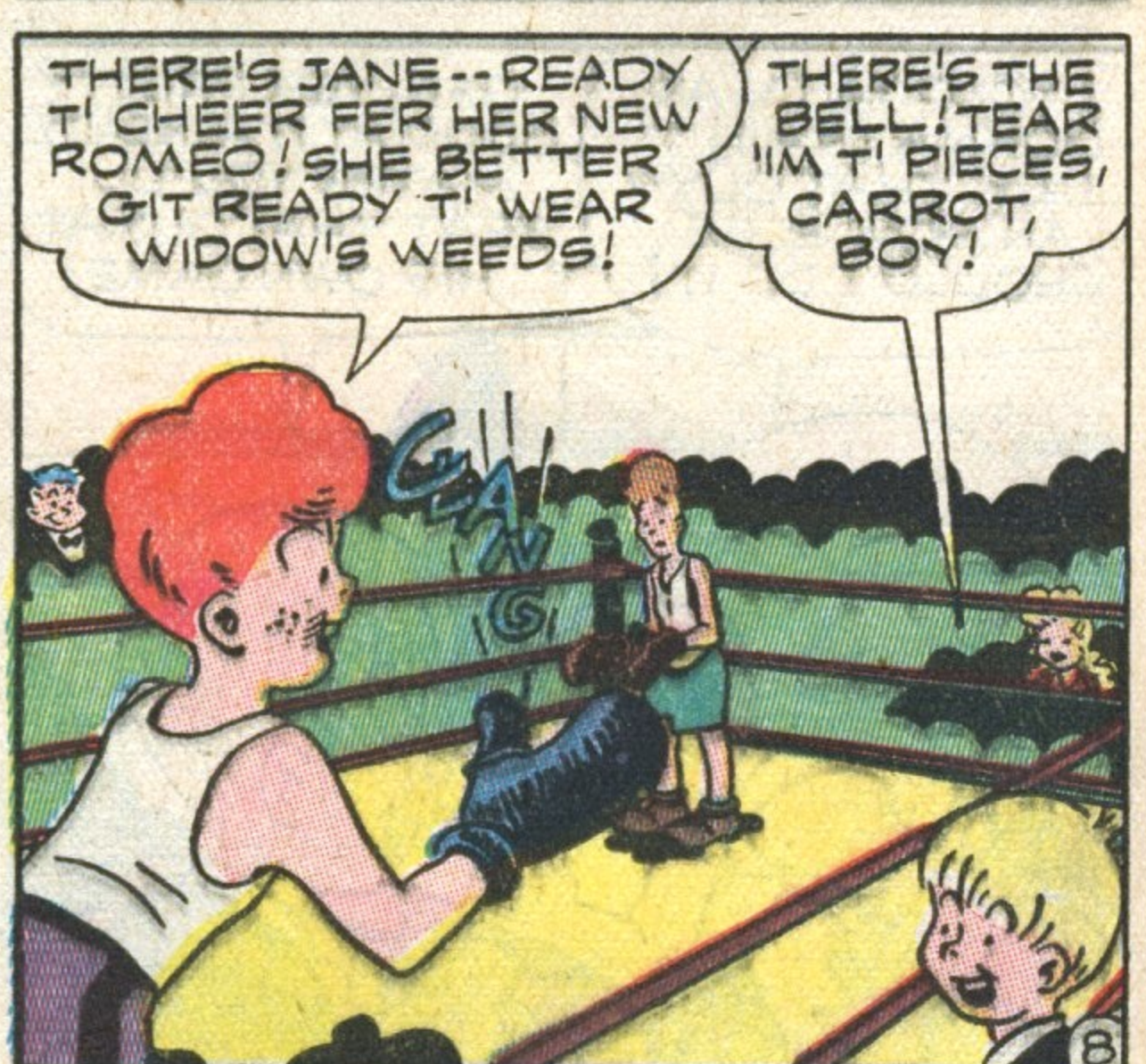
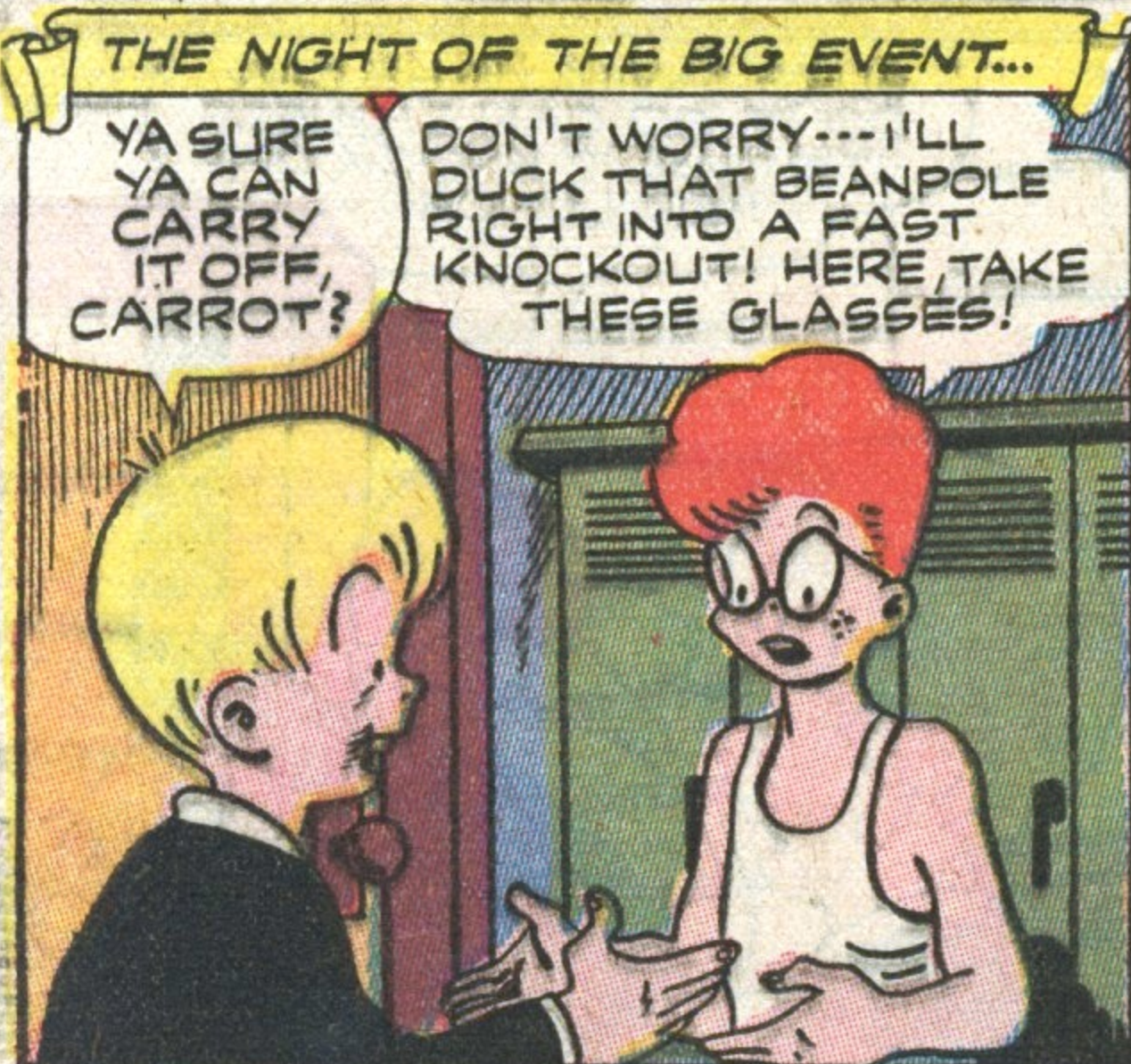
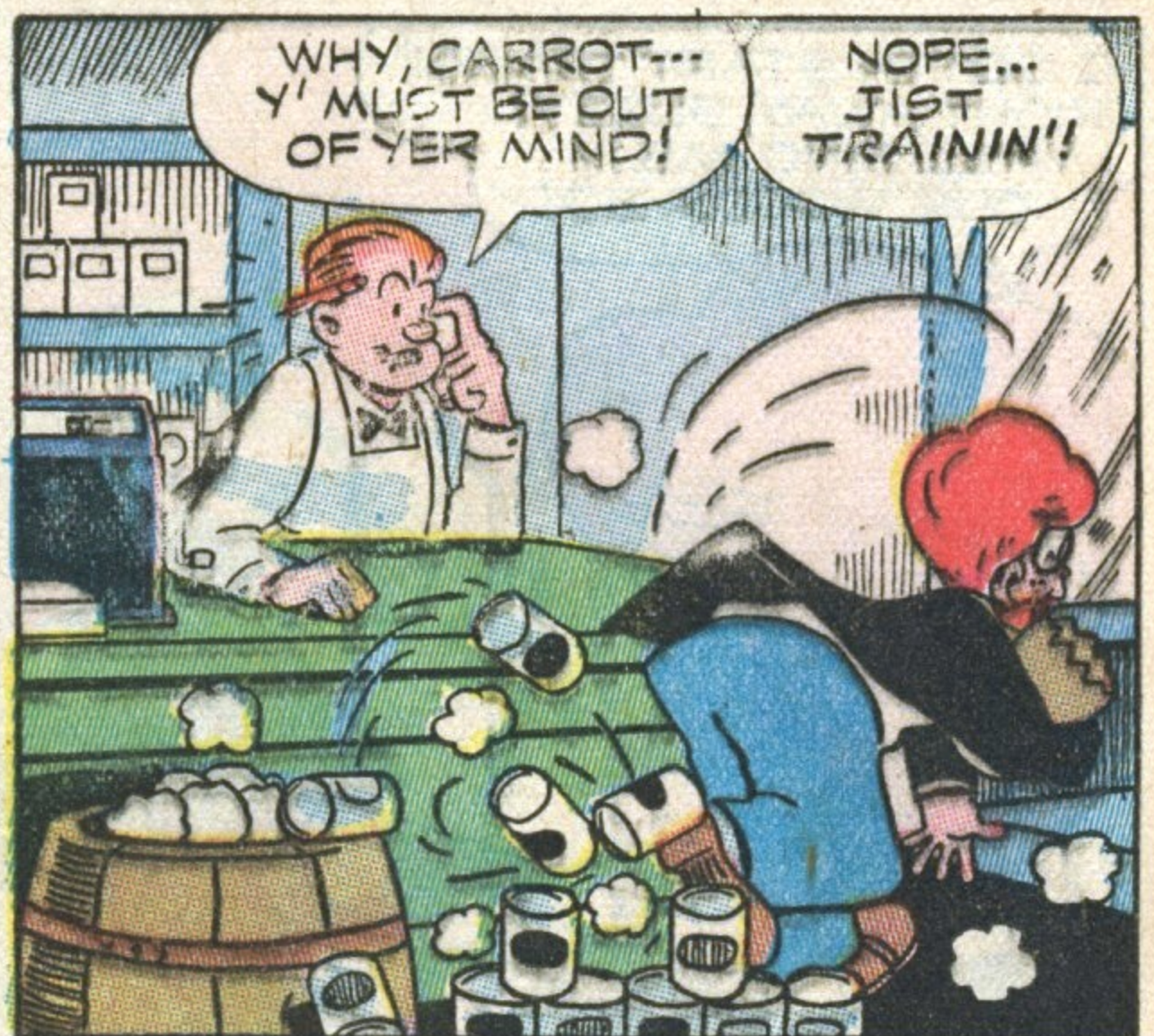


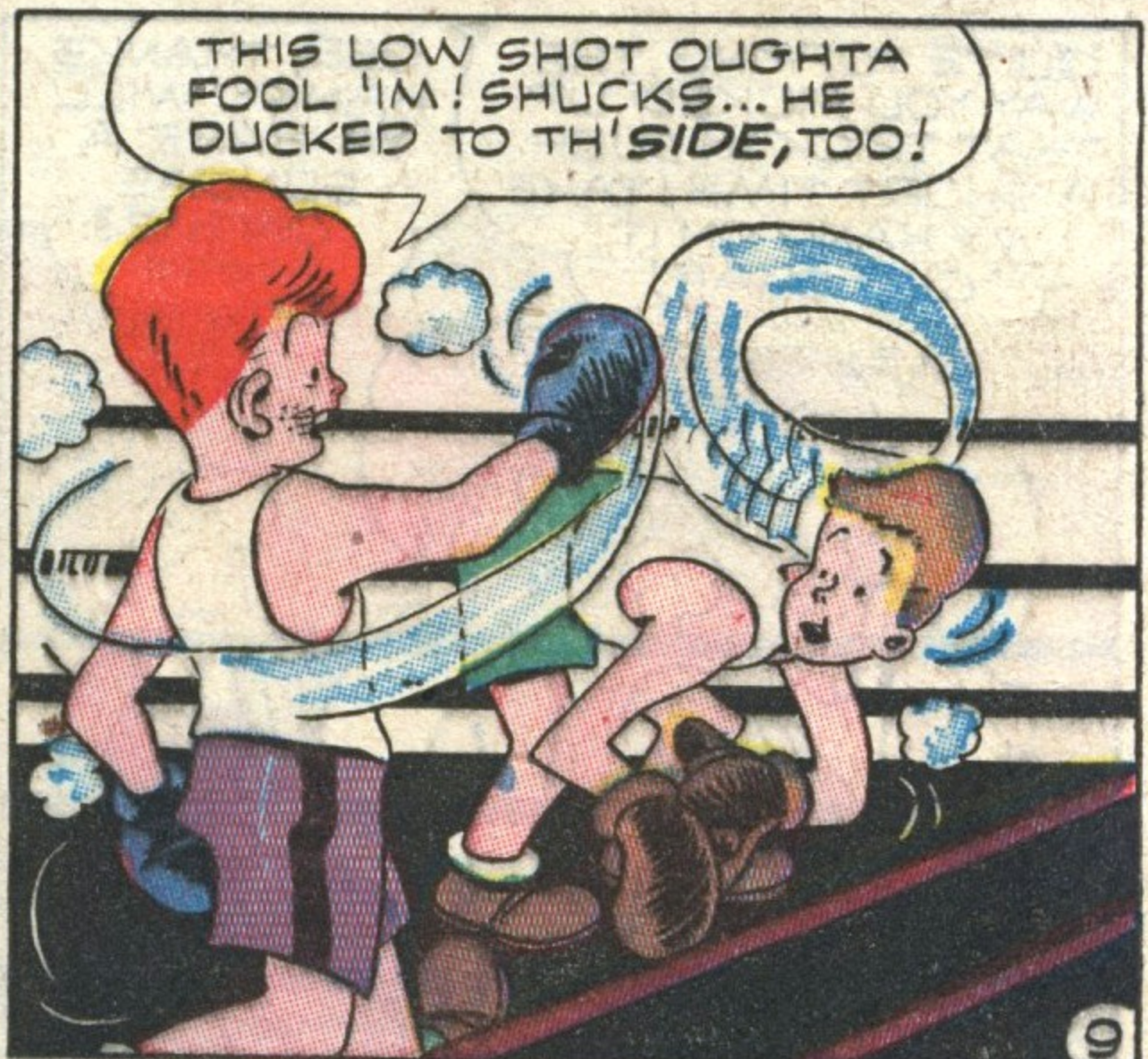
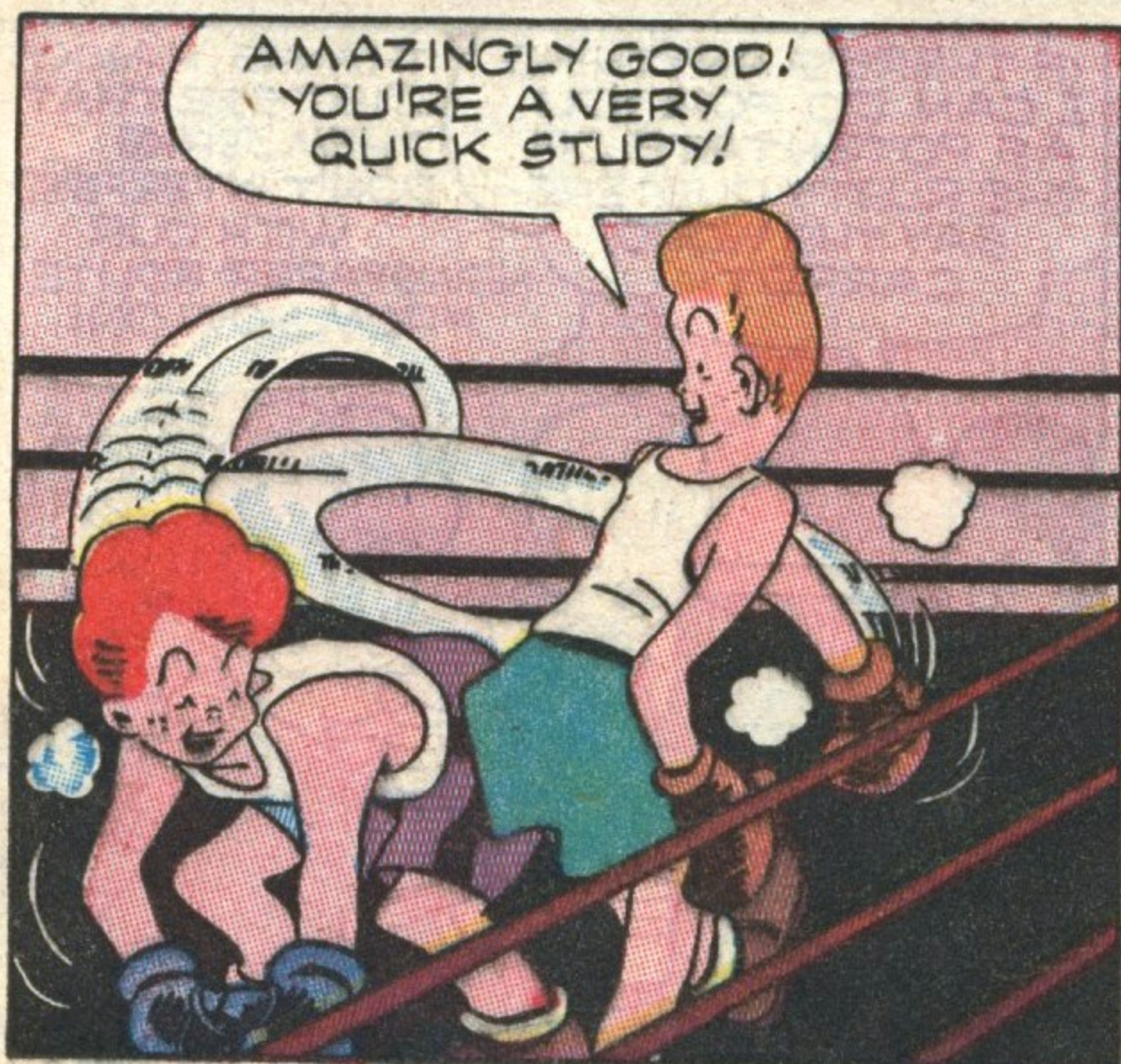
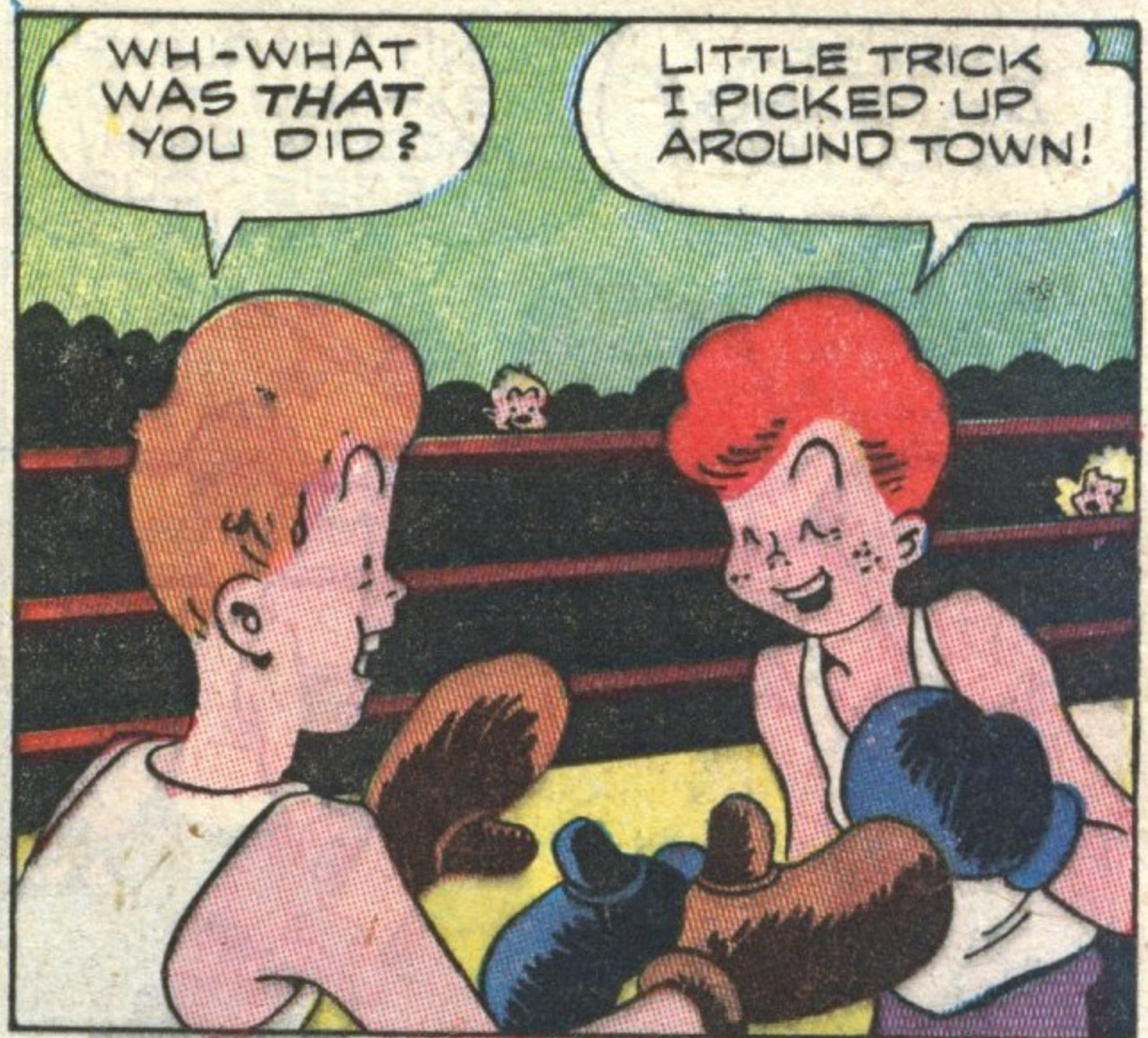
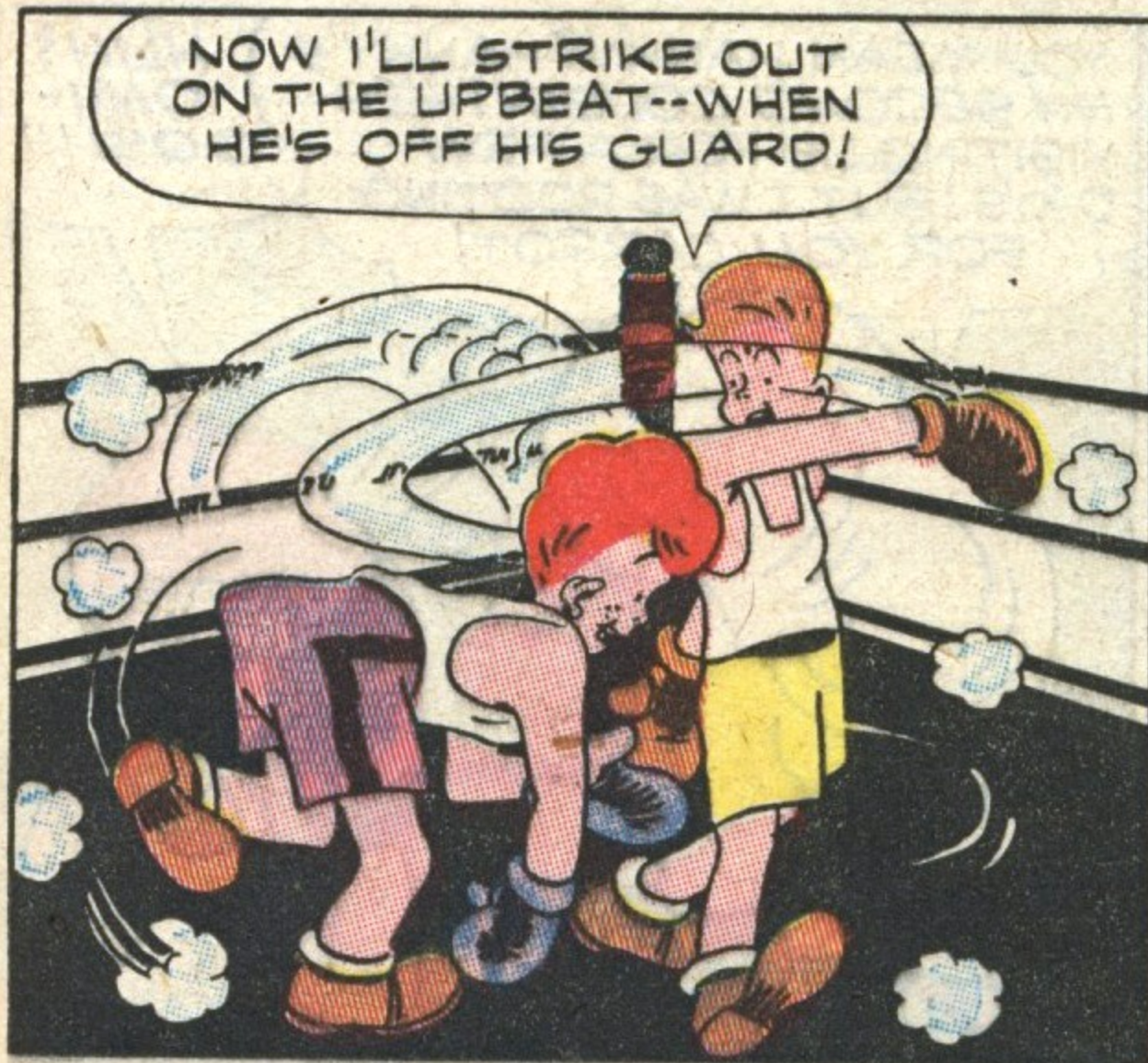
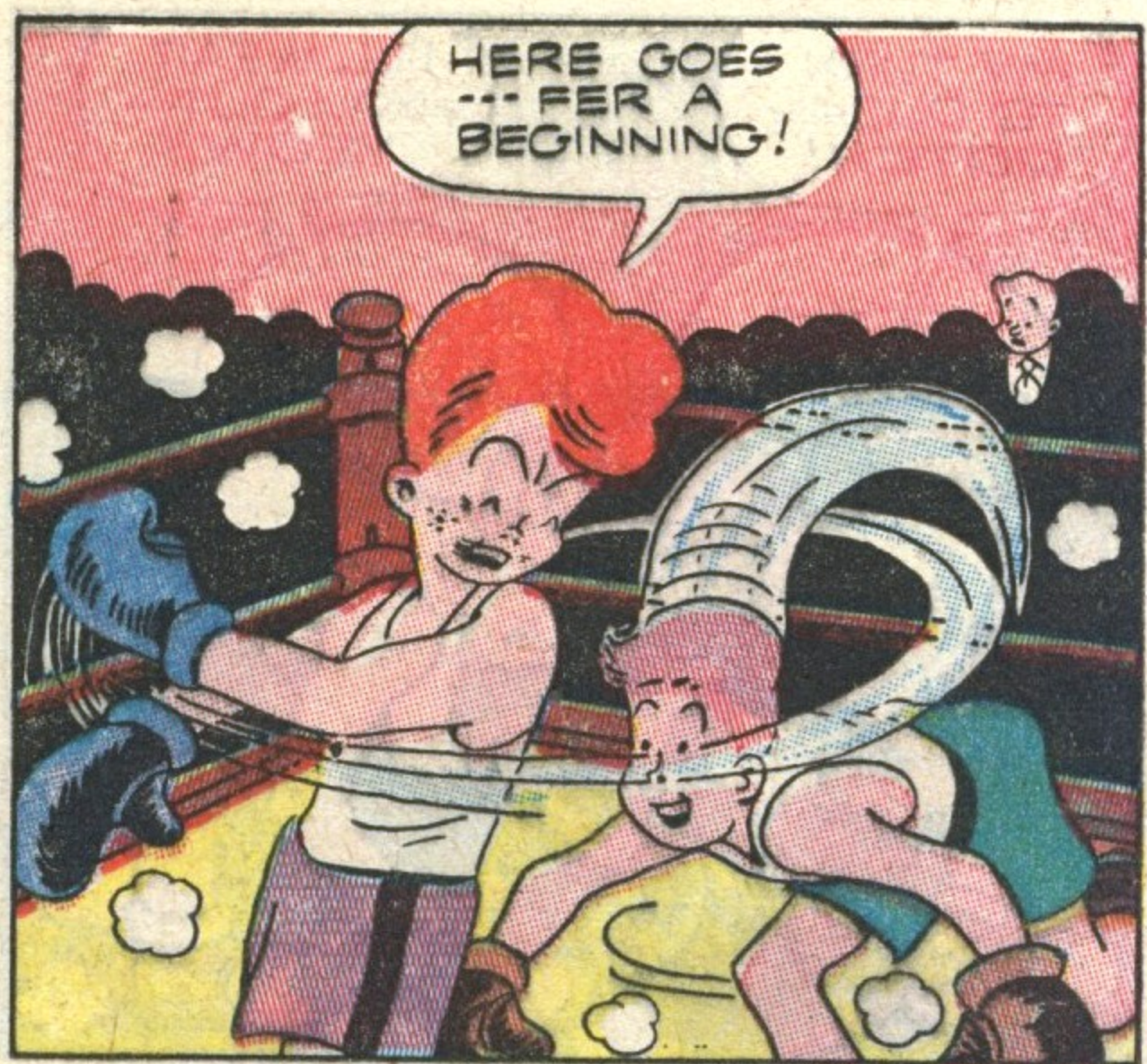
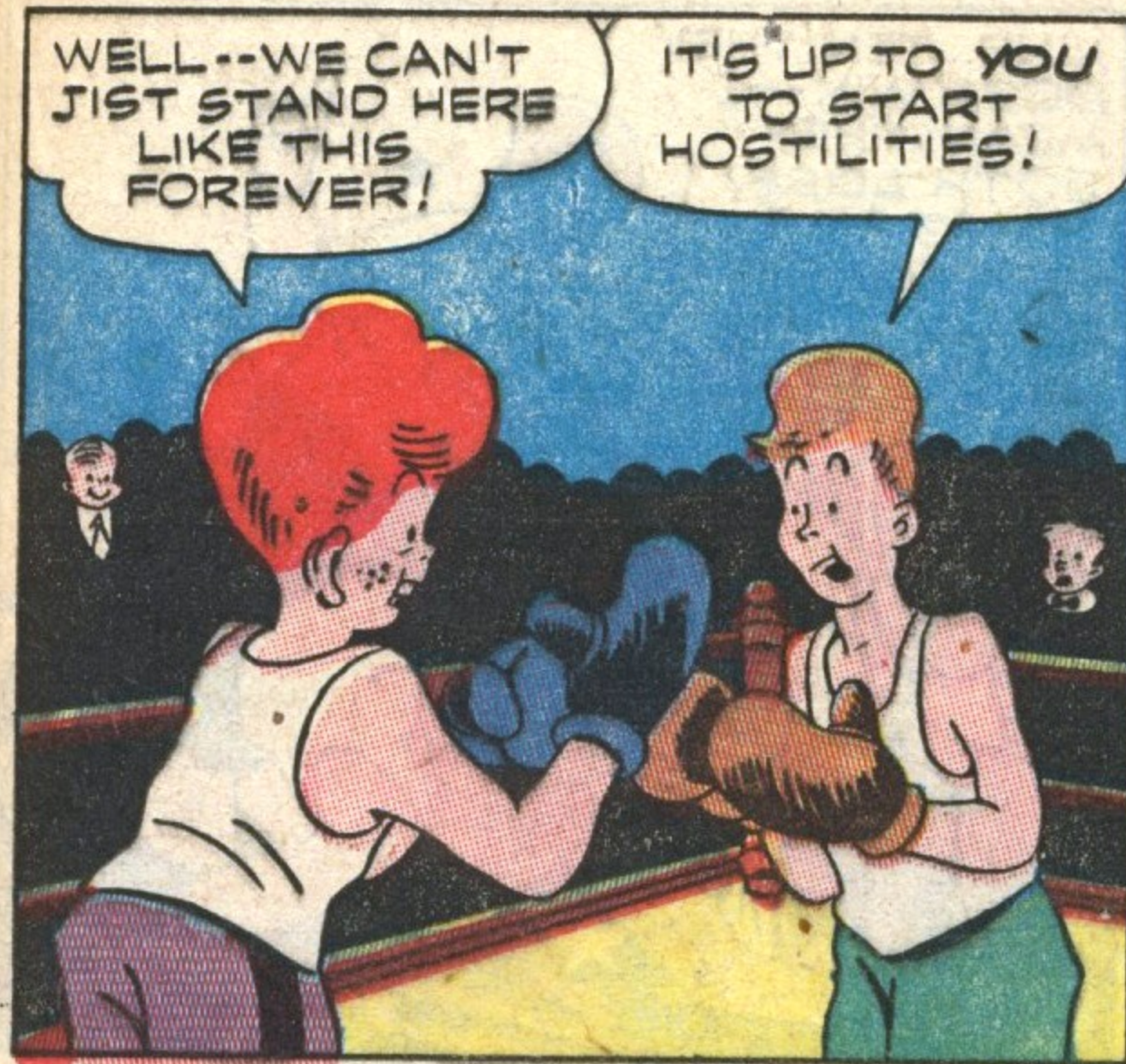


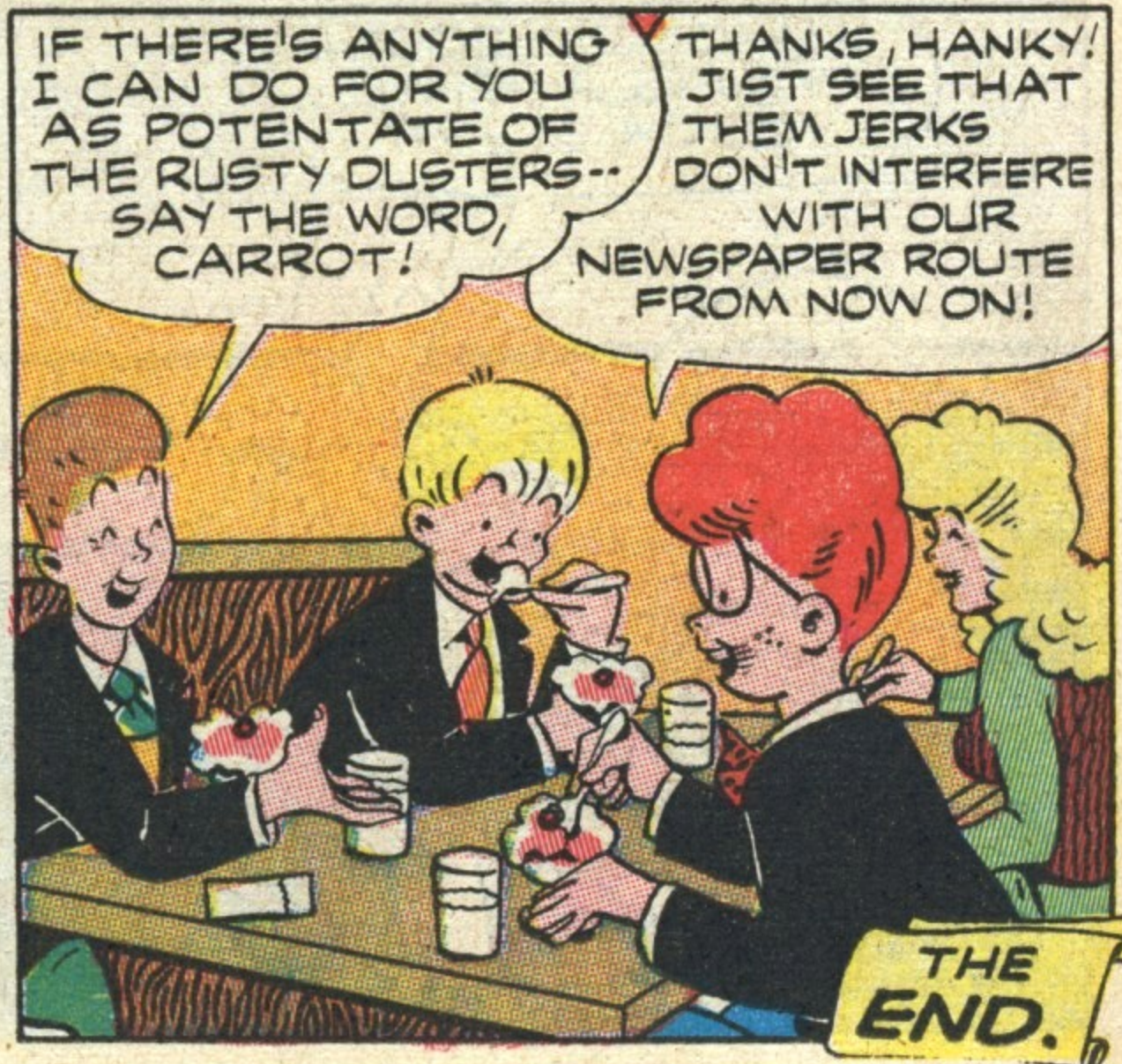
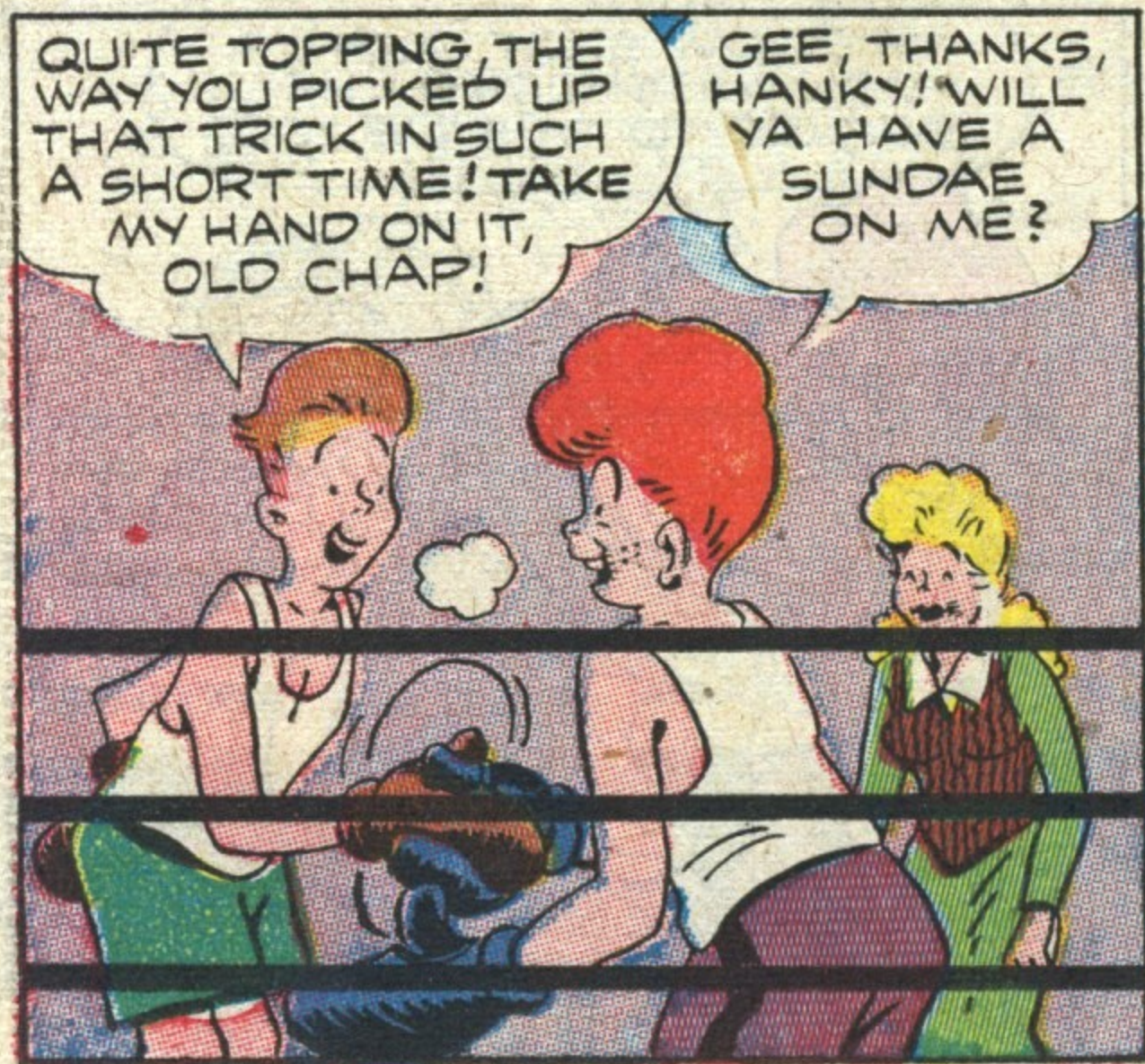
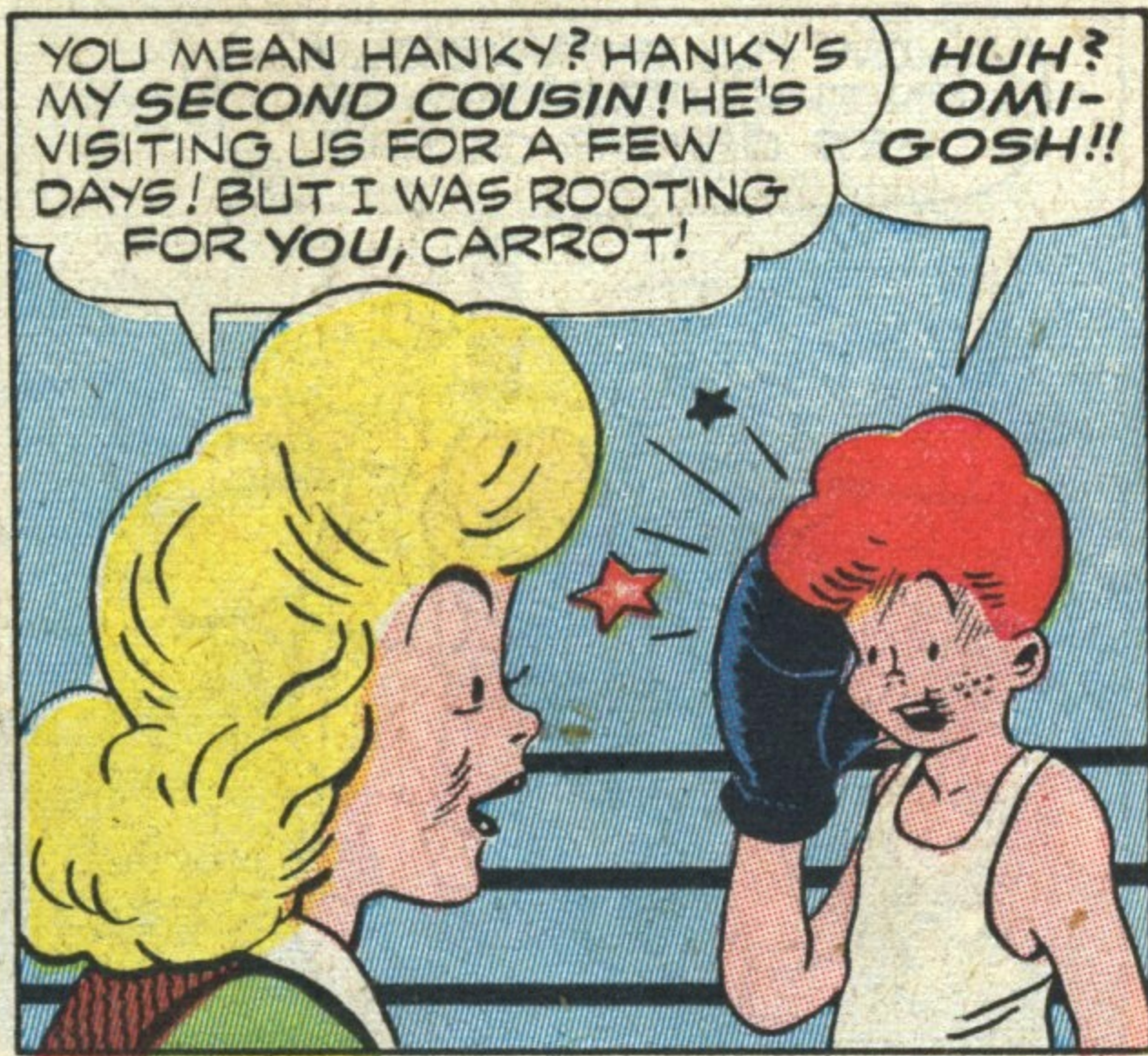
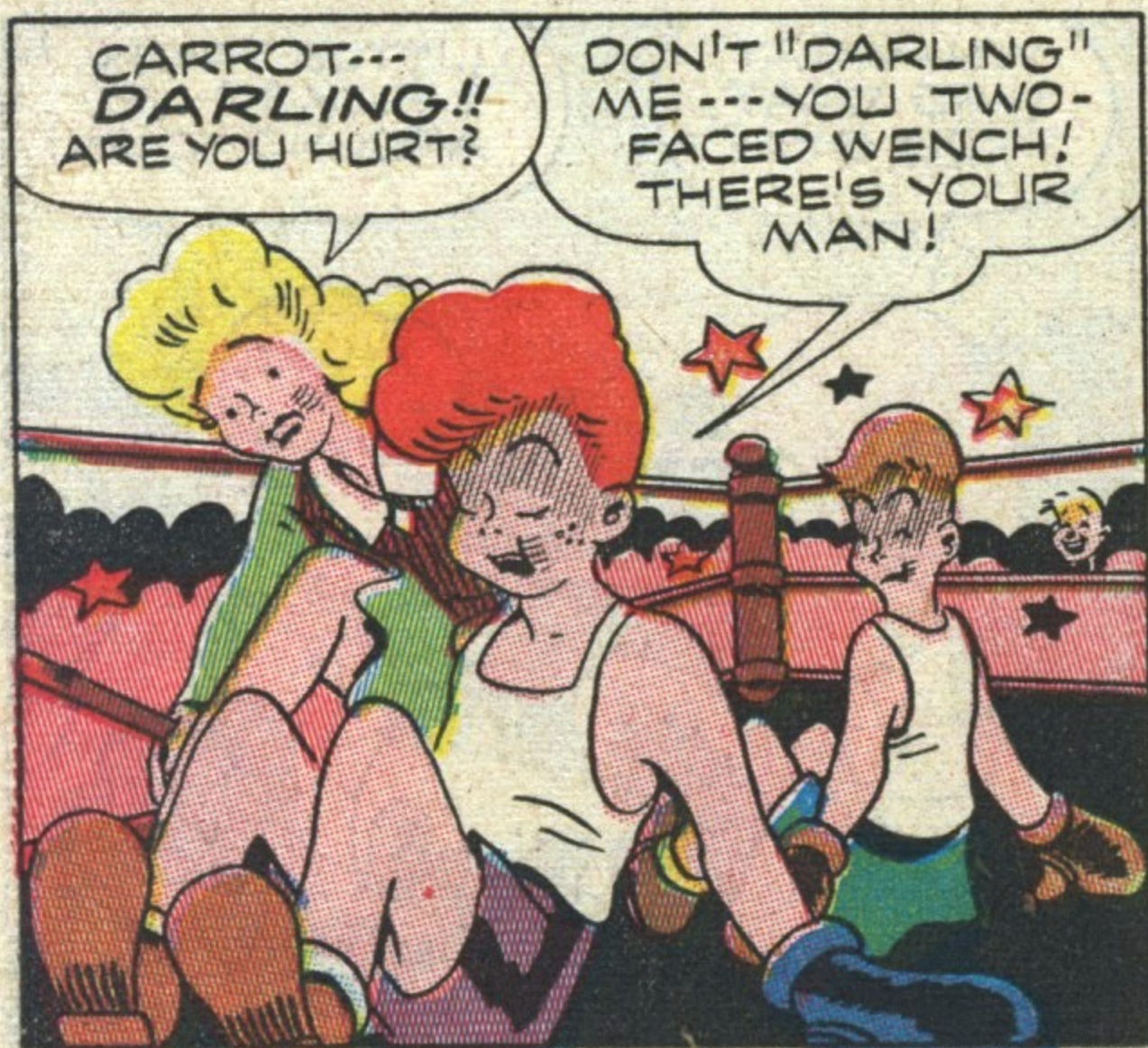
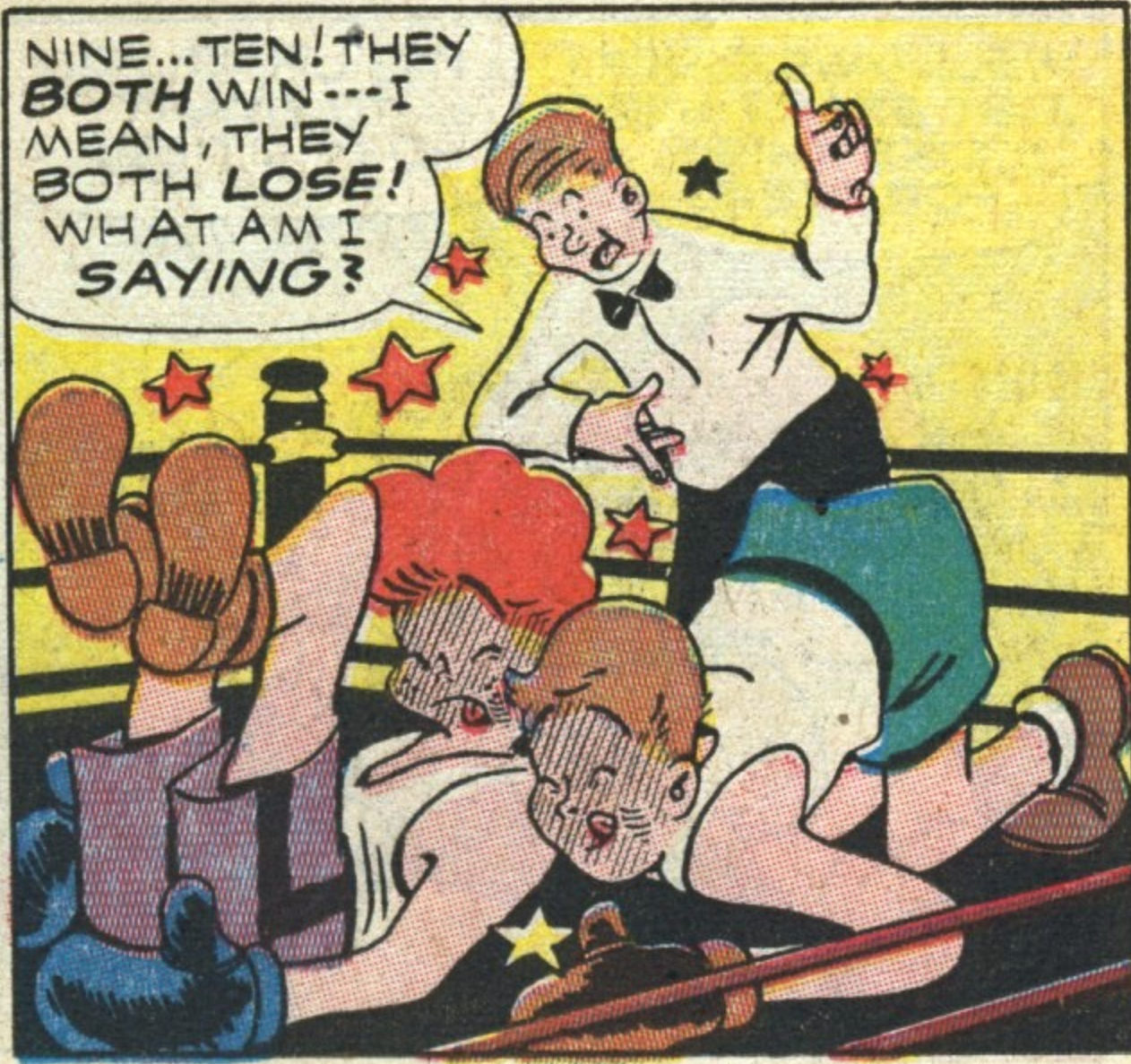












LIVE WIRE!

THE motorman on the trolley car yawned. The trolley slid smoothly along past 72nd St. A man who had been standing behind the motorman looked around. No one in the car was even looking at the motorman. The man raised his arm and a blackjack, evil, black and menacing swung in his hand. The motorman raised his eyes and looked in his rear view mirror. He caught a surge of movement. His eyes identified the blackjack for what it was but his brain refused to accept it. No one would hold up a trolley-car motorman! What earthly reason could there be?

That was his last thought as the blackjak rushed down on his head and he slid into unconsciousness. The man grabbed his body as he slumped and glanced around quickly, his beady eyes glittering like a feral rat's. No one had even noticed what he had done.

He whipped the cap off the unconscious man. He transferred the coin gadget to his own belt. He put the man he had so ruthlessly knocked out in a seat near the control of the trolley.

The traffic light turned from red, which it had been while all this went on, to green. The trolley lurched ahead. The real motorman slouched in his seat. The few people who did notice him thought vaguely that either the heat had got him or that he was asleep or less charitably, that he was under the weather.

The streets slid by. The bogus motorman made change and drove the trolley as though he were in reality the motorman. 47th street.

He looked ahead. Green lights all the way to 42nd street where

the tracks curved around at a sharp angle and the trolley was supposed to change from a downtown trolley to a crosstown.

The tracks ended at 42nd Street. That is, the downtown ones did. The curving path that changed the direction of the trolley was clear. There wasn't even much traffic.

The bogus conductor whirled the power control all the way around to full speed ahead.irate men and women who had signaled for the trolley car to stop swore under their breaths as the trolley careened by them with no hint of a pause. A man thus disappointed said aloud. "Huh! I thought they were only allowed not to pick you up on rainy nights! First time it ever happened in clear weather."

Some people on the trolley who had rung the bell to get off at 44th street called out to the conductor.

One said, "Say bud! What about it? I rang the bell! Why didn't you stop?"

The man at the controls smiled evilly. He yelled back, "If you don't like it . . . jump off!"

The people in the trolley finally realized that something was wrong. They stirred uneasily. The car hurtled along. 43rd street. Ahead was the cut-off where the trolley turned around.

A traffic cop looked up and saw the trolley racing at him.

42nd street! The hub of the world. Streets crowded with New Yorkers and visitors who liked it for a visit but wouldn't live there on a bet. G.I. Joe and his Jill. Mothers and their babies. Newsboys, doctors, lawyers, Indian Chief, all stopped and

stared at the trolley which had, speed unabated, hit the place where it usually turned and went to the left.

It didn't! It's front wheels hit a metal chuck which a weazened faced man had left there minutes earlier. The wheels hit the chuck and ground it into the tracks. The trolley going at an insane speed picked up and left the tracks.

All motion on the crowded streets ceased as everyone watched the mad trolley leave the tracks and careen down the cement covered street.

Store keepers ran out of their stores, police gathered like iron filings to a magnet.

The occupants of the trolley screamed and raised the windows as they thought of leaping from the car.

The steel wheels of the many tonned trolley tore and ripped the cement of the street. Gradually, slowly, the speed of the runaway trolley diminished. It shimmied from side to side and onlookers held their breaths for fear that the trolley would roll over on its side.

The front door of the trolley opened while it was still careening down the street. The beady eyed man who had driven the trolley amuck, looked up and down the street. His were the only eyes that saw three masked men go into a jewelry store on Broadway between 41st and 42nd Street.

He smiled to himself as he leaped from the runaway trolley. A cab which had followed the trolley on its insane trip slowed a bit as it drew even with the front door of the trolley. The beady eyed man leaped into the

cab and its door slammed behind him.

He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Everything's cop-asetic! Beat it quick, before the dummies wake up!"

The cab sped away unnoticed in the tumult. The trolley had finally slowed to a stop. Police ran to it and opened the doors. A woman insane with fear leaped out of the window. She seemed a little surprised when she landed on the street unhurt. A hundred yards away the three masked men came out of the jewelry store. Their pockets were bulging now. A man lay dead on the floor inside the store. The blood from the wound which had killed him made a path to the safe which he had died trying to protect. The door of the safe still swung to and fro slowly as the owner of the store, released from the hypnosis of the careening trolley, ran into the store.

His voice, raised in a yell for help went unnoticed in the clamor on the street. He ran to the door to try and attract the attention of a cop.

Finally, but not till minutes later, when the three masked men had long since doffed their masks and melted unobserved into the crowd that milled around the scene of the runaway trolley, the store owner managed to get Patrolman Clancy.

Clancy drew in his breath in a gasp of surprise as he saw the man on the floor and the open door of the safe.

"Sure and I see it all now!" he said. And his analysis was correct. "The murdering rats! They deliberately knocked out the real conductor . . . had someone take his place . . . then they put something on the tracks that would make the trolley jump clear off them and all for this! Just to create a disturbance that would attract every eye in the neighborhood so they could plunder in peace! Bad cess to them, the clever crooks!"

In the meanwhile the real motorman of the trolley was having a hard time of it. The police found it hard to believe that he was not in cahoots with the real criminals.

Hours passed while he monotonously reiterated his story.

"All I know," he said over and over again, "is that I saw this flicker behind me head . . . the next thing I knew . . . the trolley had jumped the tracks and I was coming to, with women and children screaming and men blaming it all on me!"

Only after a doctor had certified that the lump on his head might easily have killed him and that therefore it wasn't likely that he had done it himself, was he released.

He knew as he walked home that he was being trailed. The detective wasn't even being subtle about it. He clumped along behind the motorman, quietly, determinedly. You could see from his expression that he still thought the motorman had had a hand in the holocaust.

The motorman's head still ached. He blinked his eyes in pain and stopped to put his hand to his head. He bent over to try and relieve the pain. This motion saved his life.

A guy wire, cut by the hand of the man with the beady eyes, whipped down and around him. The men with the beady eyed man complained. One said, "Why didn't you kill him while you were in the trolley?"

He snapped, "In front of a car full of witnesses? Are you nuts? Nine chances out of ten it's O.K. he didn't see me. I just want to make sure. Blast it!"

He saw that the snapping wire had missed the conductor. They were above on a roof. He said, "Missed! We've got to go down and get him! I'm glad when we cased the job that we found out where he lived. Otherwise we'd have had a real job tracking him down! Come on!"

On the street the detective ran up to the motorman.

"You alright?" he asked.

The motorman looked at the coil of wire which had fallen. He shuddered as he realized the way the falling wire would have ripped him to pieces if it had hit him. He gulped and finally said, "Yeah, I'm all in one piece. . . . Listen . . . do you hear running feet on the stairs of my house. . . . Listen. . . ."

The crooks pounded down the stairs and out onto the street. The beady eyed man saw the detective first. He fired instantly. The detective fell to the street with his shoulder fractured. As he fell, he saw the motorman pick up an end of the wire and throw it in the air. He puzzled over this until he saw that the thrown wire was arcing over the trolley wire out in the center of the street.

As the other crooks came out of the building behind their beady eyed leader they pushed into him from behind. The free end of the wire lay on the ground in front of the building. The leader stepped on it as he turned from shooting the detective and leveled his gun at the motorman.

One of them said, "Go . . . go ahead and shoot. . . ."

And the high voltage lead from the trolley wire through the loose wire hit him. It had already traversed the leader's body. He was screaming in agony as he fell writhing to the ground. All the other crooks, their bodies jammed against his, soon joined in the chorus of screams.

They were quiet when the ambulance finally got there.

The motorman and the cop looked at them as the ambulance doctor, thick rubber gloves on his hands, pulled the high voltage wire away.

"I suppose they'll live long enough for their next electric shock," he said.

The motorman nodded.

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WORLD BEATER

and

UNGGH

HURDLING THROUGH THE SKY IS A ROCKET SHIP BEARING TWO DAUNTLESS HEROES, THE FUTURE MAN OF THE PAST, UNGGH IS BELOW THEM AS THEY START THE LONG JOURNEY BACK TO EARTH! OF COURSE, THERE'S NO PROBLEM ABOUT GETTING BACK, NOT TO A MAN WITH THE BRAIN THAT WORLD BEATER POSSESSES...

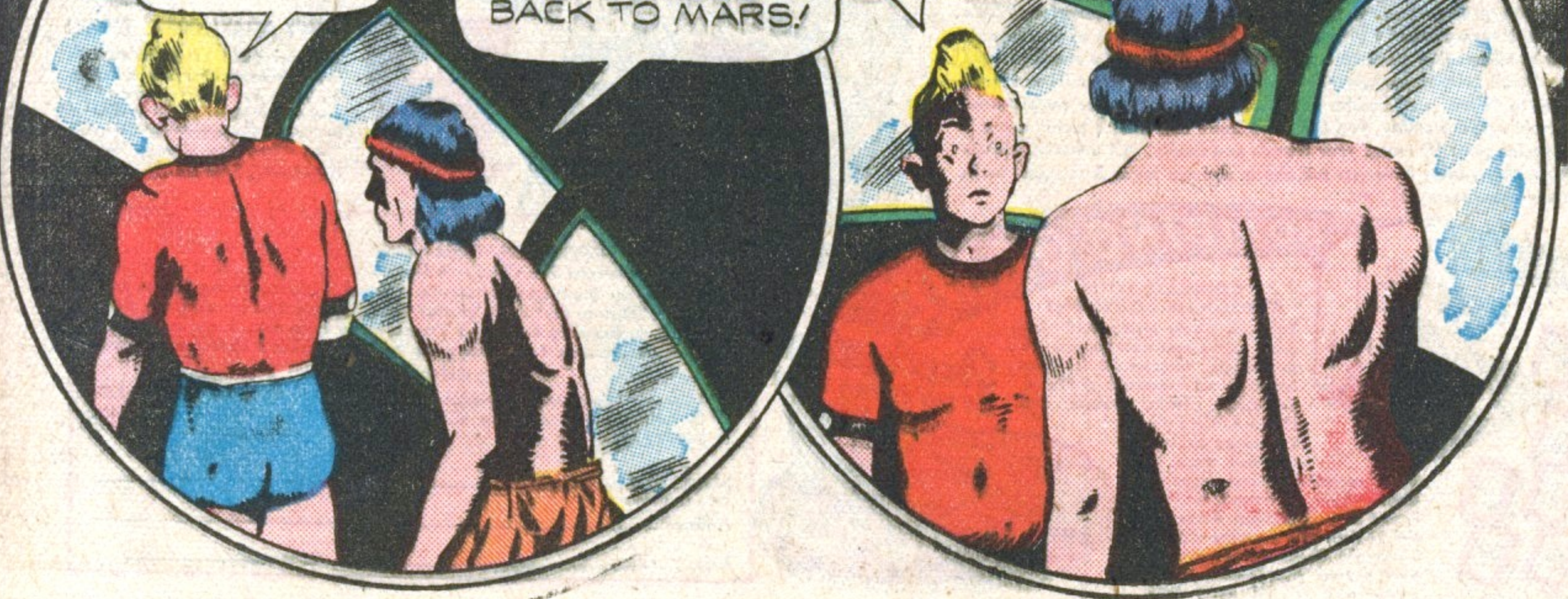
INSIDE THE SPACESHIP...

GEE! I HATED TO LEAVE JOBLO! LOOK HOW SMALL MARS IS GETTING, UNGGH!

ME HATE TO LEAVE JOBLO TOO! HEY! WATCH CONTROLS! WE ARE HEADED BACK TO MARS!

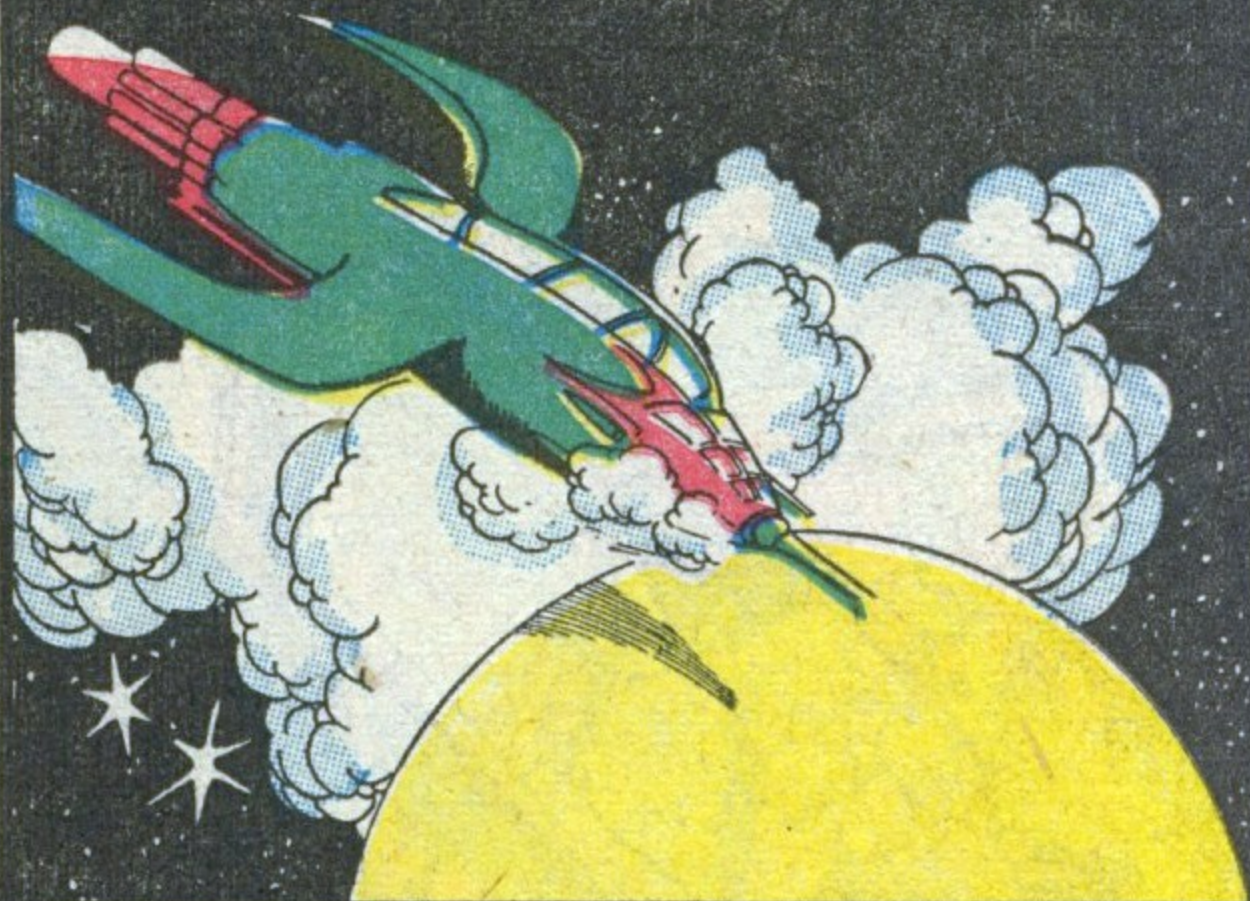
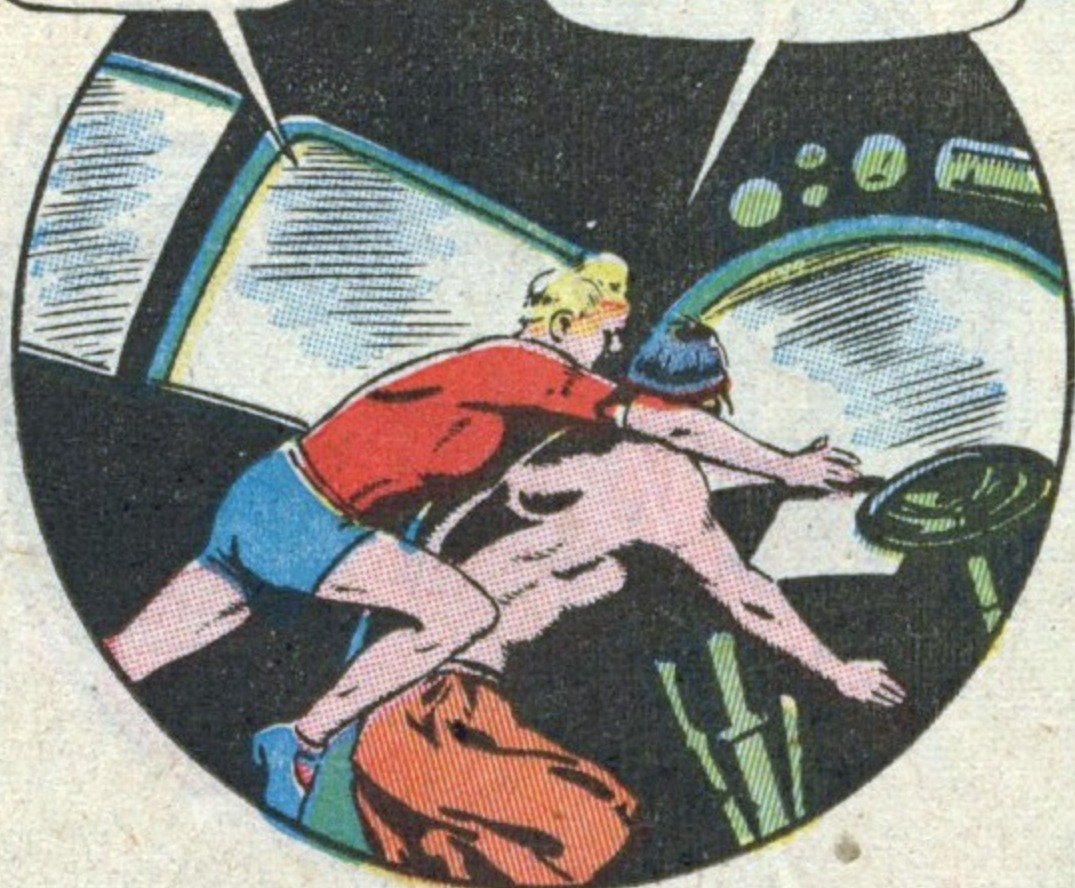
WATCH THE CONTROLS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING THAT!

ME THOUGHT YOU WERE!



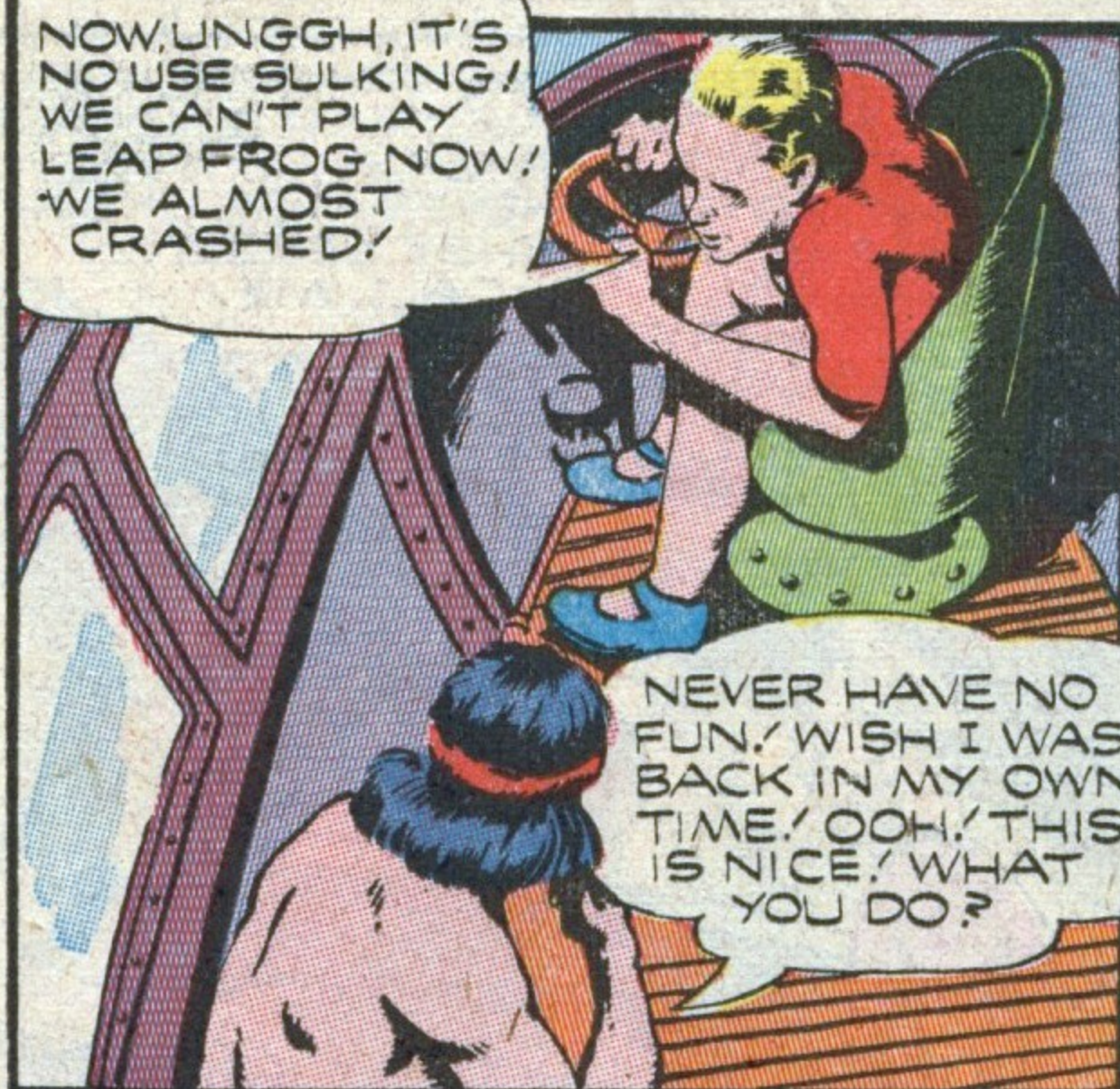
I'LL DO IT! PHEW!
THE LAND IS
RIGHT UNDER
US!

LOTS OF FUN TO PLAY
LEAP FROG! NOW
ME JUMP OVER
YOUR BACK!



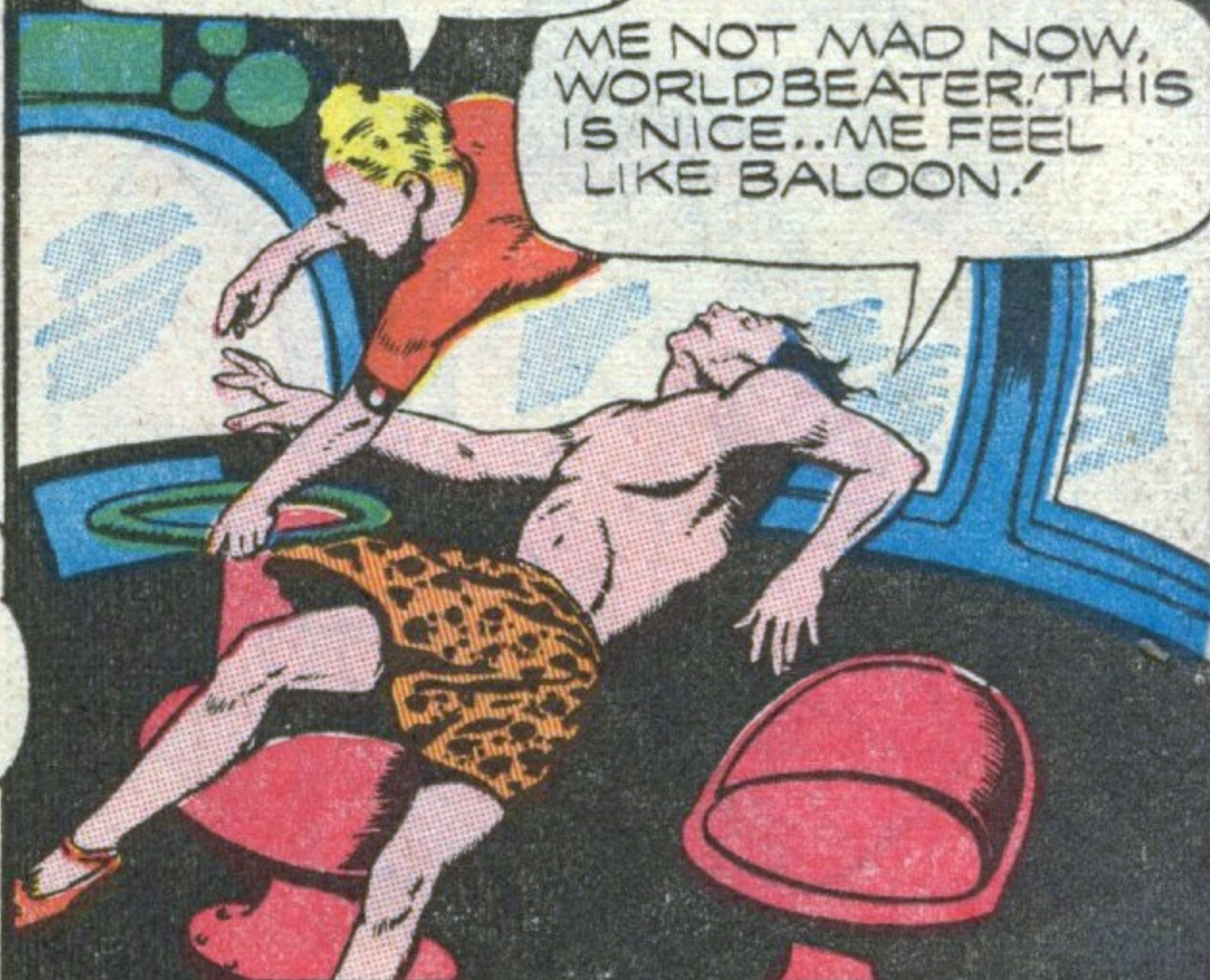
NOW, UNGGH, IT'S
NO USE SULKING!
WE CAN'T PLAY
LEAP FROG NOW!
WE ALMOST
CRASHED!

NEVER HAVE NO
FUN! WISH I WAS
BACK IN MY OWN
TIME! OOH! THIS
IS NICE! WHAT
YOU DO?



WHAT THE? I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING! I'M
FLOATING UP!

ME NOT MAD NOW,
WORLD BEATER! THIS
IS NICE... ME FEEL
LIKE BALLOON!

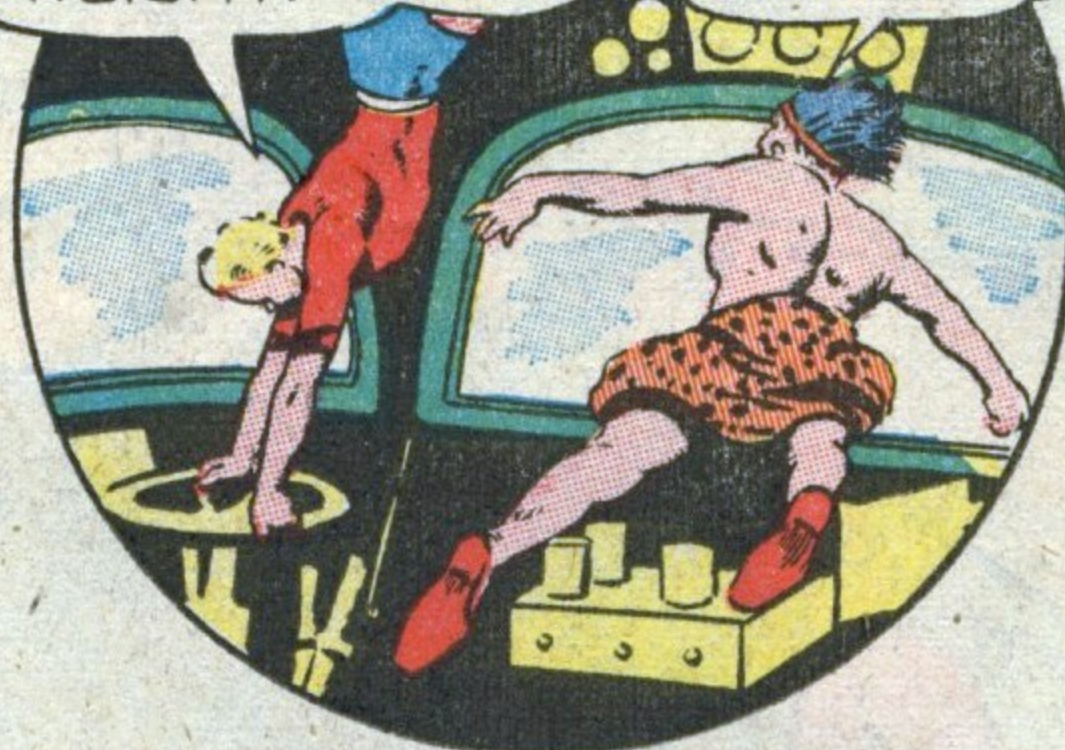


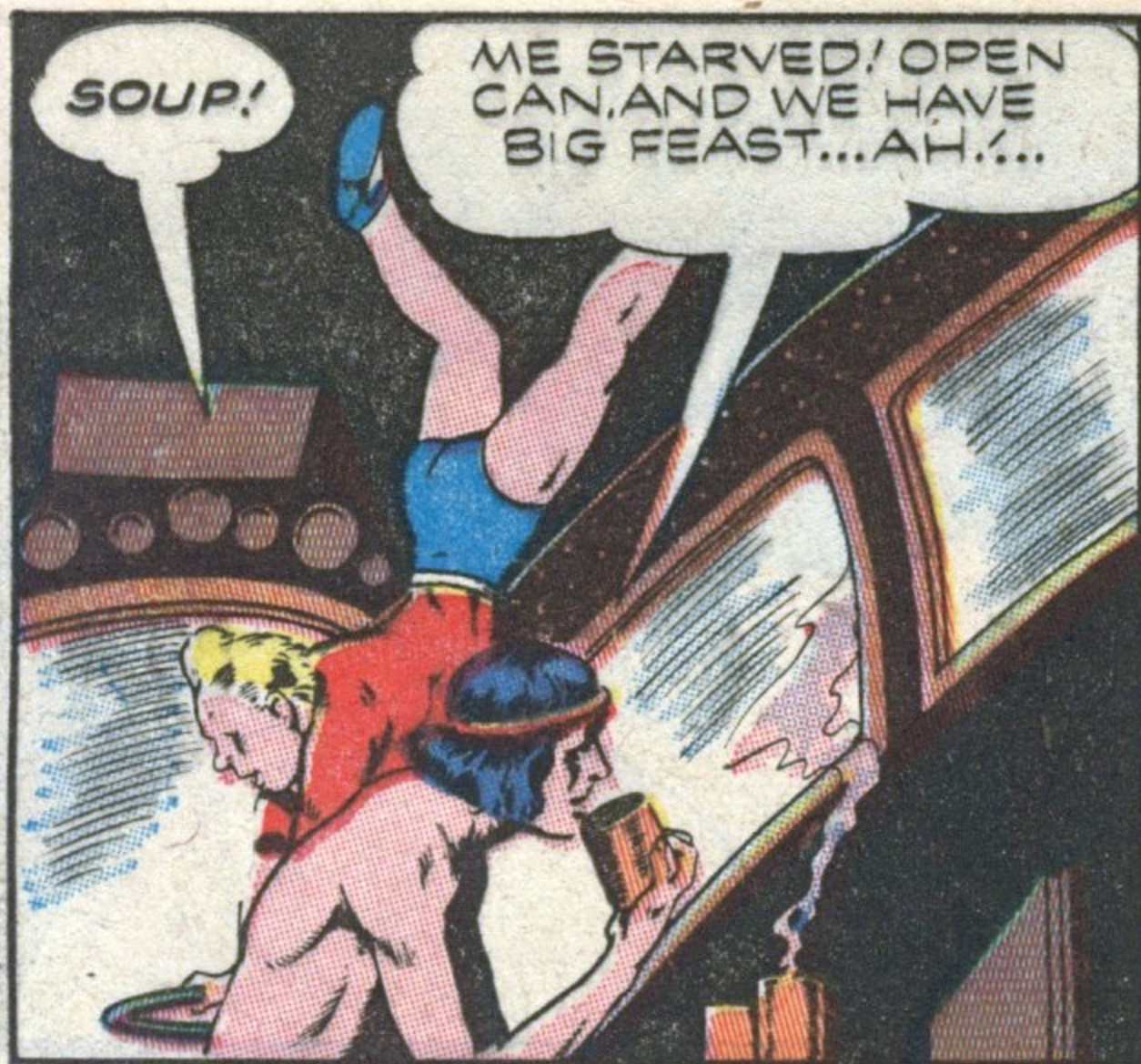
THIS IS AWFUL! I DON'T
HAVE ANY WEIGHT!
HM?... I GET IT! WE'VE
PASSED THE GRAV-
ITATIONAL SPHERE OF
MARS! NOTHING IN
THE SHIP HAS ANY
WEIGHT!

ME **REALLY**
HAVE NO
WEIGHT IF
NOT EAT... ME
GROWING
BOY, NEED
FOOD!

ONE NICE THING
ABOUT THE LACK
OF GRAVITY! WE
CAN'T GET RUSH
OF BLOOD TO THE
HEAD BECAUSE OUR
BLOOD DOESN'T
WEIGH ANYTHING!

AH!
FOOD!





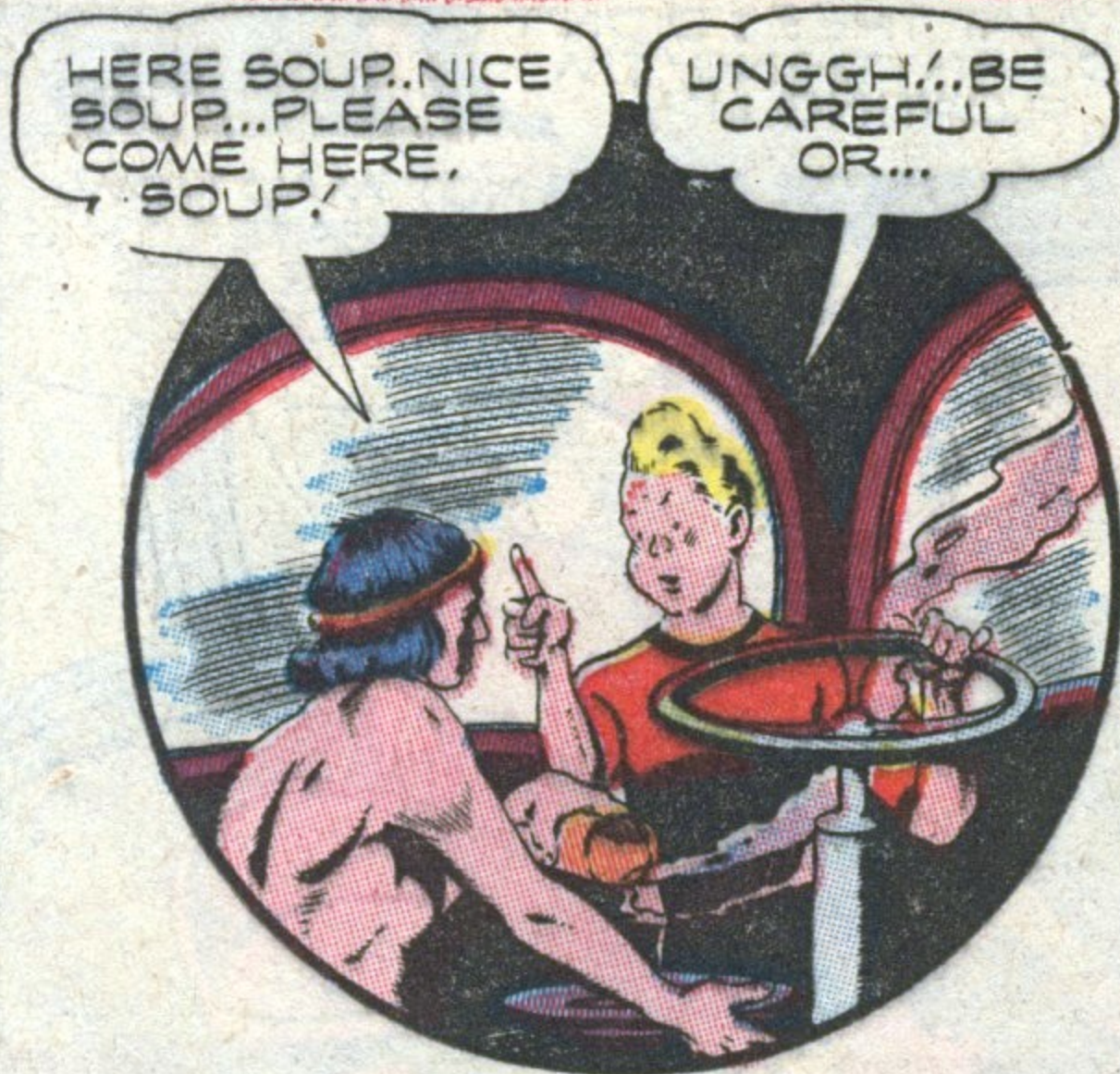
SOUP!

ME STARVED! OPEN CAN, AND WE HAVE BIG FEAST...AH!...



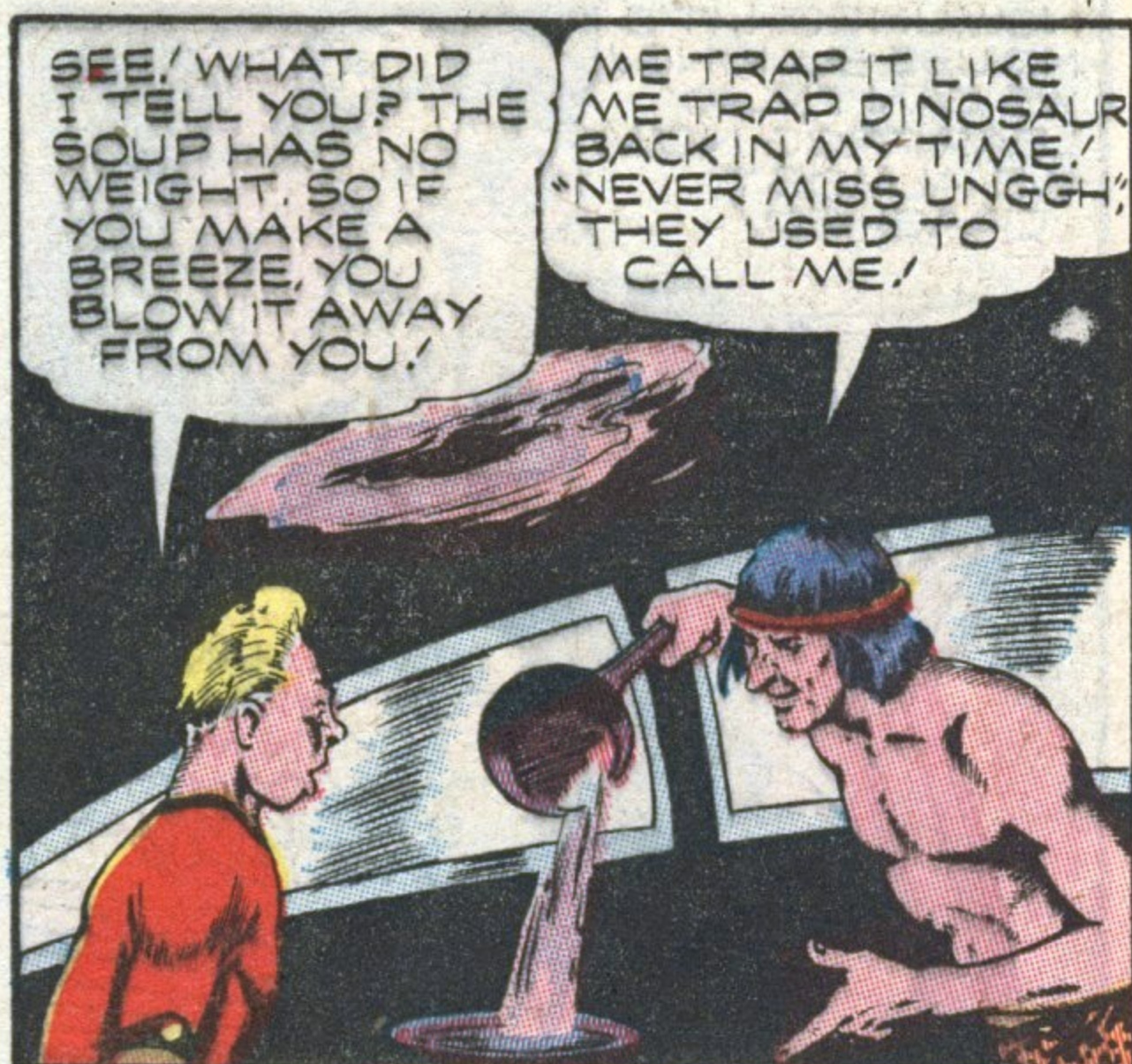
ME HOPE SOUP IS GOOD!

ULP! UNGGH! LOOK AT THE SOUP! THE LACK OF GRAVITY HAS AFFECTED IT TOO!



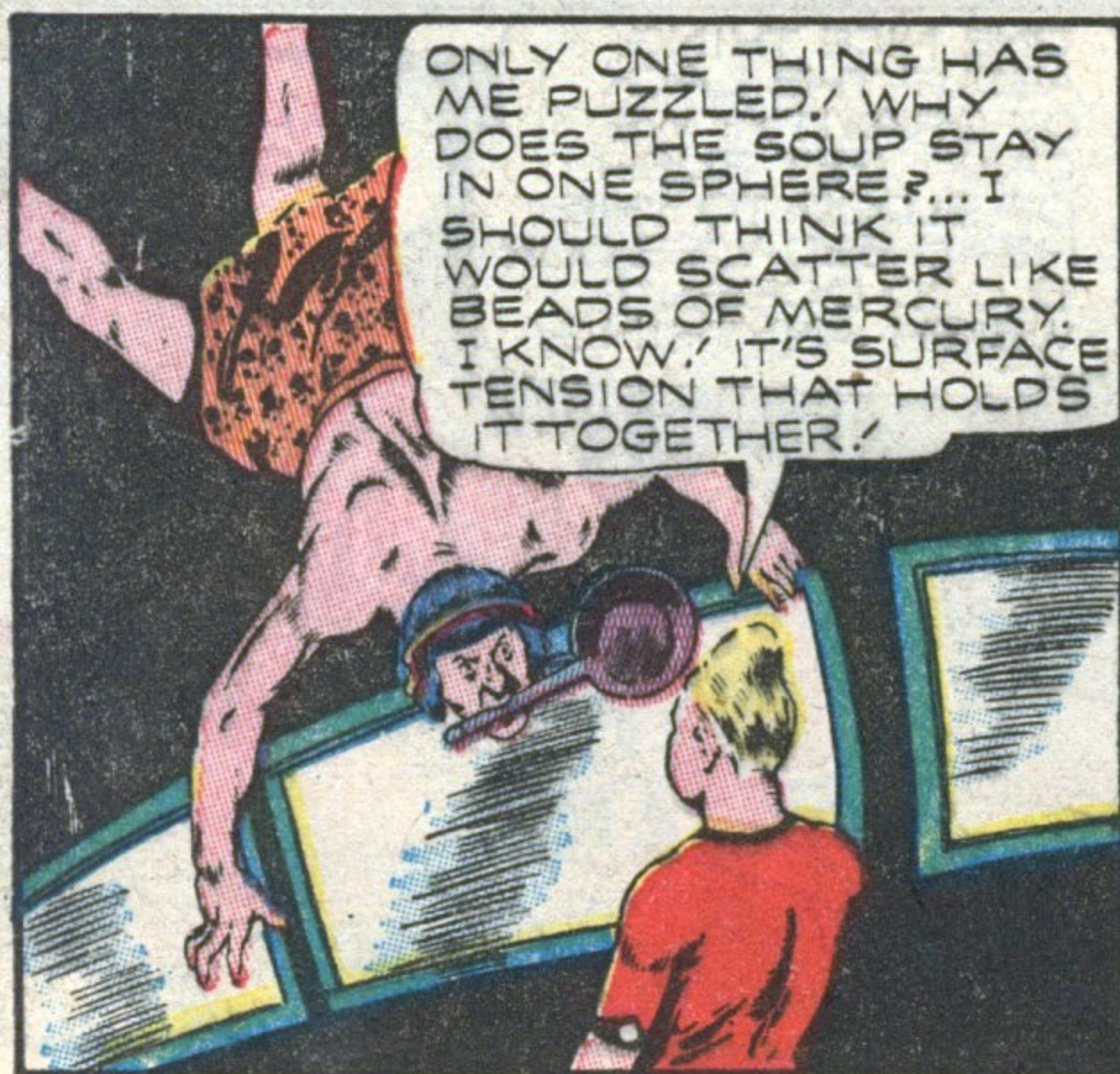
HERE SOUP..NICE SOUP...PLEASE COME HERE, SOUP!

UNGGH!..BE CAREFUL OR...

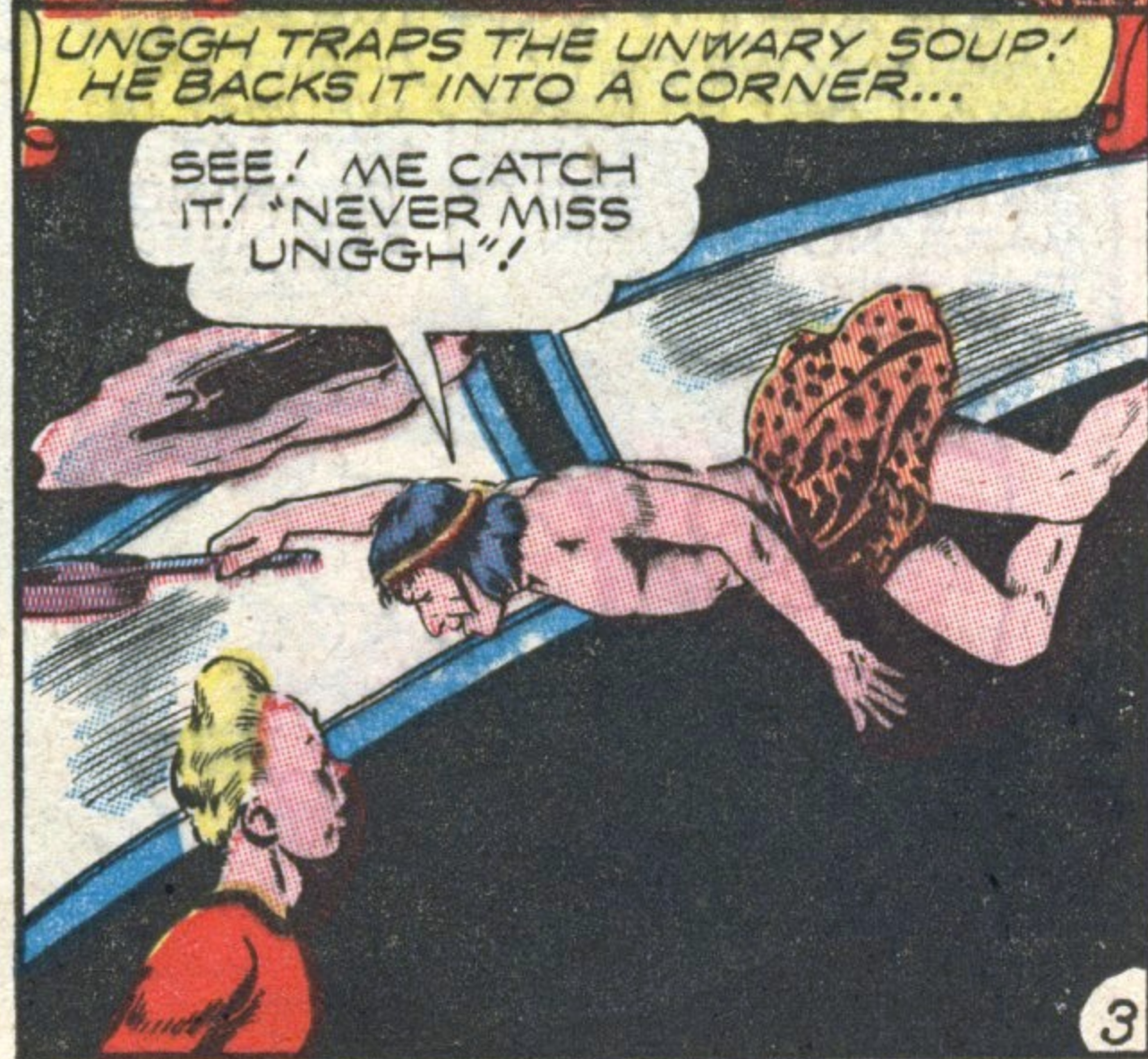


SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE SOUP HAS NO WEIGHT. SO IF YOU MAKE A BREEZE, YOU BLOW IT AWAY FROM YOU!

ME TRAP IT LIKE ME TRAP DINOSAUR BACK IN MY TIME! "NEVER MISS UNGGH", THEY USED TO CALL ME!



ONLY ONE THING HAS ME PUZZLED! WHY DOES THE SOUP STAY IN ONE SPHERE?...I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD SCATTER LIKE BEADS OF MERCURY. I KNOW! IT'S SURFACE TENSION THAT HOLDS IT TOGETHER!



UNGGH TRAPS THE UNWARY SOUP! HE BACKS IT INTO A CORNER...

SEE! ME CATCH IT! "NEVER MISS UNGGH"!

NEVER MISS!..IT DIDN'T!
UNGGH./ DIDN'T I TELL
YOU ABOUT SURFACE
TENSION? THE
SLIGHTEST TOUCH
BREAKS IT!



ONE HOUR LATER...

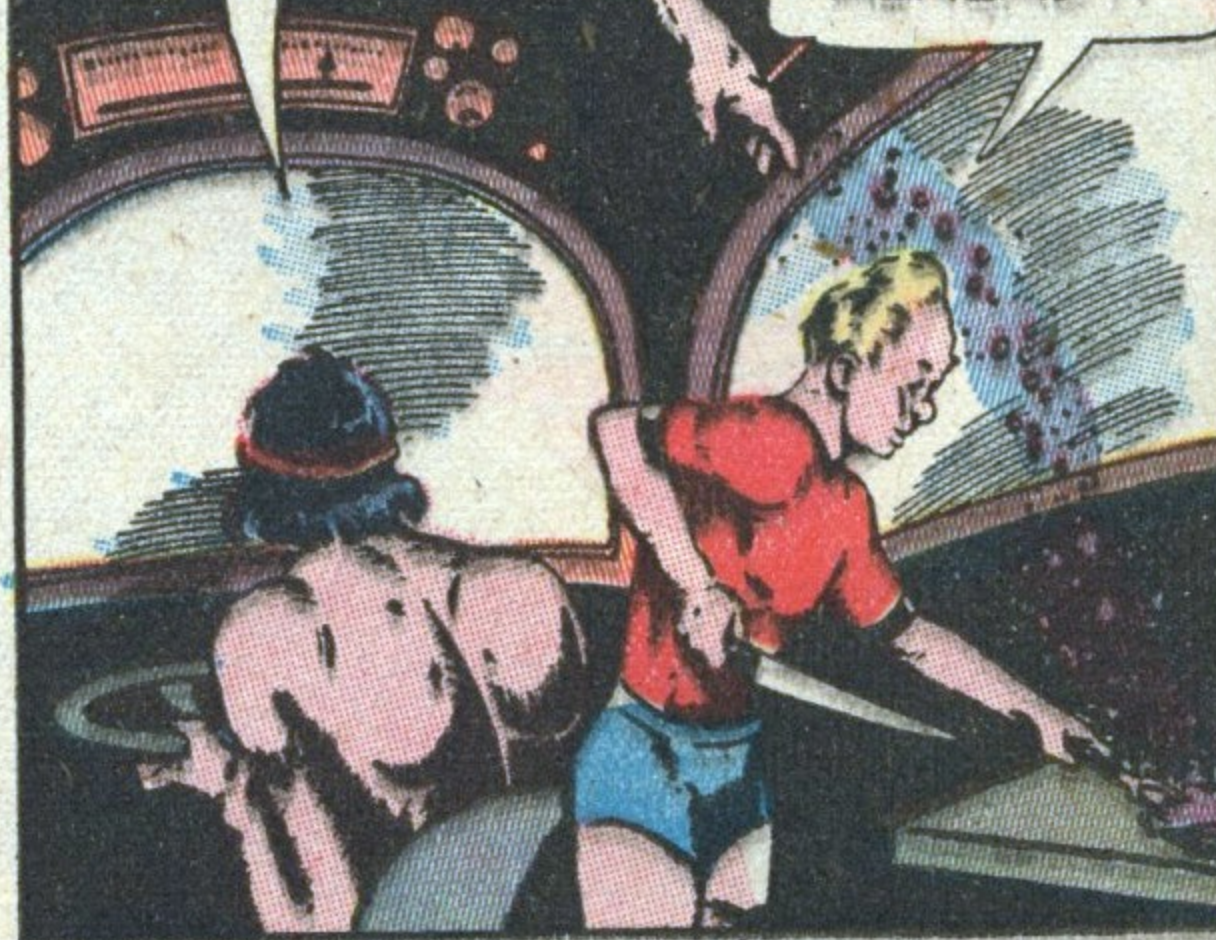
I'VE HEARD OF BLOW-
ING SOAP BUBBLES,
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D HAVE TO CHASE
SOUP BUBBLES!

BLOW SOME
THIS WAY...
ME HUNGRY
AGAIN!



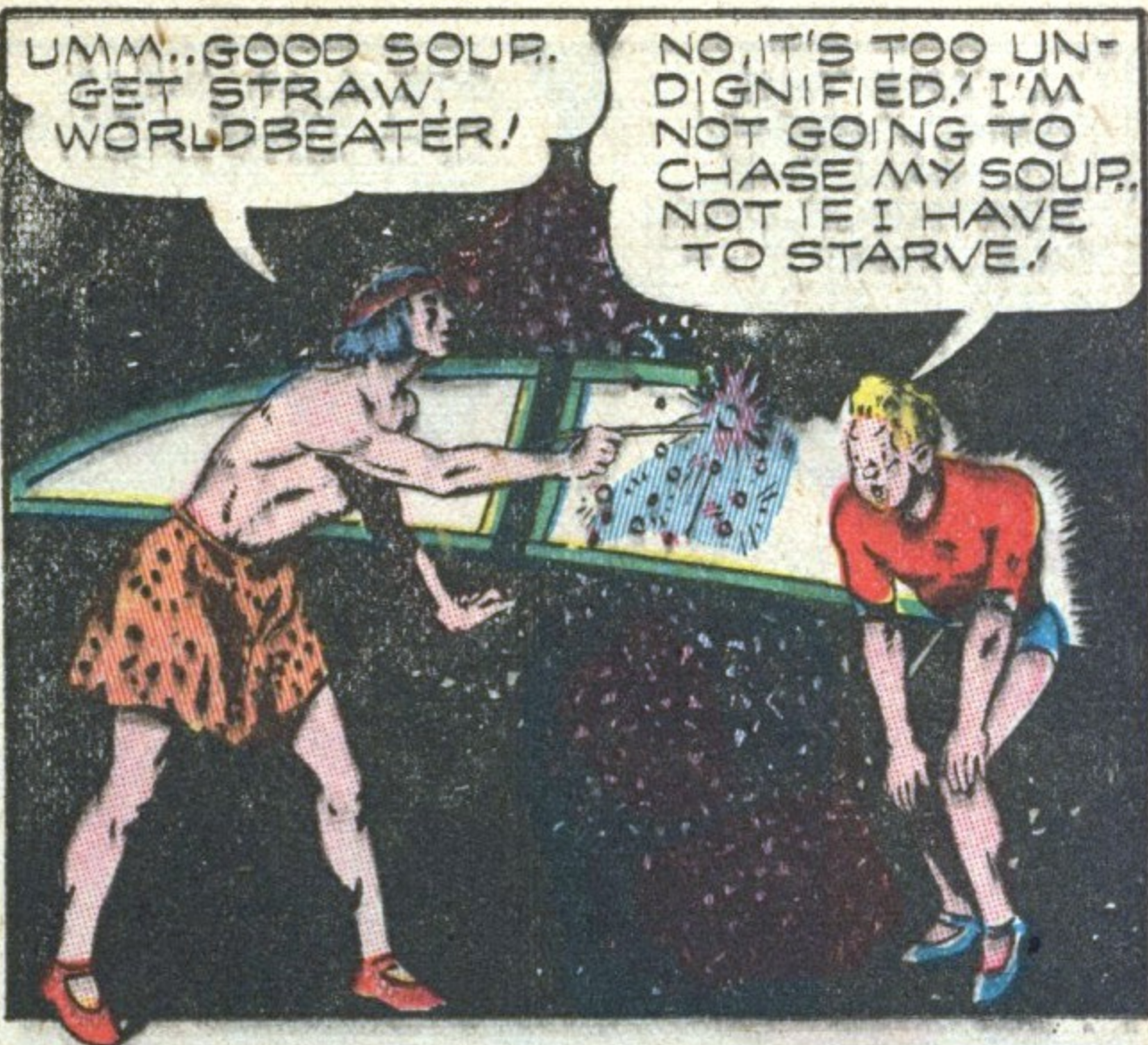
GOOD! BLOW
SOME MORE
MEAT TO
ME!

DON'T BE A
PIG, UNGGH!
YOU'VE HAD
FIVE SLICES
ALREADY!



UMM..GOOD SOUP.
GET STRAW,
WORLD BEATER!

NO, IT'S TOO UN-
DIGNIFIED! I'M
NOT GOING TO
CHASE MY SOUP.
NOT IF I HAVE
TO STARVE!

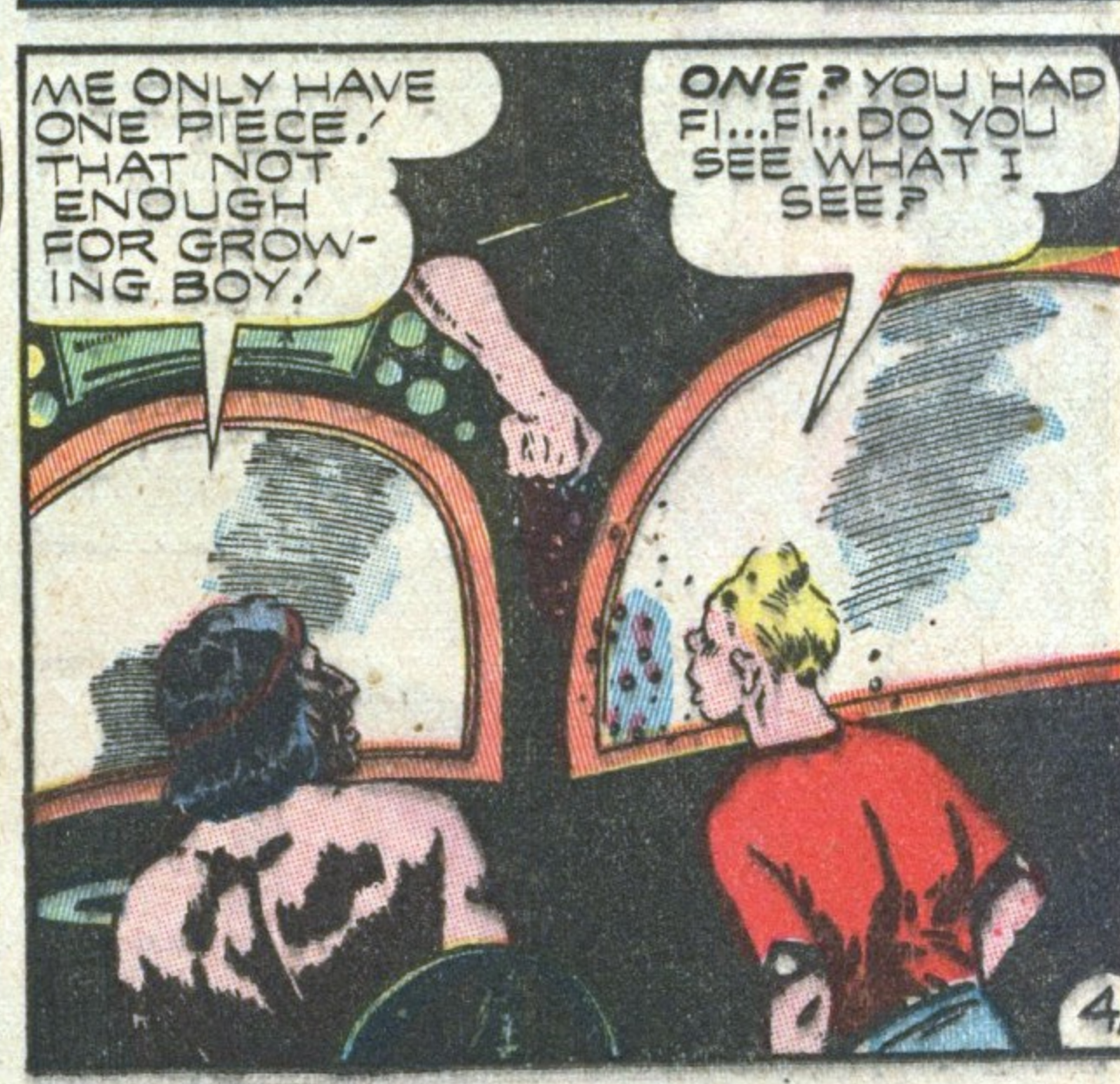


YOU AND YOUR SOUP!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK
OF THIS BEFORE! THERE
IS CANNED MEAT HERE!
AT LEAST I WON'T
HAVE TO CHASE
THAT!



ME ONLY HAVE
ONE PIECE!
THAT NOT
ENOUGH
FOR GROW-
ING BOY!

ONE? YOU HAD
FI...FI..DO YOU
SEE WHAT I
SEE?



I'LL TAKE THE RISK, UNGGH! I'LL MAN THE CONTROLS...YOU SEE WHAT THAT ARM IS ATTACHED TO!

STEAL MY MEAT, WILL YOU? COME OUT OF THERE!



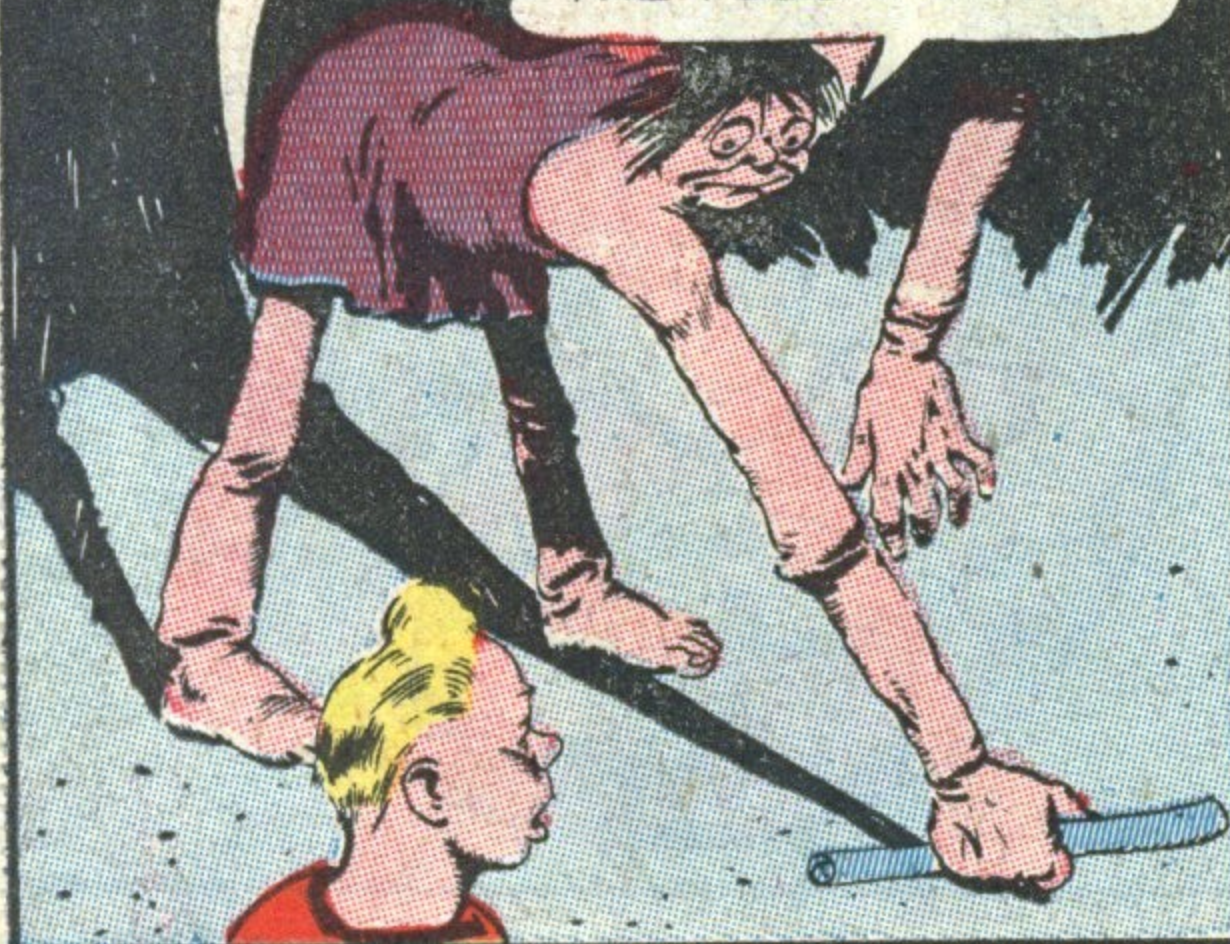
A STOWAWAY! WHAT MARTIAN CREATURE WOULD WANT TO GO TO EARTH?

MAYBE IT'S AN OCTUPUSSY!



THAT WORD IS OCTOPUS!

HI, CHICKS! WHAT'S COOKING? PAT THE SKIN, AND CALL ME VELONICA!



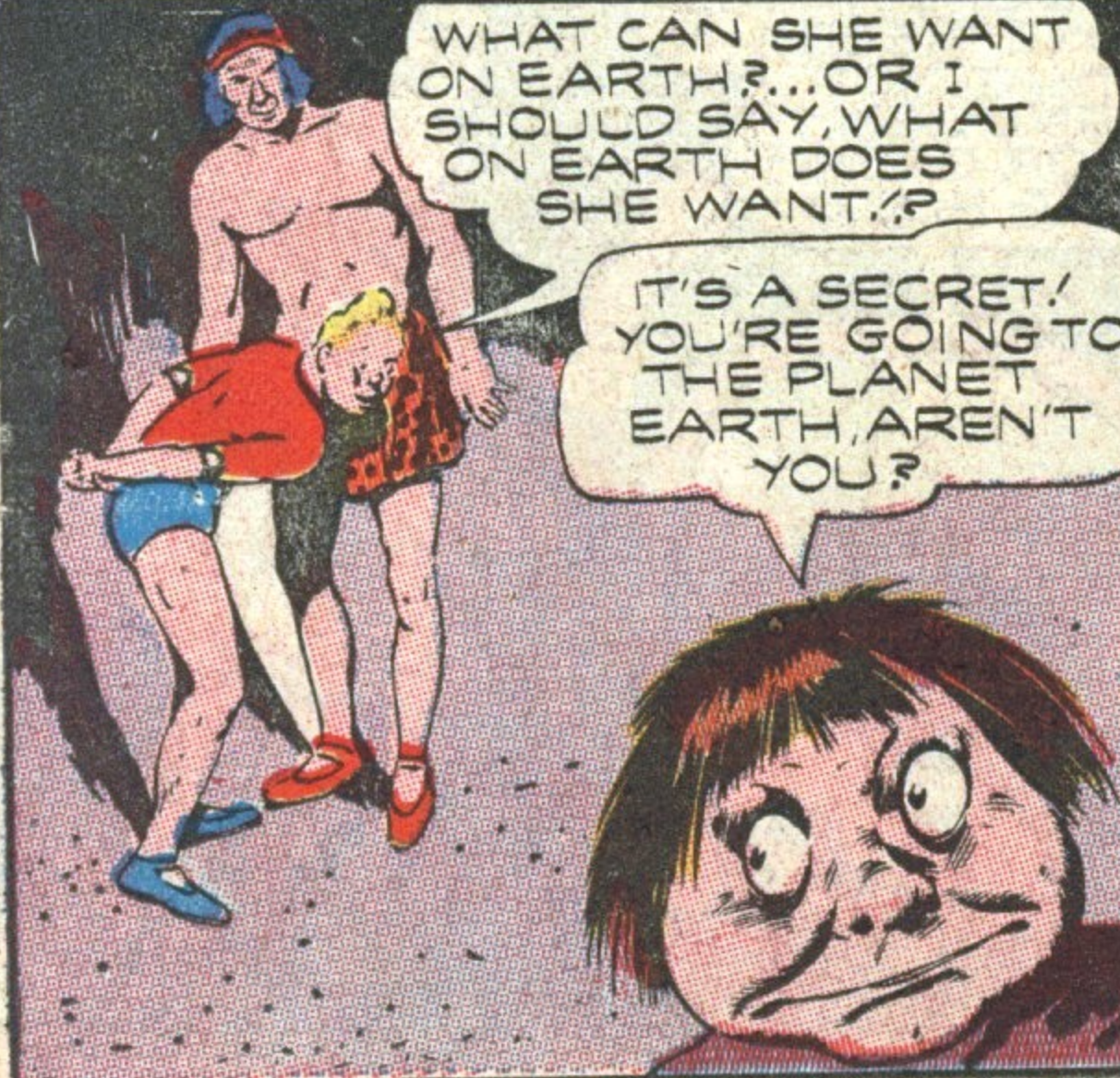
IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN JOBLO LEARNED ENGLISH LISTENING TO THE RADIO COMMERCIALS, BUT THIS ONE MUST HAVE LISTENED TO THE HEPCATS!

SURE, I'M HEP! I'M NO SQUARE FROM DELAWARE!

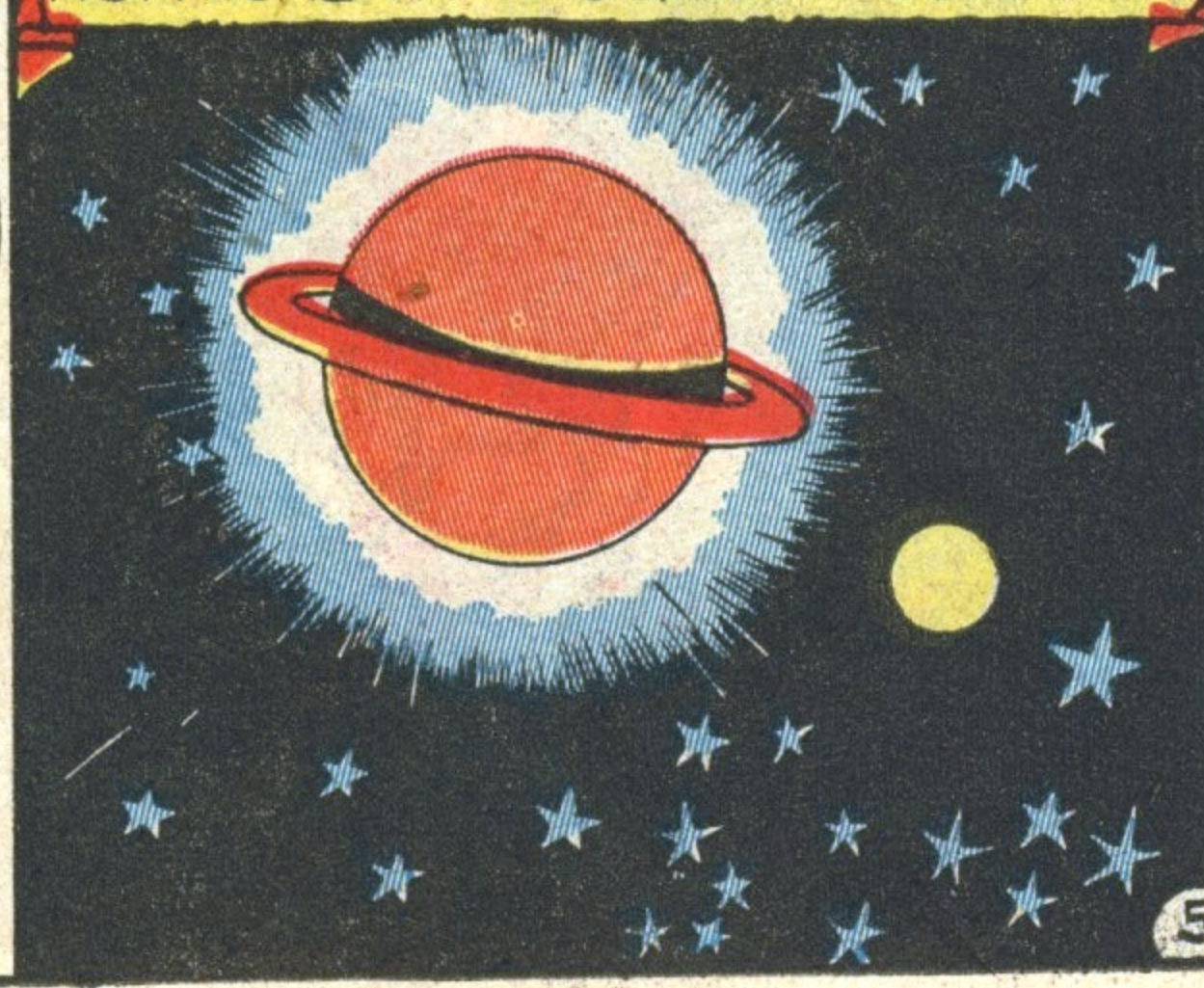


WHAT CAN SHE WANT ON EARTH?...OR I SHOULD SAY, WHAT ON EARTH DOES SHE WANT,?

IT'S A SECRET! YOU'RE GOING TO THE PLANET EARTH, AREN'T YOU?



DANGER LURKS, UNSEEN AS YET, ALTHOUGH IT IS NEAR THE SHIP... NOT MORE THAN 50,000 MILES AWAY!



OH YES, WE'RE GOING TO EARTH ALRIGHT! WE'LL BE THERE TOMORROW!

YOU'RE REALLY IN THE GROOVE! CAN'T YOU SPEED UP THIS OLD JALOPY? I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

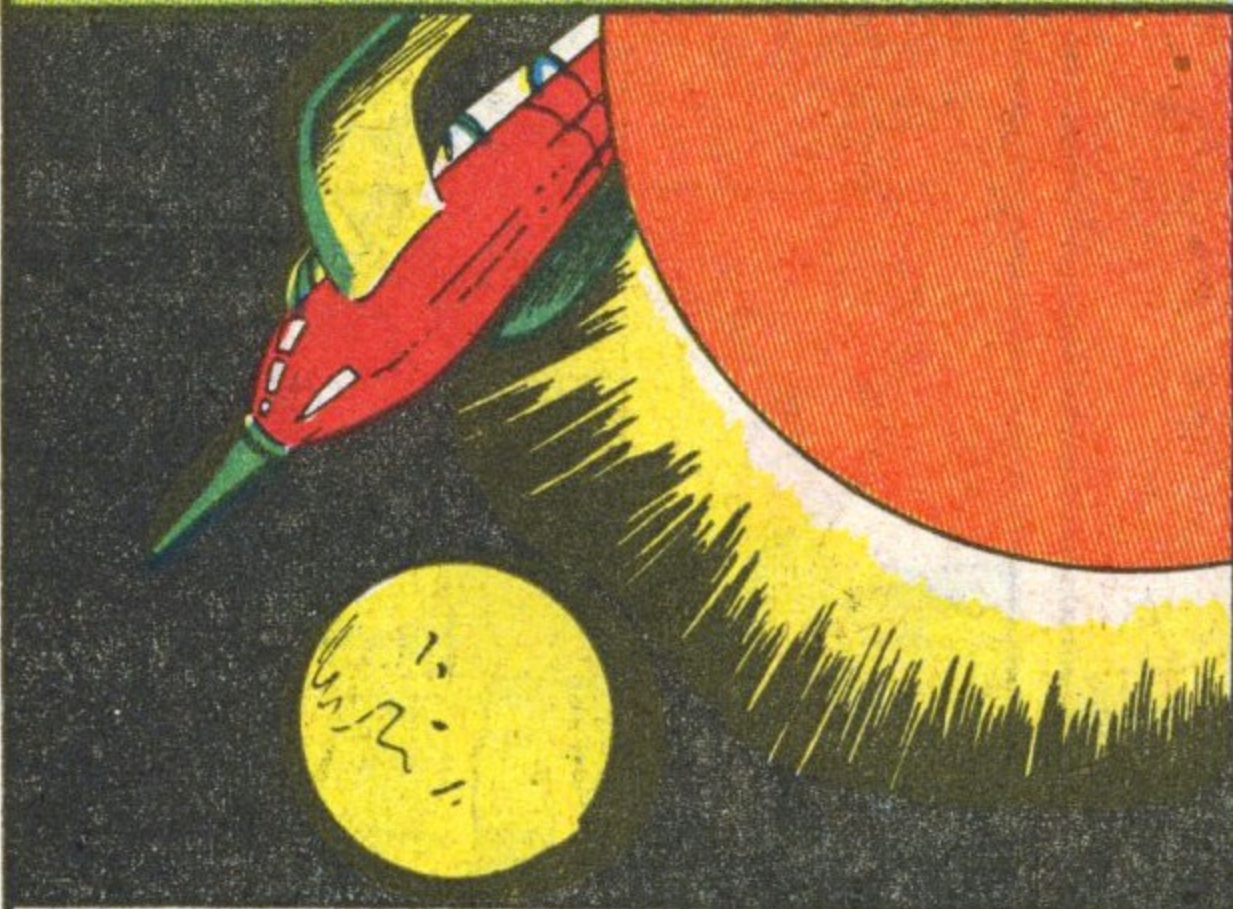


YEP! WE'RE RIGHT ON THE COURSE! YOU TAKE THE CONTROLS, UNGGH! I'LL TAKE A NAP!

HOW CAN YOU SLEEP AT A TIME LIKE THIS? I'LL DREAM WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN!

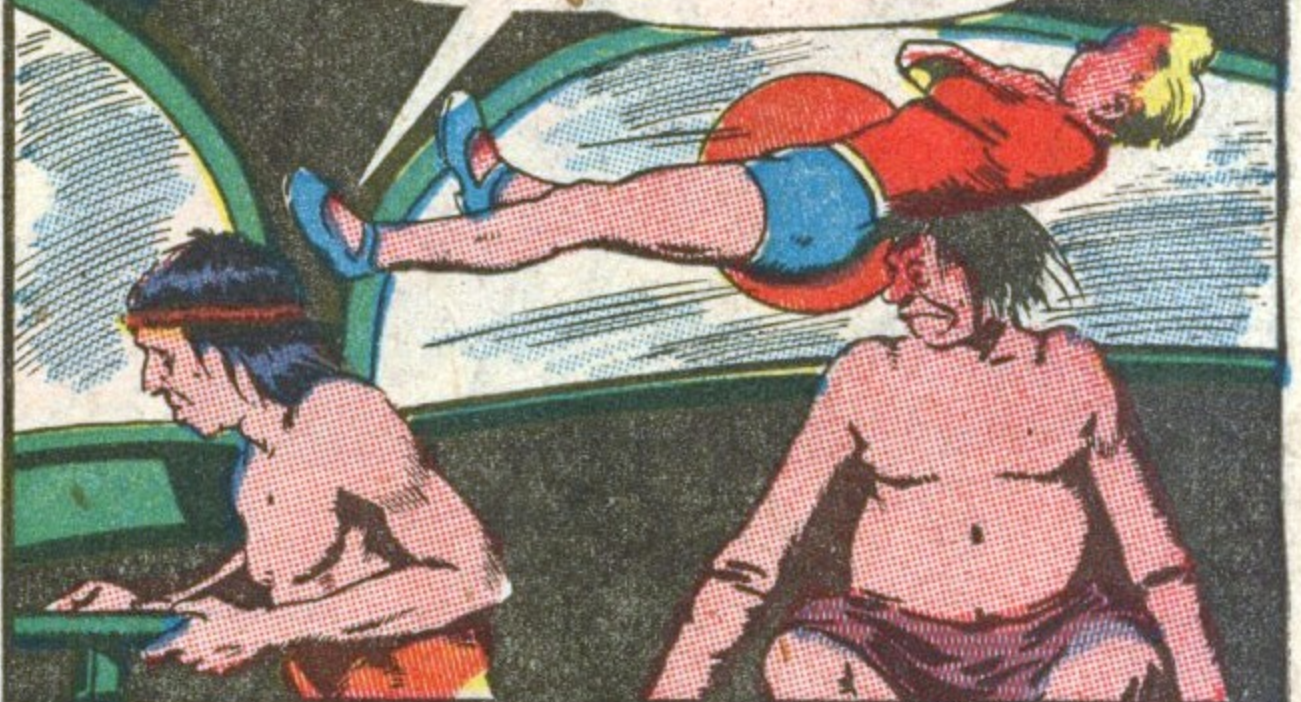


WHILE WORLDBEATER SLEEPS, THE COMET COMES CLOSE. IT'S ONLY A HAIR'S BREADTH AWAY FROM THE SHIP!



UNKNOWN TO UNGGH AND WORLDBEATER, THE COMET PULLS THE SHIP FROM ITS COURSE...

WHAT A PRETTY FIRE! MAYBE WORLDBEATER LIKE TO SEE...NO, I LET HIM SLEEP!

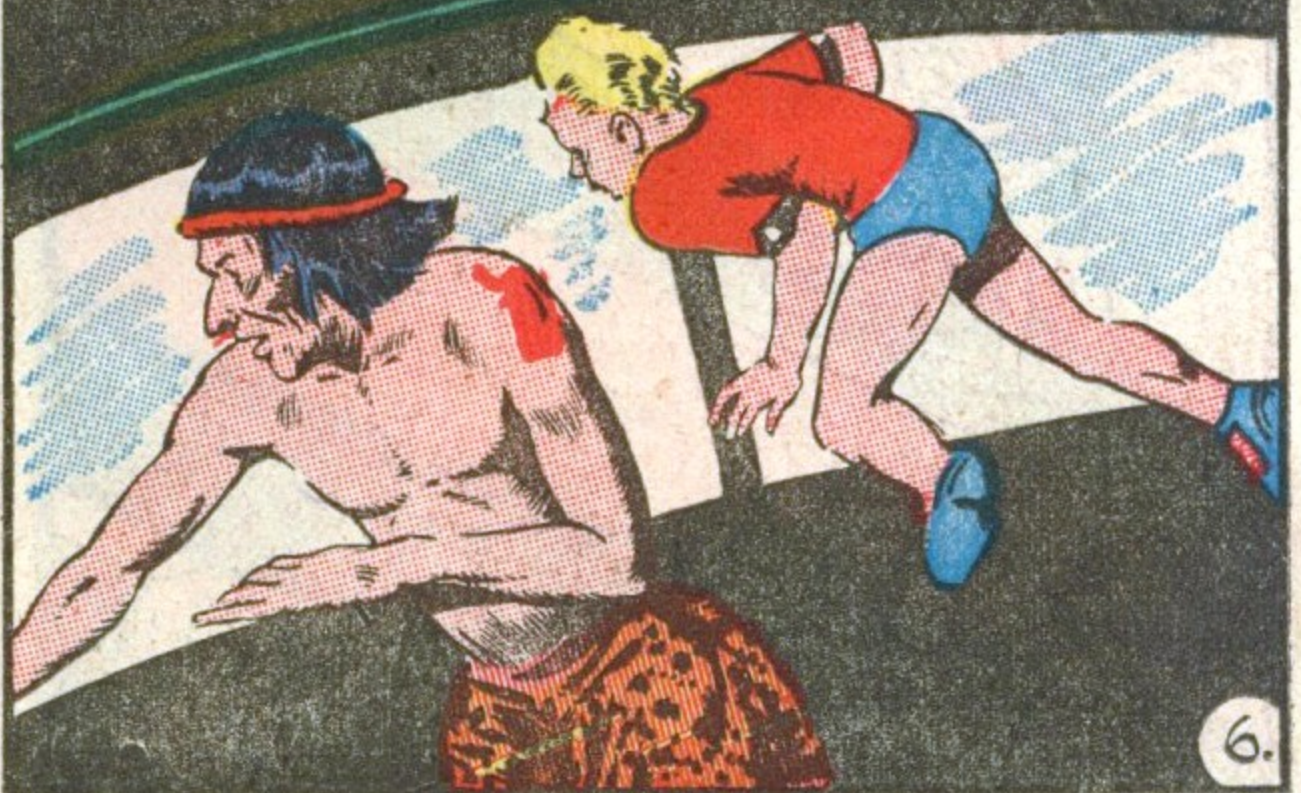


SO IT IS THAT LONG BEFORE WORLDBEATER THOUGHT THEY'D REACH LAND!



SEE! WE'RE HOME AGAIN! ME LAND ALL BY SELF!

HURRAY! GOOD WORK, UNGGH! VELONICA, WE'RE HERE!



I CAN'T BELIEVE
WE'RE REALLY
HERE! NOW I'LL
BE ABLE TO GIVE
THIS TO...

UNGGH! THIS DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE EARTH!
LOOK AT THOSE
PEOPLE COMING!

LET'S GO OUT
AND SEE WHO
THEY ARE!



THEY STEP OUT INTO THE SOFT
RAYS OF THE EARTHLIGHT...

LOOK!. THEY MUST BE
MAD! THEY WALK
ON THEIR FEET!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
THEY MUST BE
EARTHATICS!



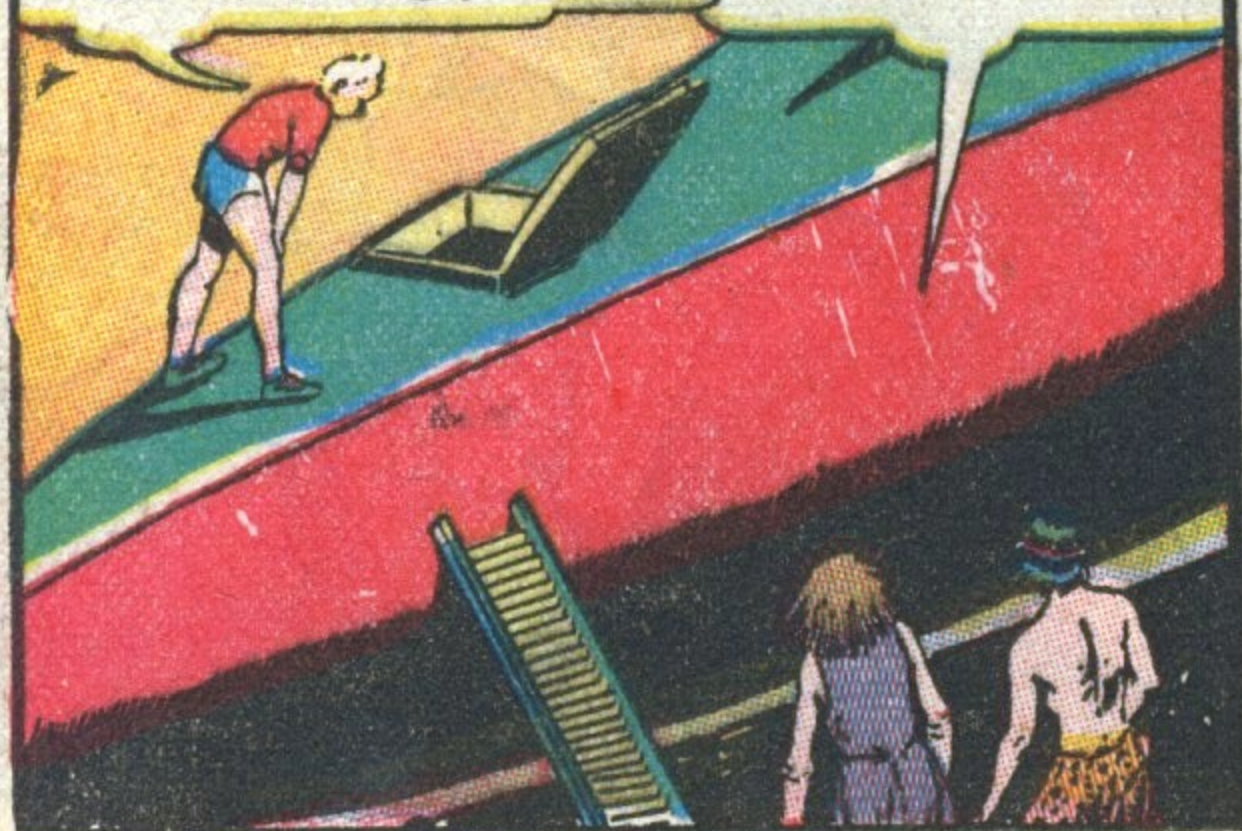
MAD?..THEY CALL
CRAZY PEOPLE
EARTHATICS?
THAN WE MUST
BE ON THE MOON!
THERE'S THE
EARTH UP
THERE!

NOW, THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
A BRING-
DOWN! COME
ON..LET'S
GET GOING..
I'VE GOT TO
GIVE THIS TO..



UNGGH, YOU FOOL!
YOU USED THE
LAST OF OUR FUEL
LANDING ON THE
MOON! WE'RE STUCK
HERE WITH THESE
LUNATICS!

NOW I KNOW
WHAT THE
RADIO MEANT
BY A JERK
FROM ALBER-
QUERQUE!

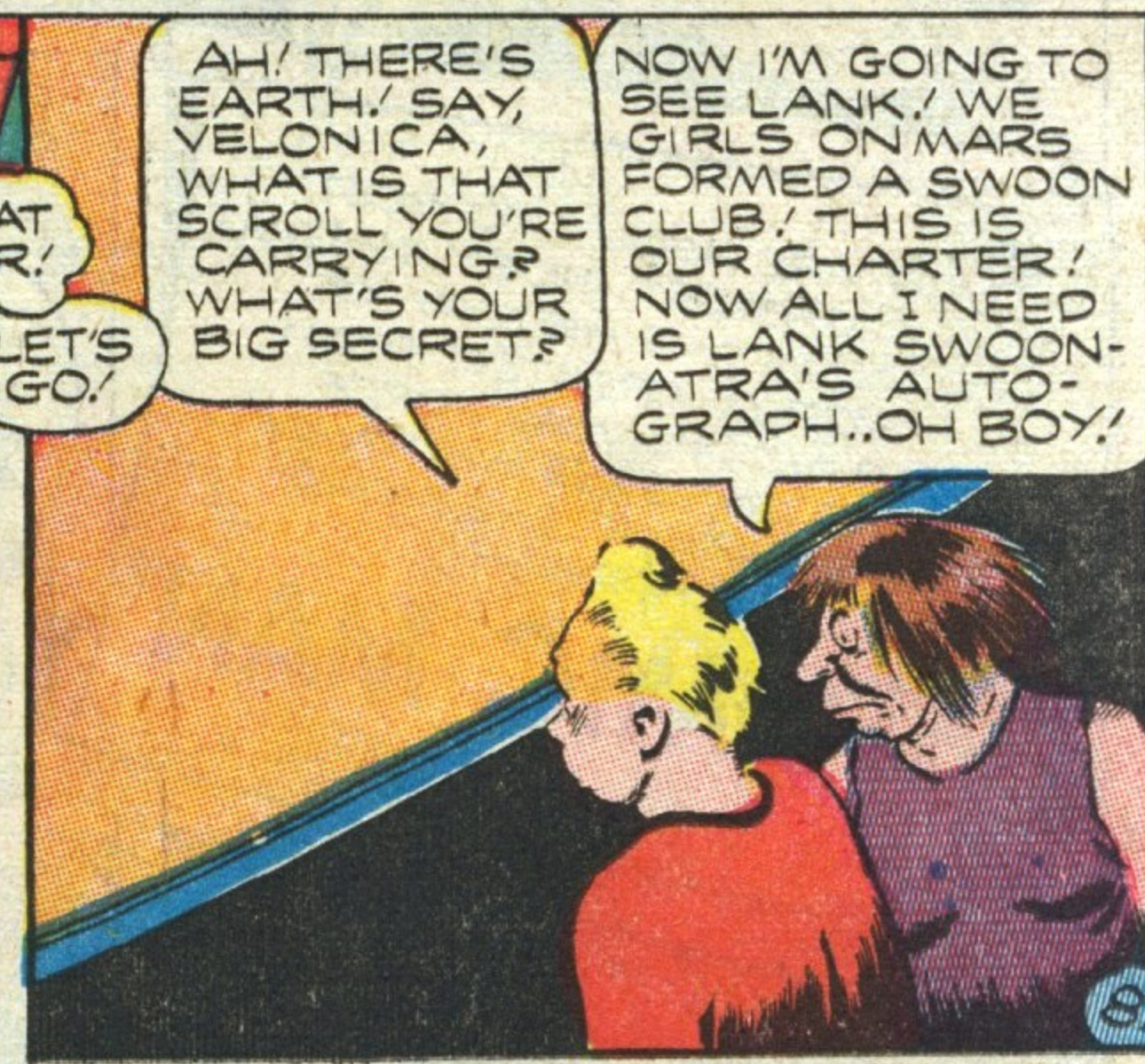
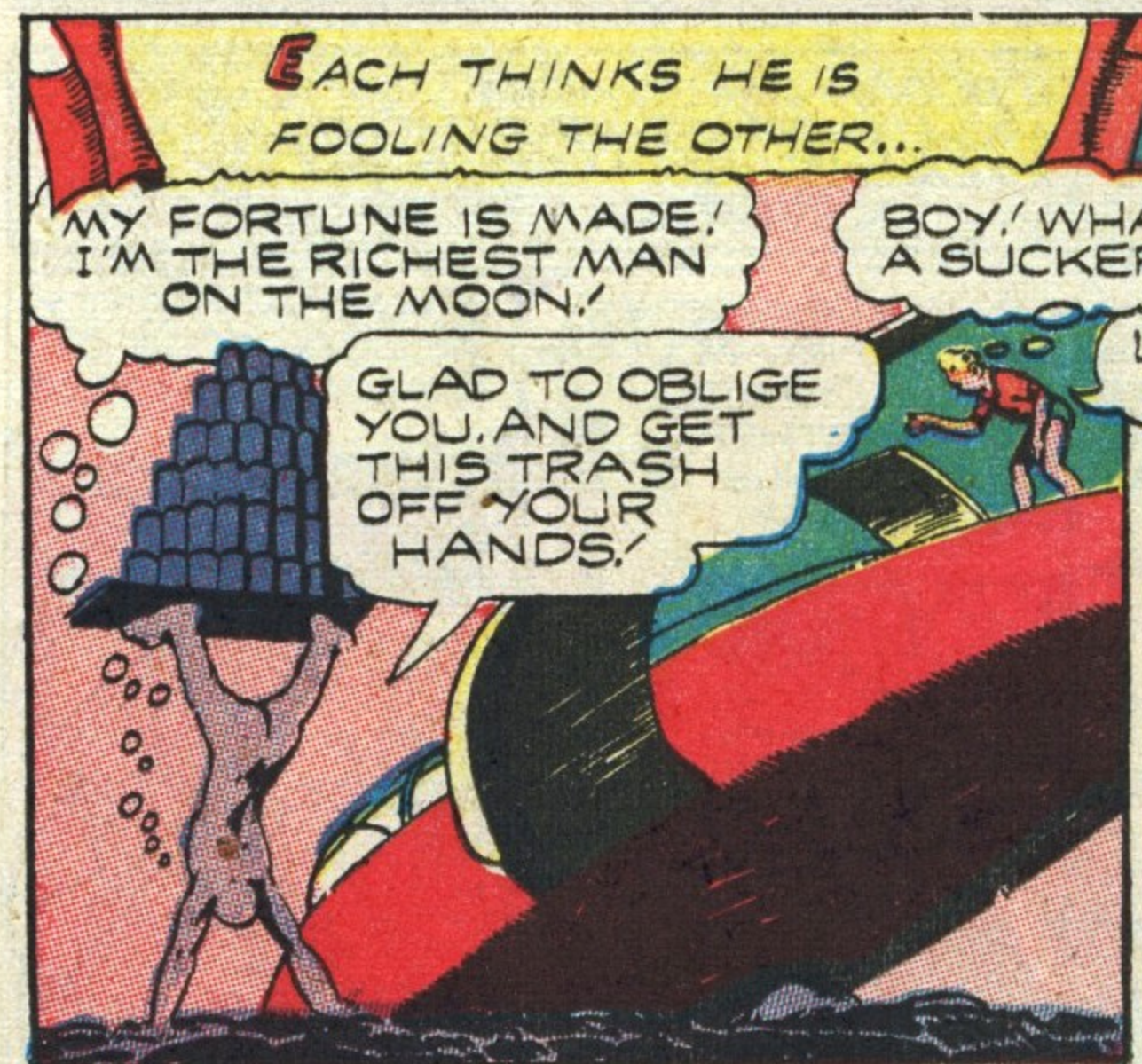
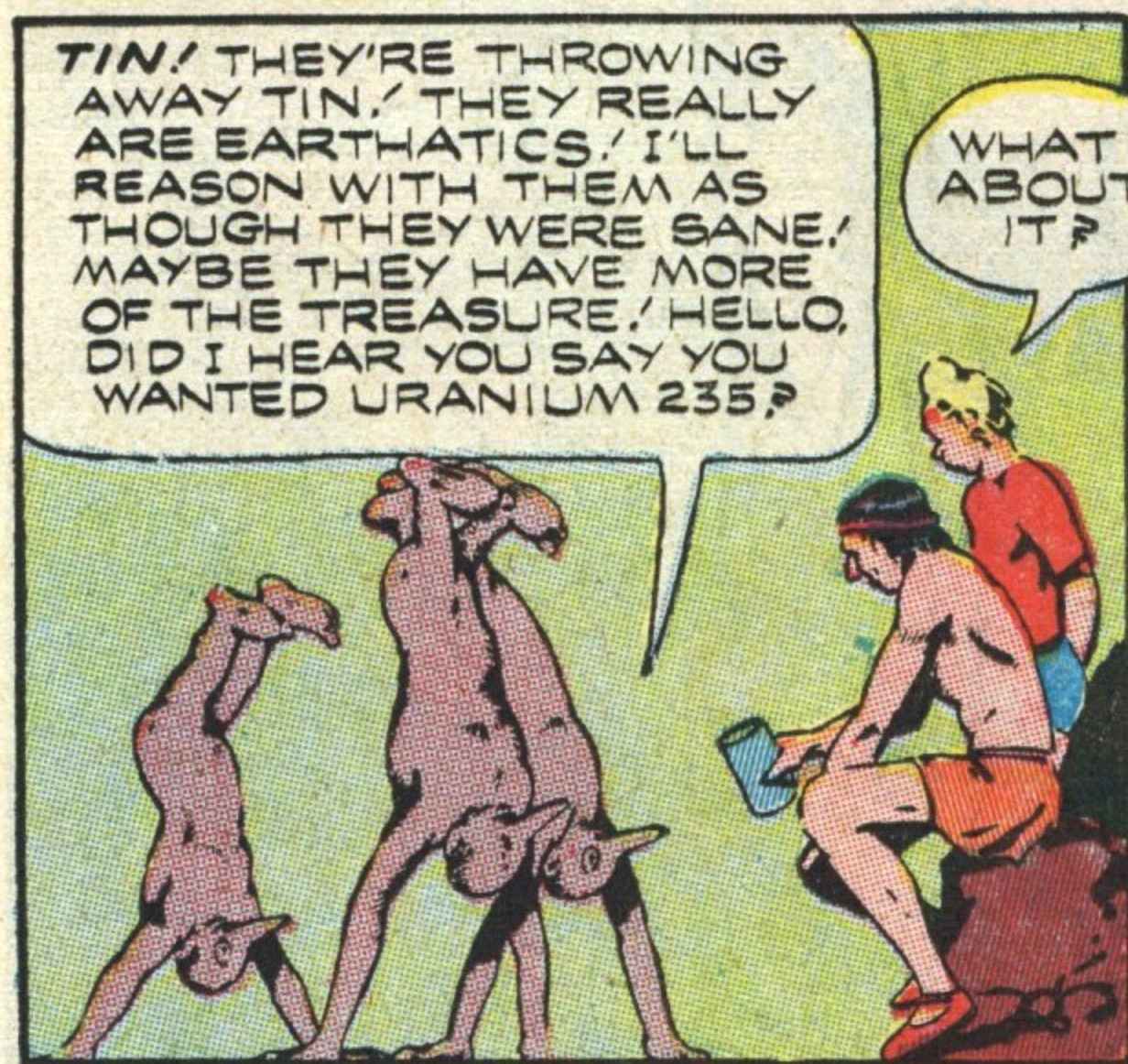


I WOULDN'T MIND,
BUT WE'RE
250,000 MILES
FROM HOME!

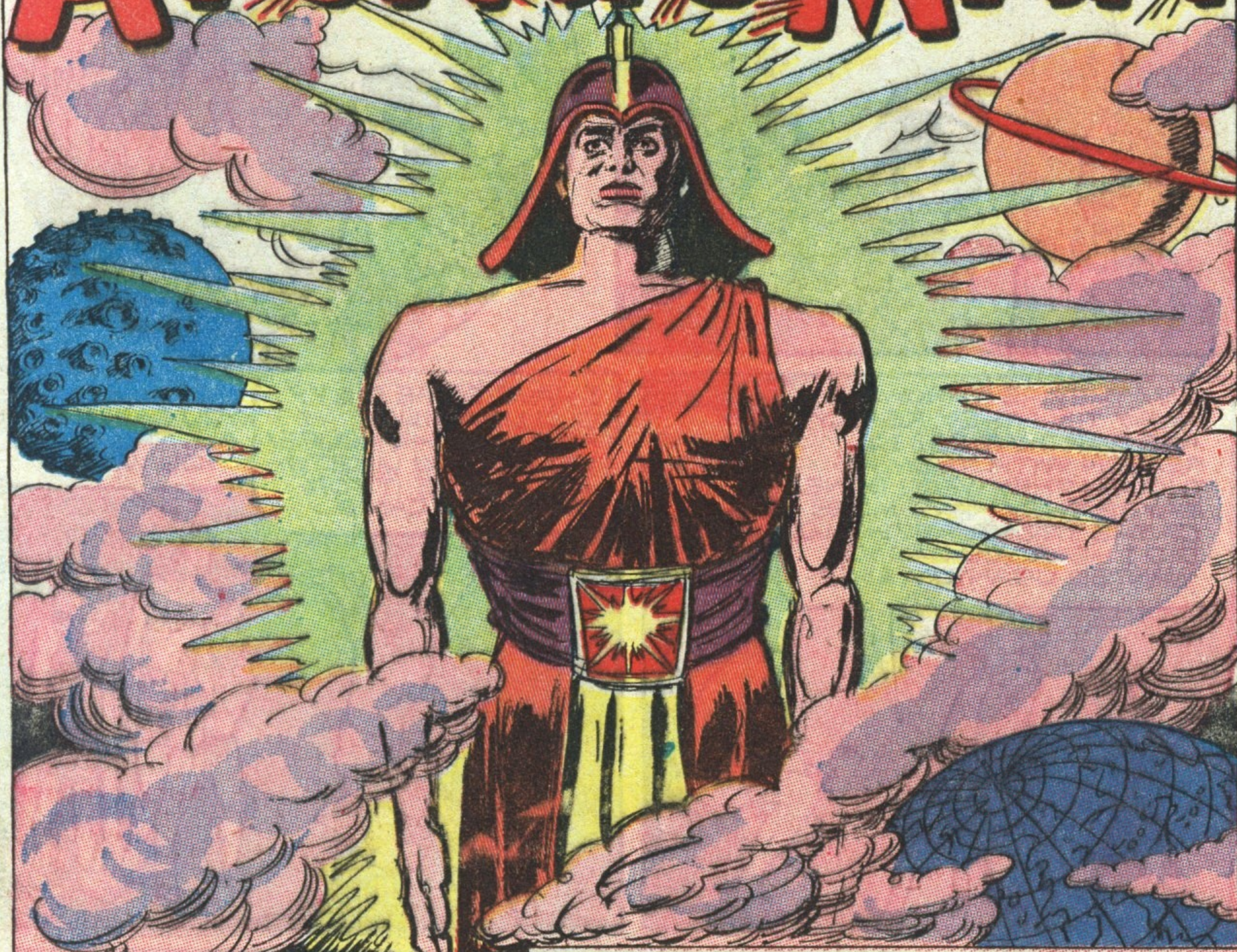
YEA, WITH
NO
FUEL!

WELL, I
ALWAYS
SAY..THERE
IS NO FUEL
LIKE TWO
OLD FUELS!





ATOMIC MAN



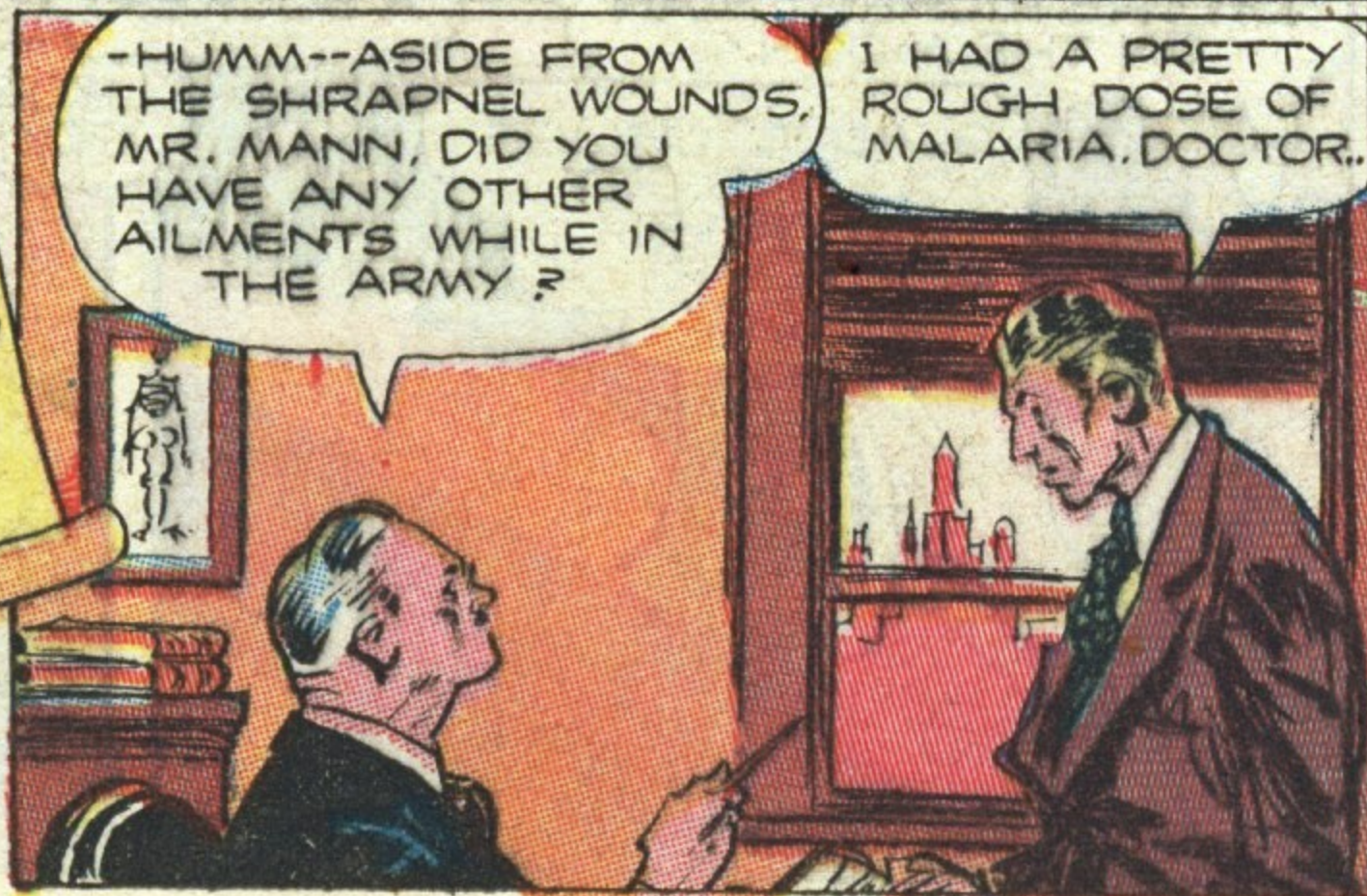
YOU ARE ABOUT TO MEET
THE MIGHTIEST, MOST AMAZING
MORTAL IN THE HISTORY OF
THE WORLD - CREATED FROM
THE FUNDAMENTAL FORCE
OF THE UNIVERSE - BORN OF
AN INCREDIBLE CHEMICAL
ACCIDENT -

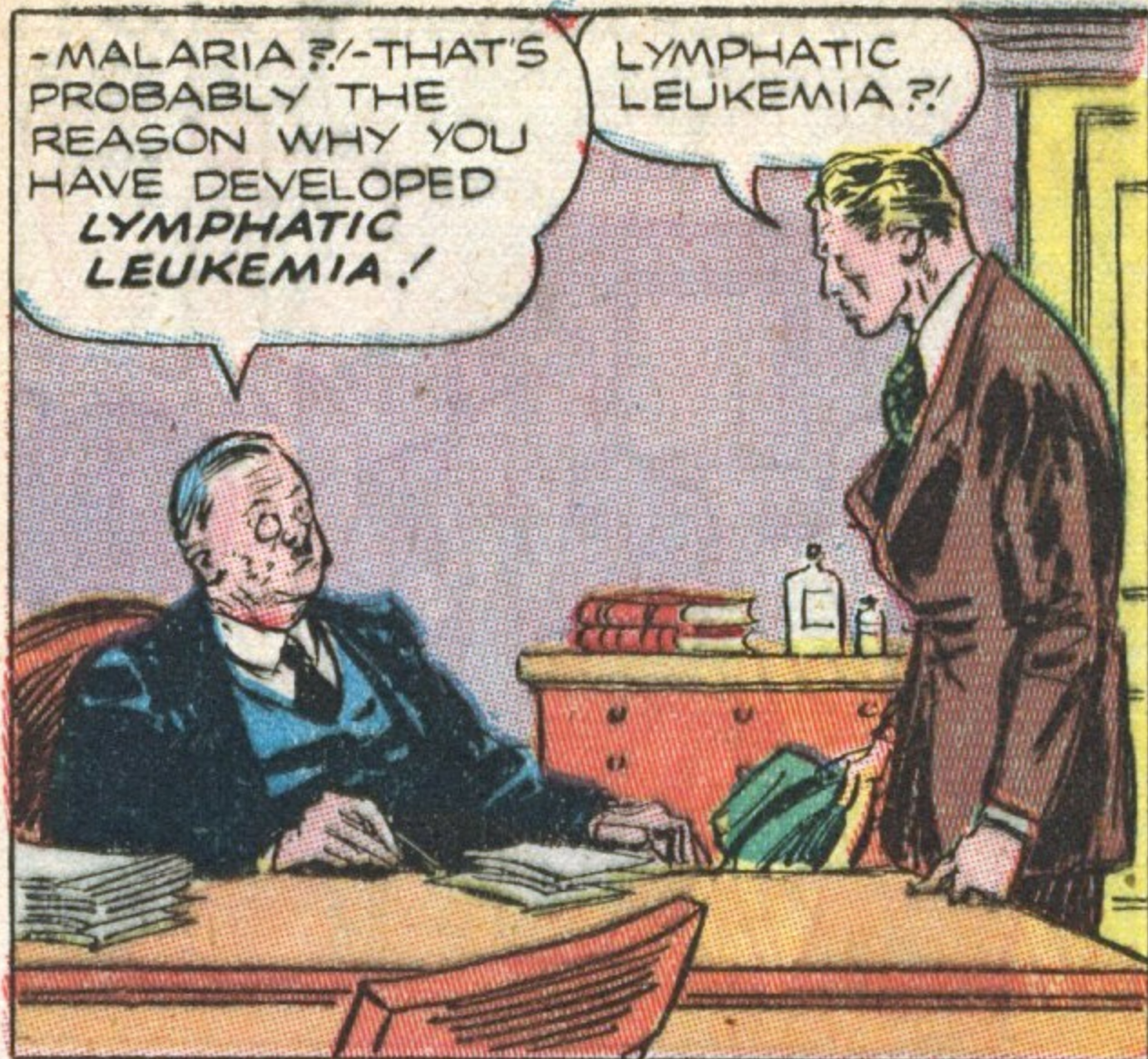
"ATOMIC MAN"

-IT ALL BEGAN WHEN ADAM MANN - YOUNG
RESEARCH CHEMIST - WAS EXAMINED BY
A VETERANS' ADMINISTRATION
DOCTOR....

-HUMM--ASIDE FROM
THE SHRAPNEL WOUNDS,
MR. MANN, DID YOU
HAVE ANY OTHER
AILMENTS WHILE IN
THE ARMY?

I HAD A PRETTY
ROUGH DOSE OF
MALARIA, DOCTOR..





-MALARIA?/-THAT'S PROBABLY THE REASON WHY YOU HAVE DEVELOPED **LYMPHATIC LEUKEMIA!**

LYMPHATIC LEUKEMIA?!



-UM- PLEASE, DOC, GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT- HOW LONG HAVE I GOT?

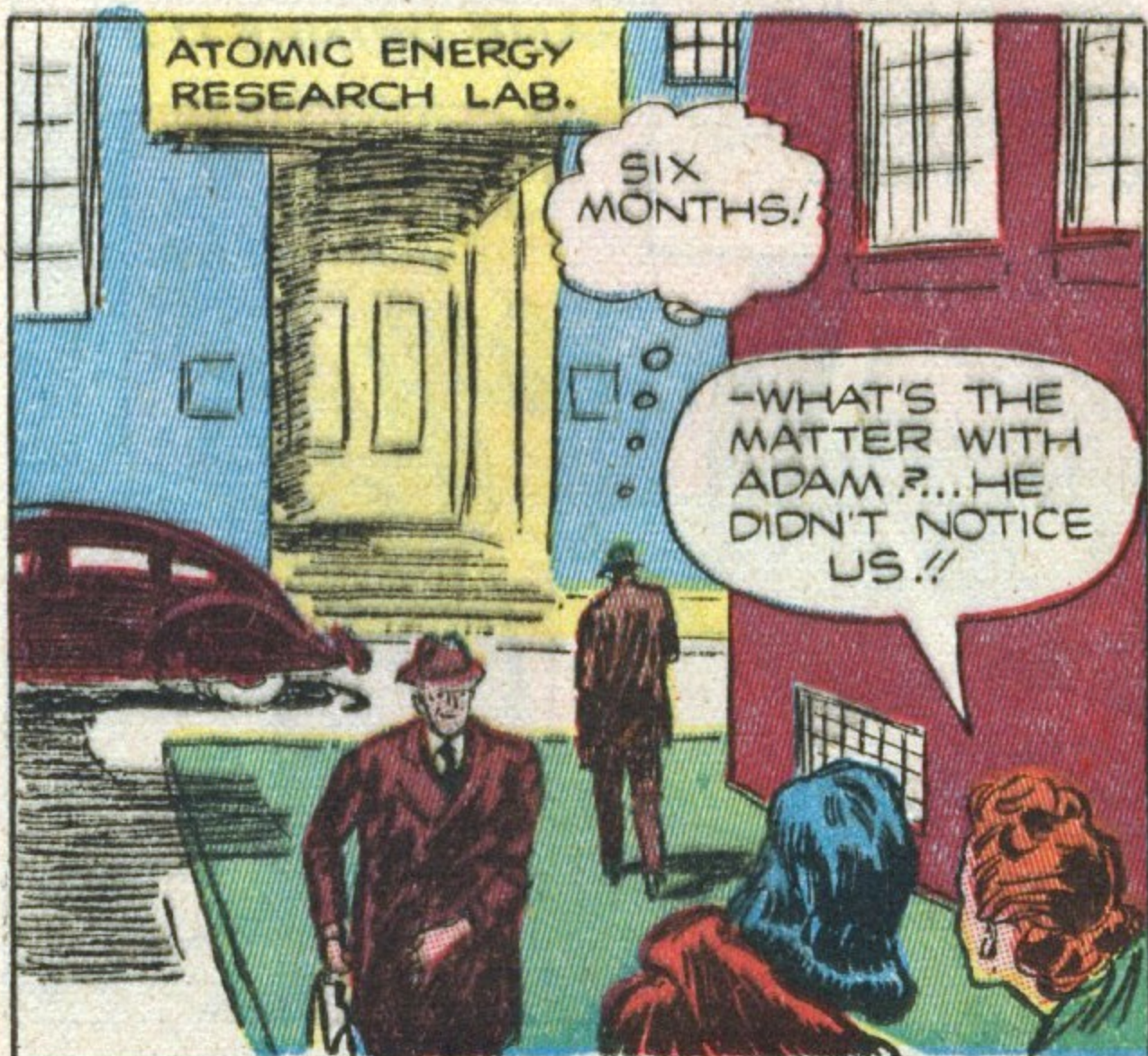
-WELL, WITH BENZOL INJECTIONS - AND RONTGEN RAY TREATMENTS - ER... MAYBE SIX MONTHS- WITHOUT MEDICAL TREATMENT- SIX WEEKS AT MOST./

-WHAT A LAUGH./ I SURVIVE SIX MONTHS OF MALARIA, AND LIVE THROUGH ANOTHER SIX MONTHS OF OPERATIONS WHILE THE MEDICS DIG THE SHRAPNEL OUT OF ME - I SURVIVE ALL **THAT** FOR **THIS!**



WELL, THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION./- I WON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH ANOTHER OPERATION TO REMOVE THE SHRAPNEL STILL LEFT IN MY RIGHT HAND./ NO - THAT HAND WON'T ACHE ANYMORE SIX MONTHS FROM NOW- SIX MONTHS..

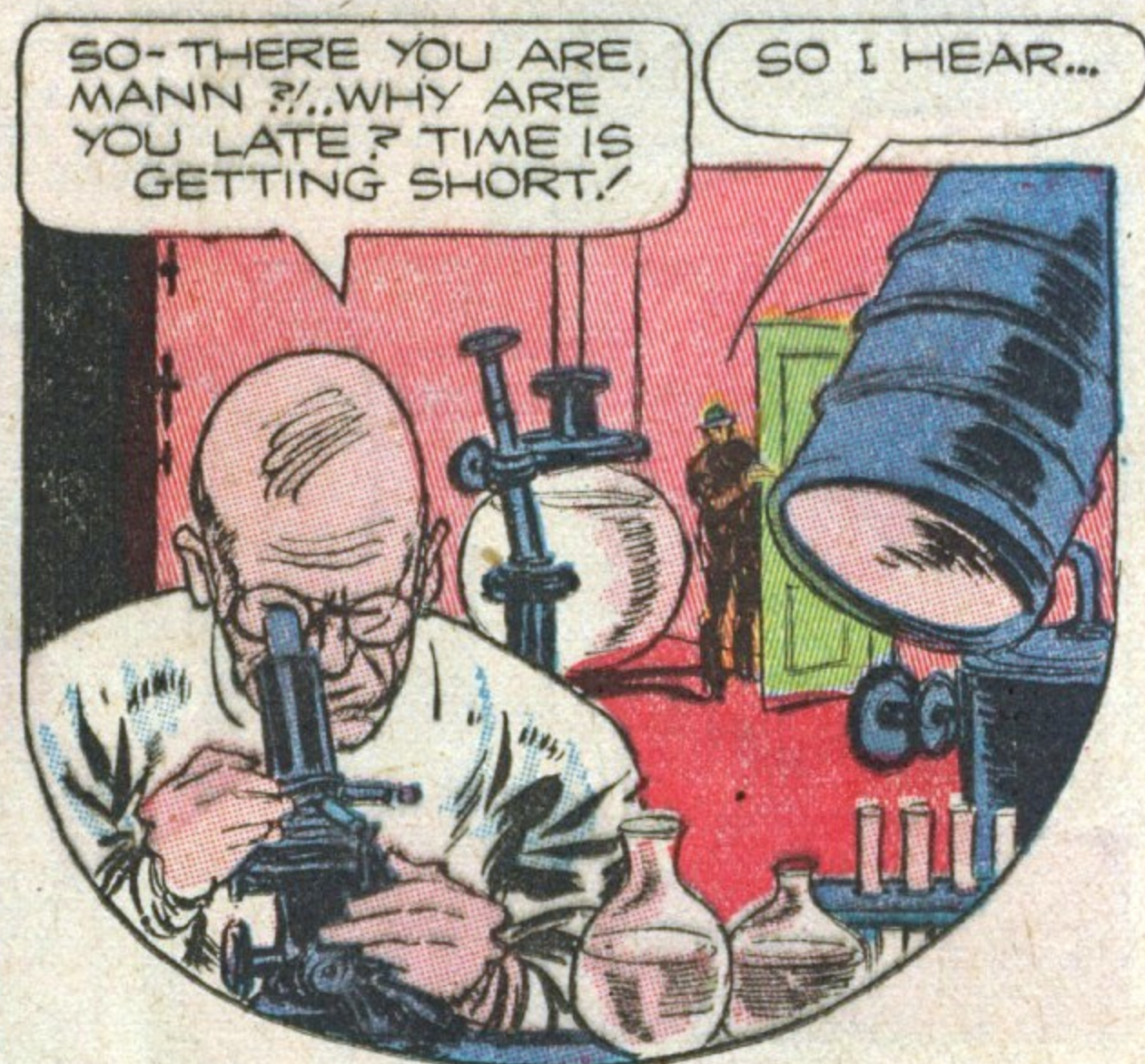
IT WOULD TAKE A FAR GREATER POWER THAN A DOCTOR'S TO HELP HIM NOW- POOR LAD....



ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH LAB.

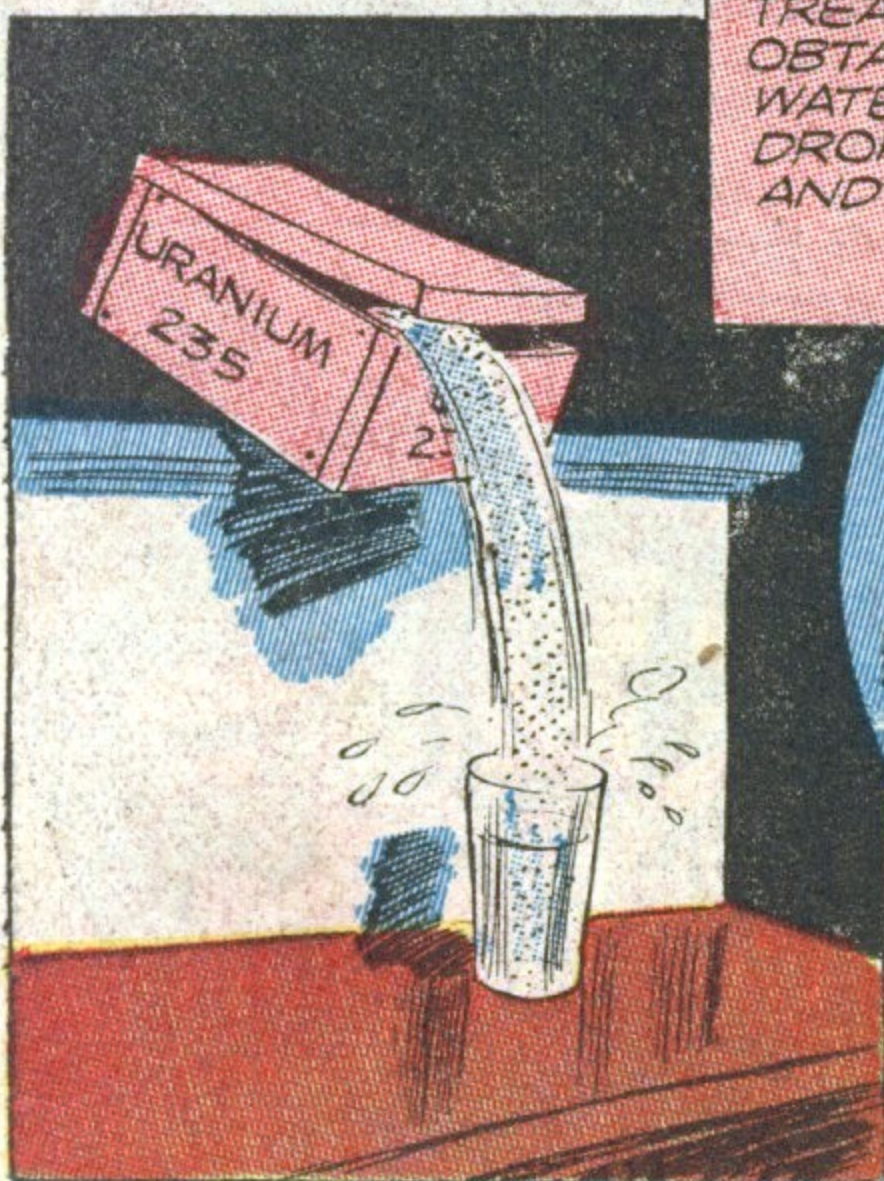
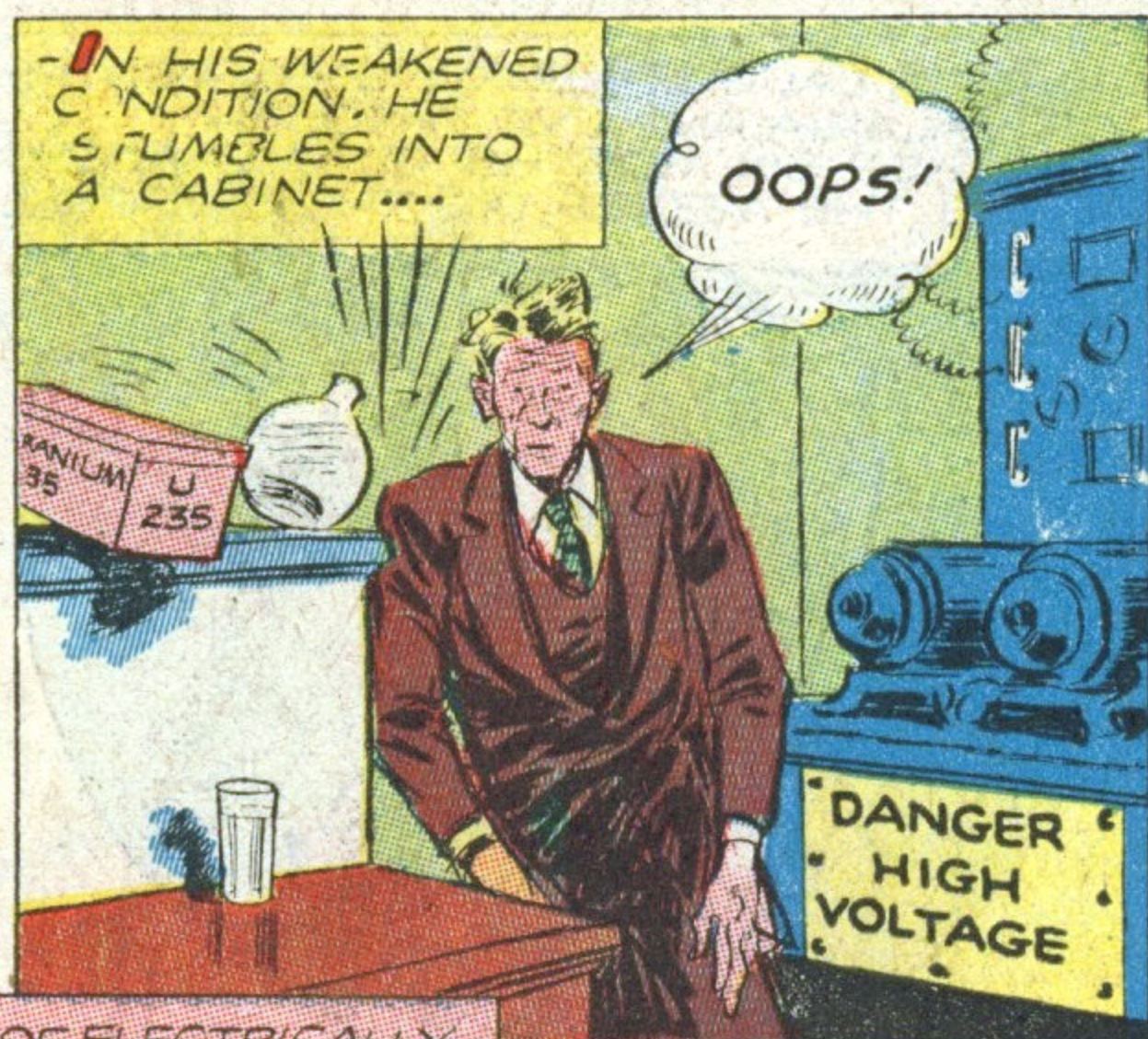
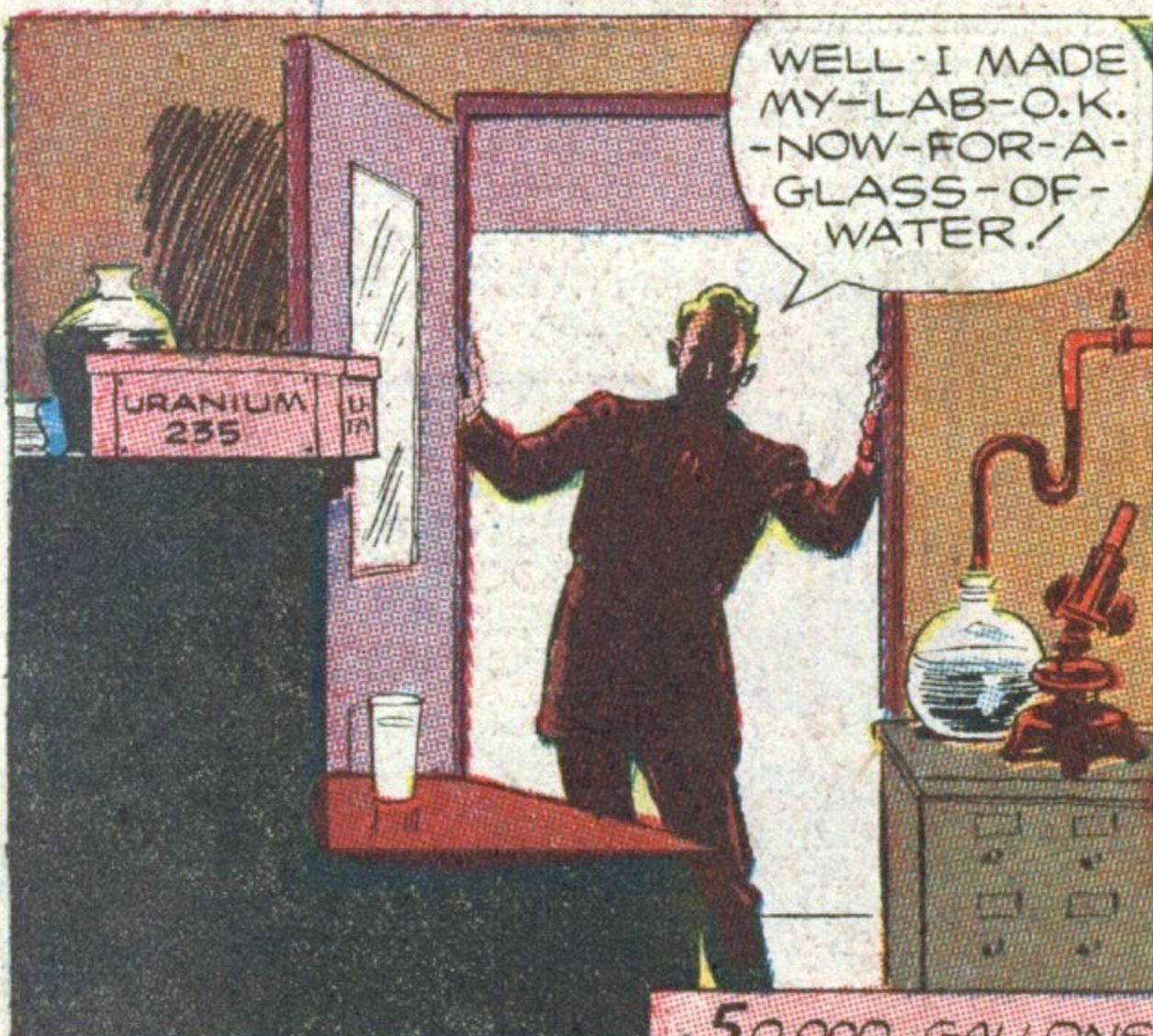
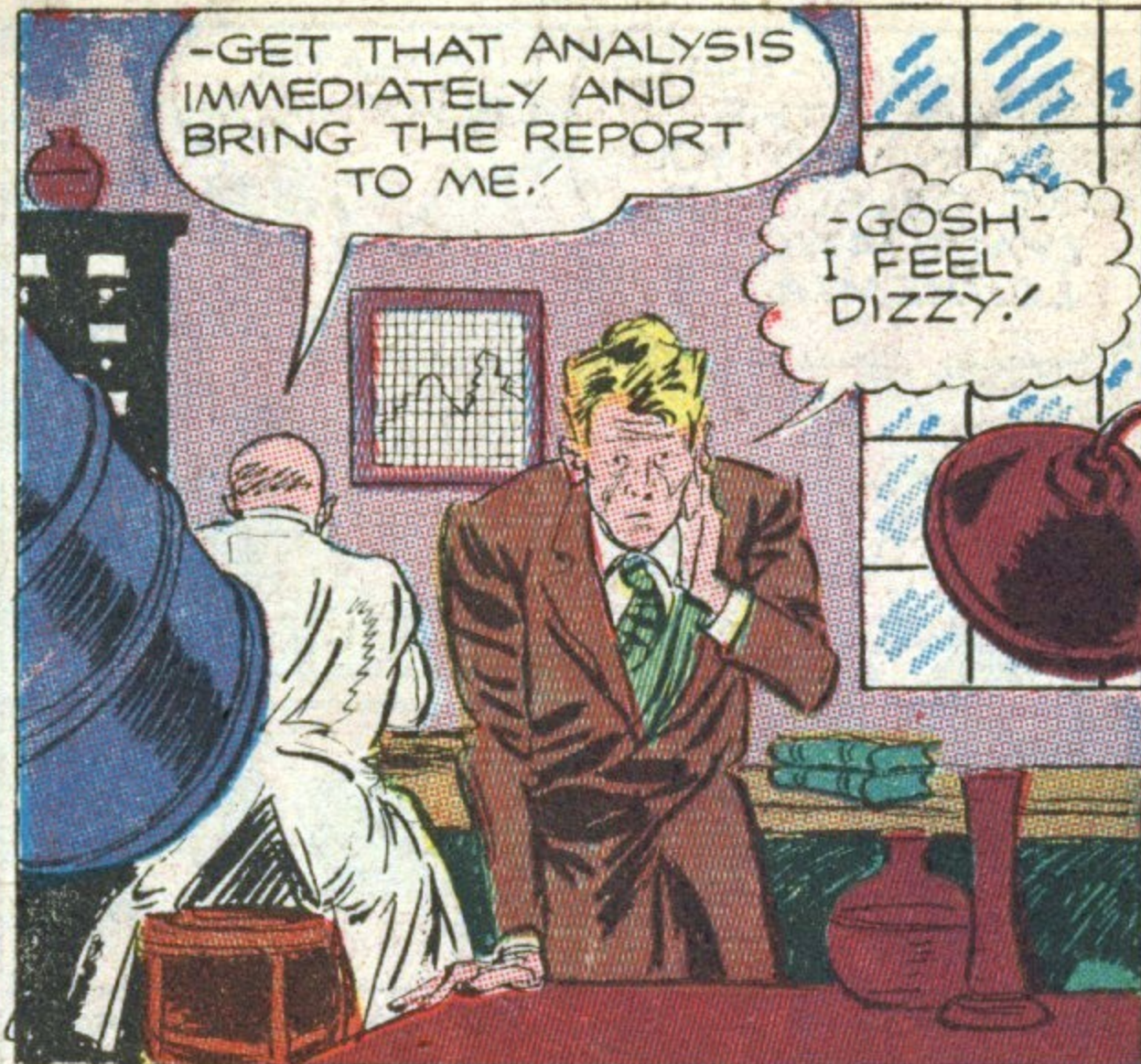
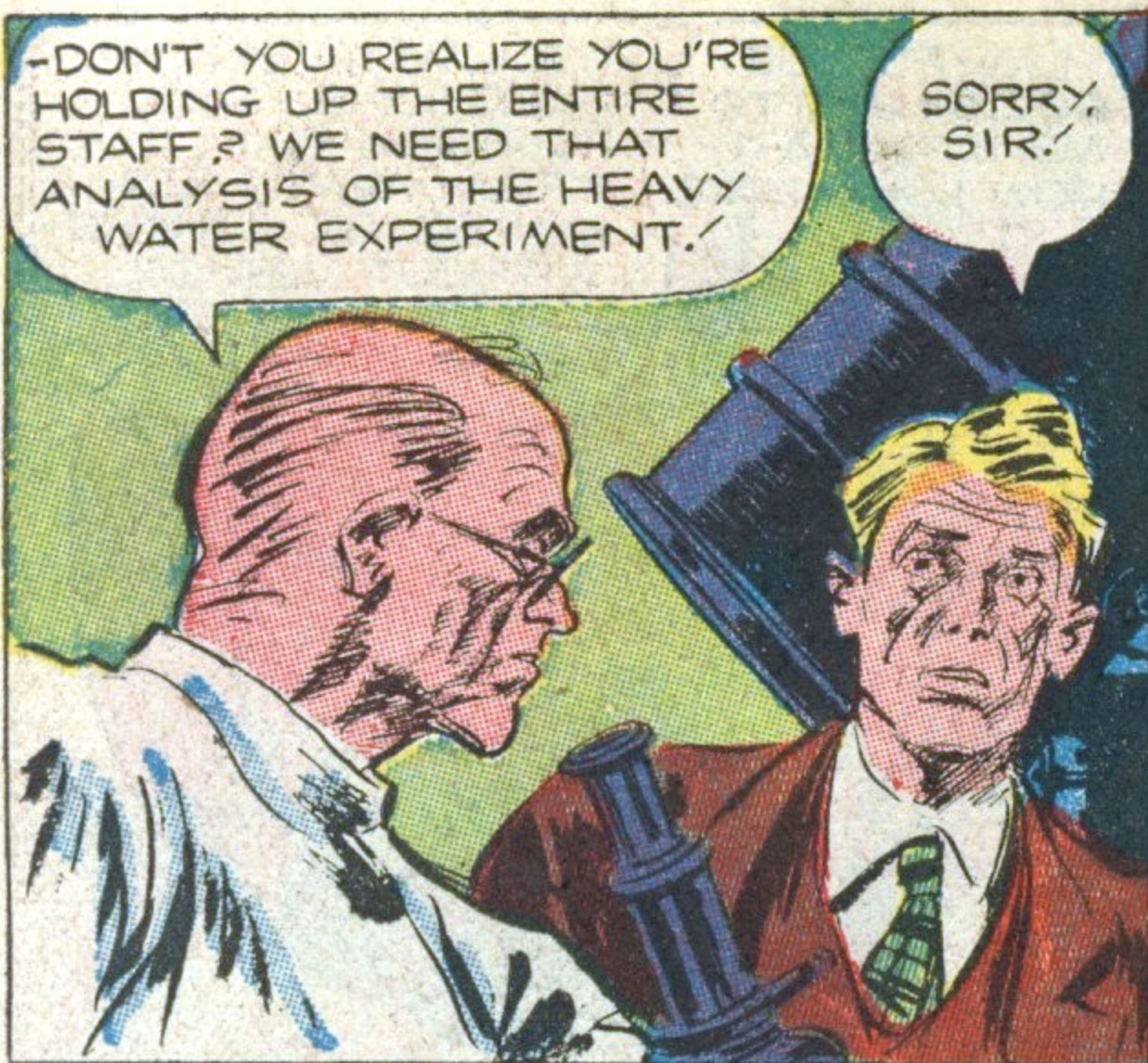
SIX MONTHS!

-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ADAM?.. HE DIDN'T NOTICE US.!!



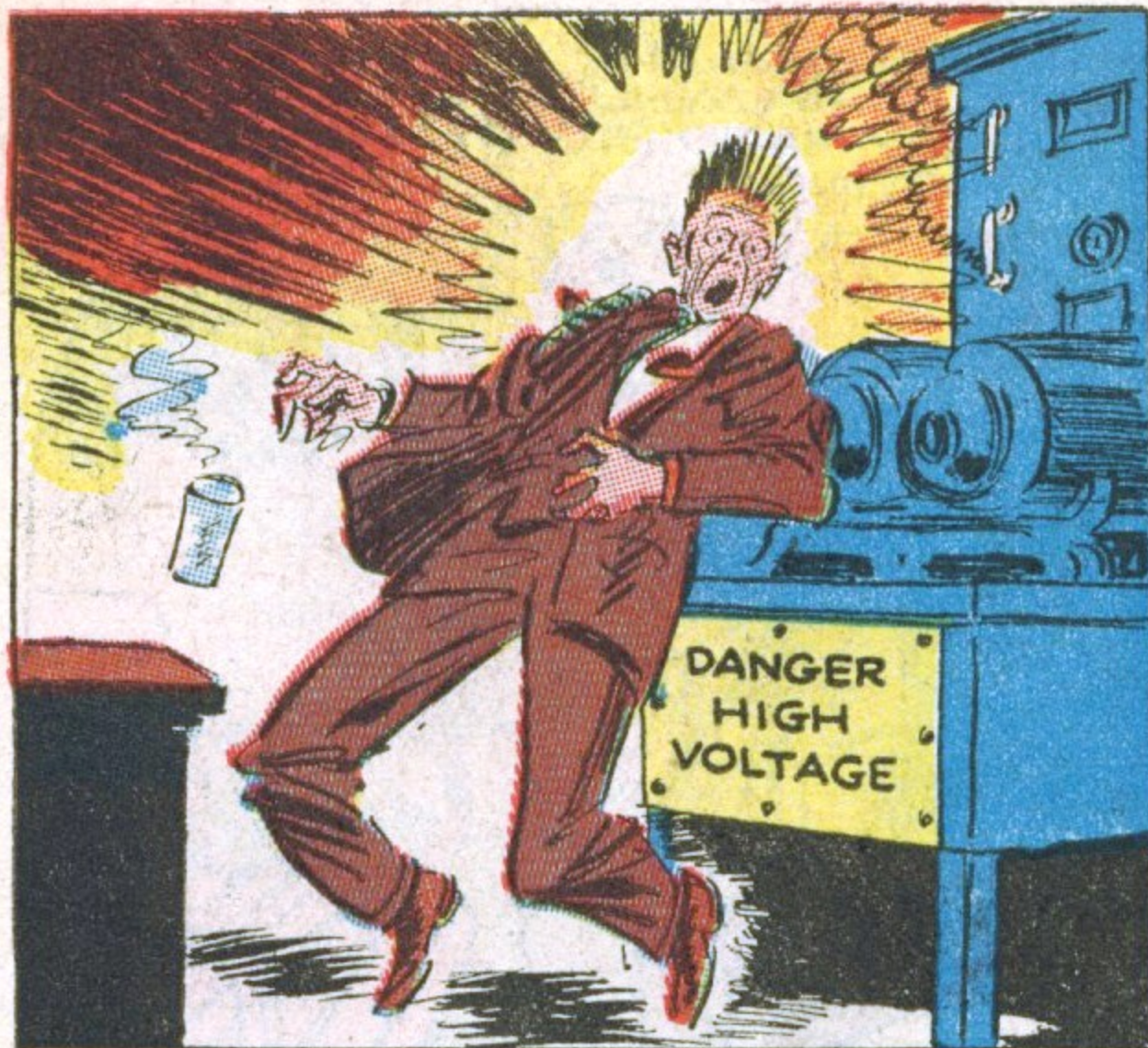
SO- THERE YOU ARE, MANN?.. WHY ARE YOU LATE? TIME IS GETTING SHORT./

SO I HEAR...



50,000 GALLONS OF ELECTRICALLY-TREATED WATER IS NEEDED TO OBTAIN ONE GALLON OF HEAVY WATER-AT A COST OF \$4.00 A DROP./ ADAM MANN-DAZED-FAINT-AND THIRSTY, REACHES FOR THE PRECIOUS LIQUID AND....





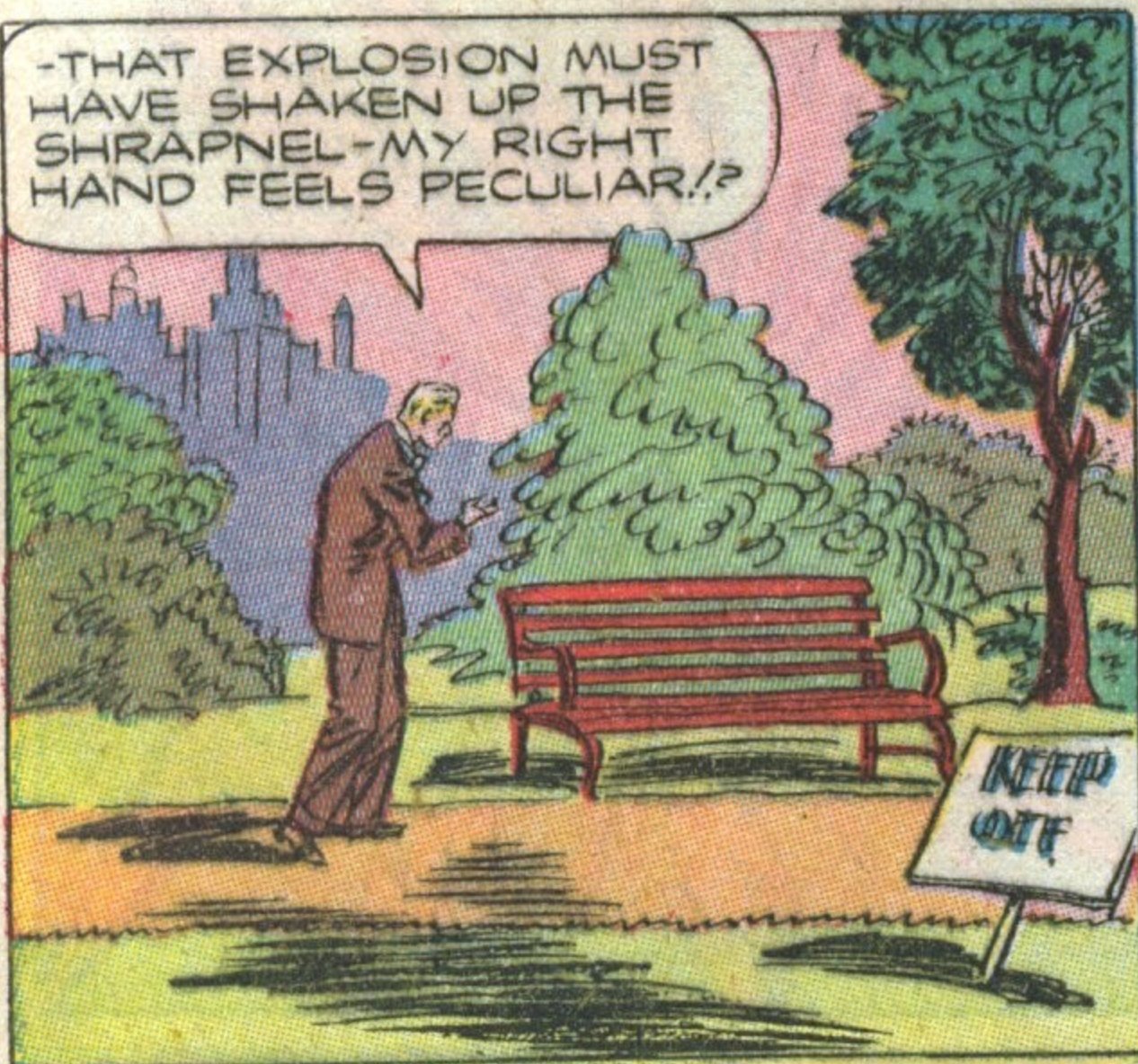
-THE PLACE IS A WRECK!

-YOU WERE SHOT OUT OF THE SHOP, MISTER!

REMARKABLE! YOU MUST BE INDESTRUCTIBLE!

INDESTRUCTIBLE?! THAT'S A LAUGH! ANOTHER MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH-SO I CAN DIE SIX MONTHS FROM NOW!

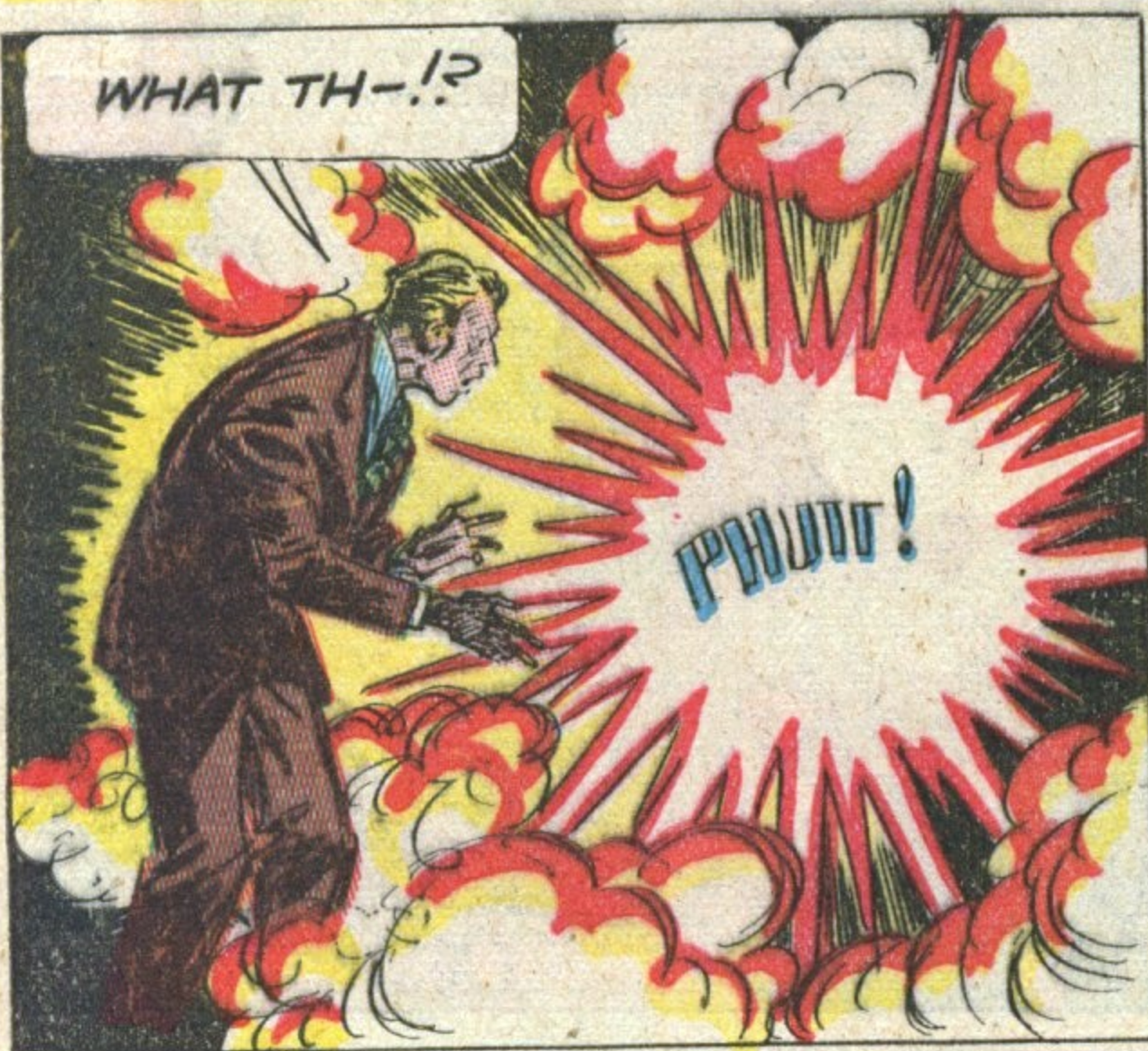
-THAT EXPLOSION MUST HAVE SHAKEN UP THE SHRAPNEL-MY RIGHT HAND FEELS PECULIAR!/?



-MAY AS WELL SIT DOWN FOR A MINUTE UNTIL MY HAND STOPS TINGLING!/?

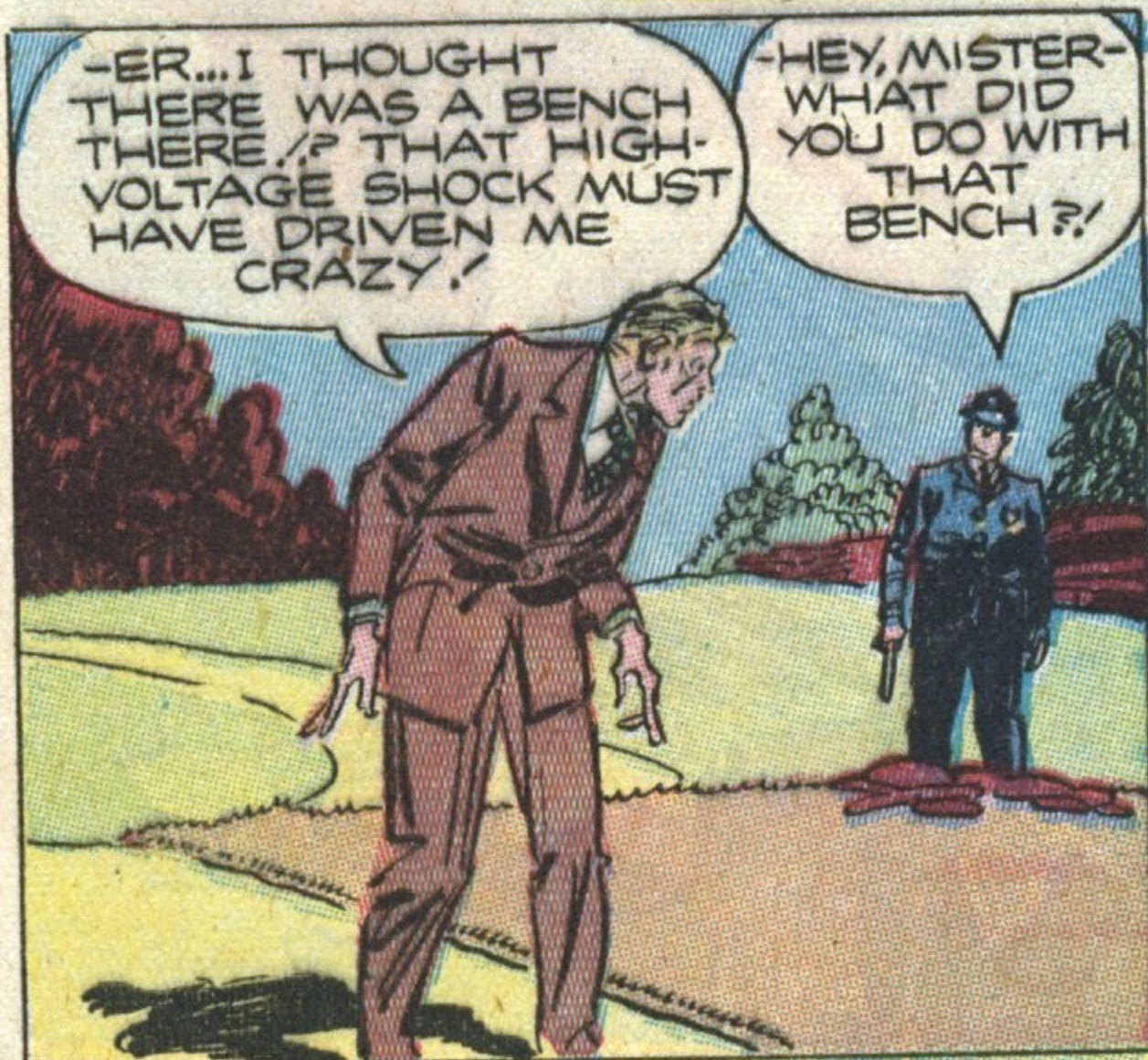


WHAT TH-!/?



-ER...I THOUGHT THERE WAS A BENCH THERE!/? THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE SHOCK MUST HAVE DRIVEN ME CRAZY!/?

-HEY, MISTER-WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT BENCH?/?



YOU MEAN YOU SAW IT TOO?/?

K-K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME!!

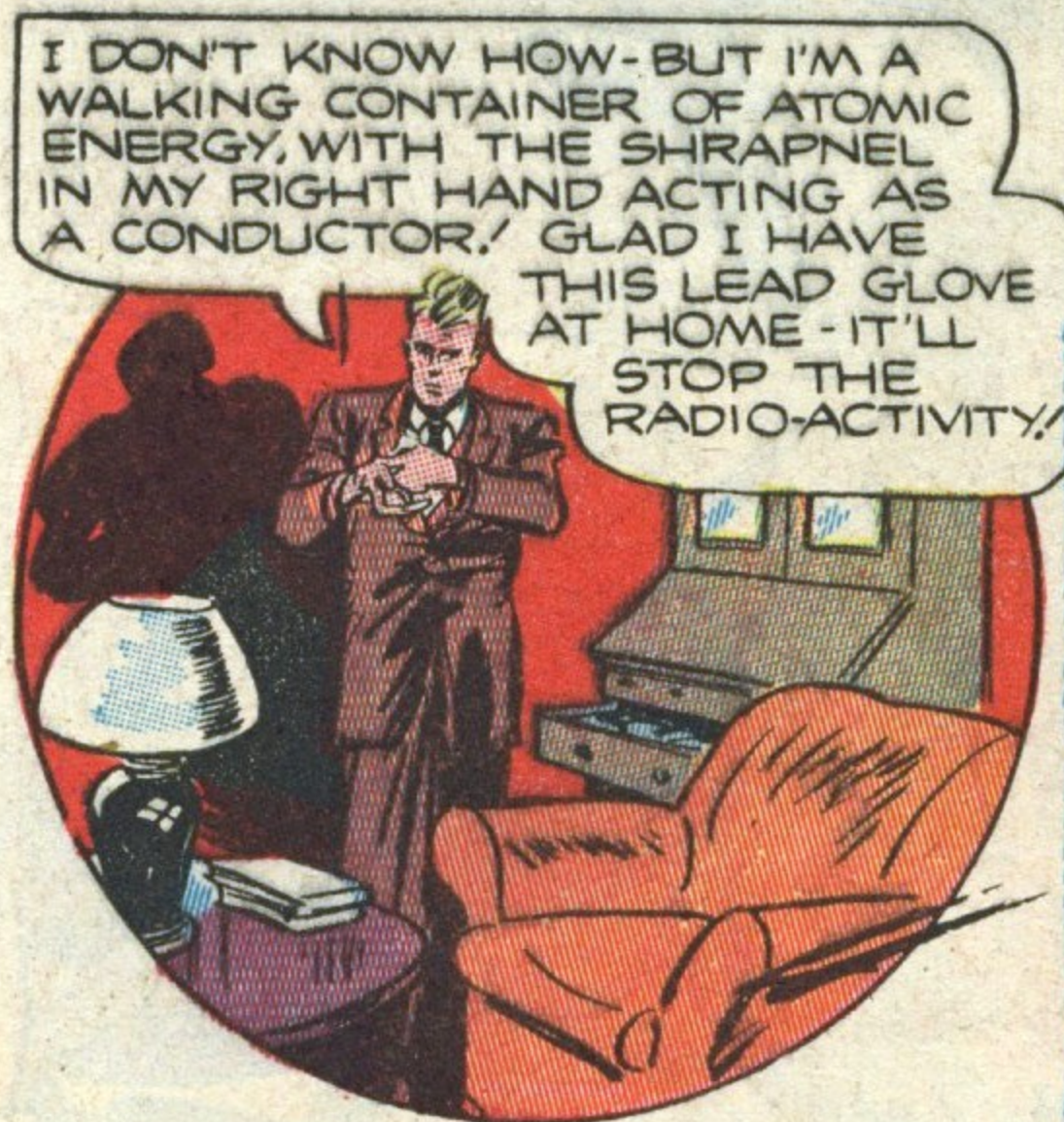
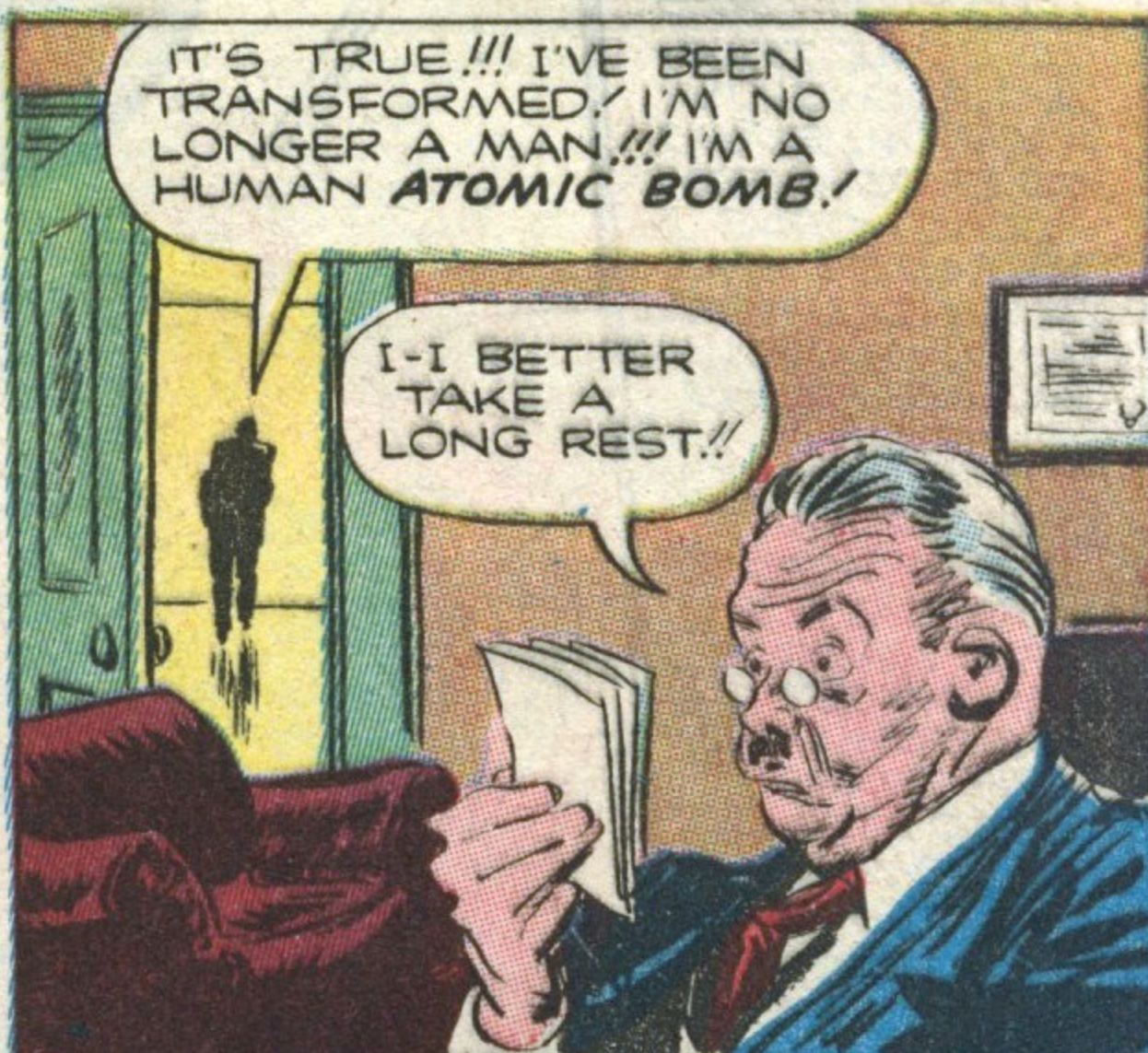
IT CAN'T BE- IT CAN'T BE!! IT'S-IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL TOUCH THIS TREE...



HELP!! POLICE!!

NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER-I'M STARK RAVING MAD!/?





AND SO -
ATOMIC MAN
IS BORN -
DON'T MISS
HIS
INCREDIBLE
ADVENTURES
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF...
**HEADLINE
COMICS**

Buck SAUNDERS and his PALS

CATTLE RUSTLERS IN THE WEST TO-DAY? WELL, NOT THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND, THAT USED TO COME TEARING ALONG ON A WIRY MUSTANG, TO SHOO A FEW LONGHORNS AHEAD OF HIM! **BUCK SAUNDERS** AND HIS CHOW-HOUND FRIEND, **FATTY**, CUT OUT FOR THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE WORLD ...TO BATTLE THE LAST... AND MOST DESPERATE... OF TEXAS BAD MEN... WHEN THEY BECOME... **COWBOYS OF THE AIR!!!**

WHAT'S THIS?? A FAMOUS TEAM BREAKING UP??

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME TO TEXAS, FELLOWS! BUT I GUESS THAT MILITARY ACADEMY WON'T WAIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUCK! WE'LL BE HAVING ADVENTURES OF OUR OWN!

I HATE TO PART WITH PERCY AND DON...BUT IT WON'T HURT MY APPETITE! OH BOY ... JUST THINK OF THAT CHILE, AN' THEM THICK JUICY BEAR STEAKS!

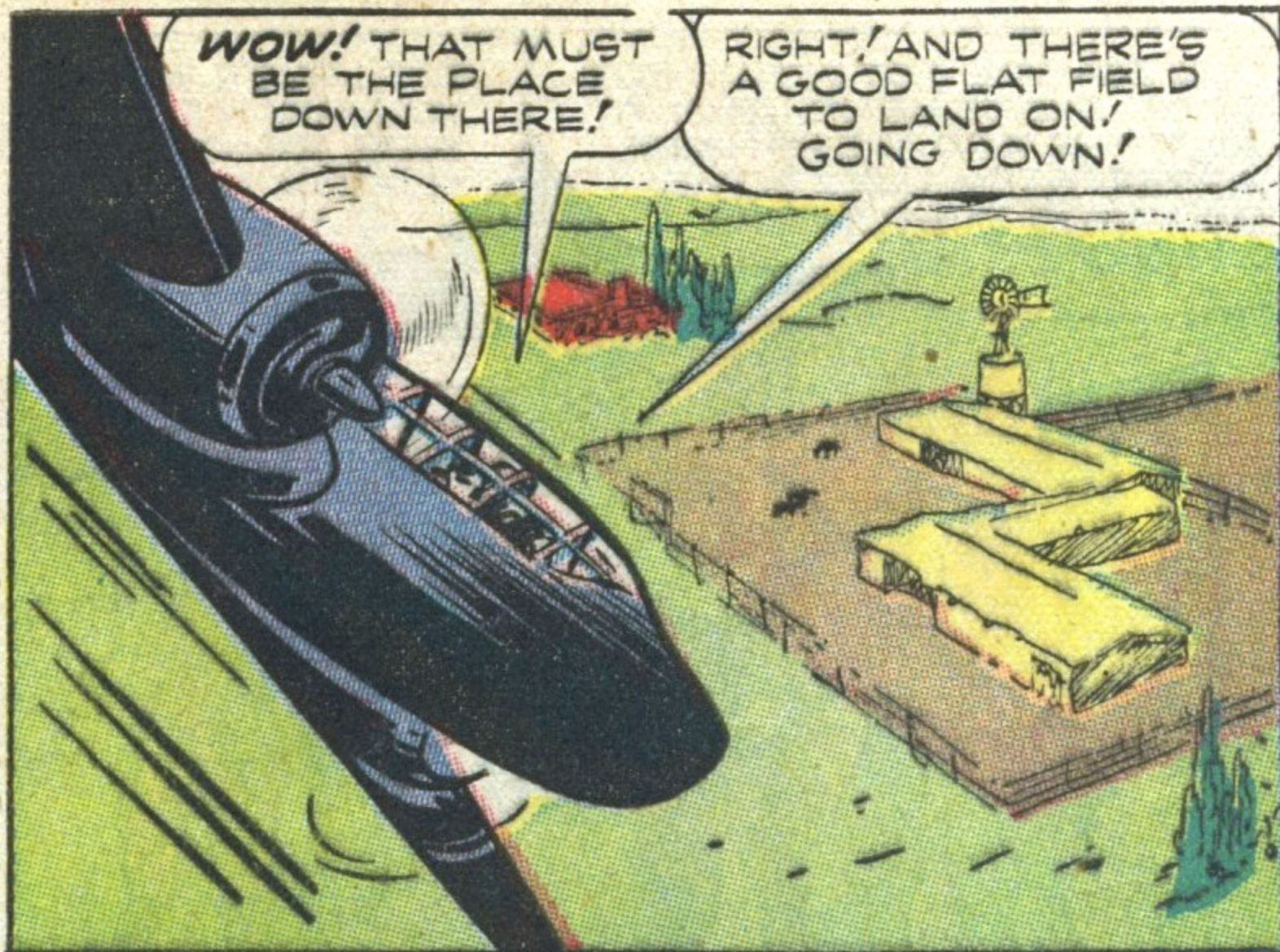
QUIET! YOU'RE EVEN MAKING ME HUNGRY!





WHAT IS THIS XIT RANCH WE'RE INVITED TO VISIT, BUCK?

WELL, IT'S 25 MILES WIDE AND 250 MILES LONG! IT USES 2000 MILES OF BARBED WIRE ... AND HAS 150,000 HEAD OF CATTLE!



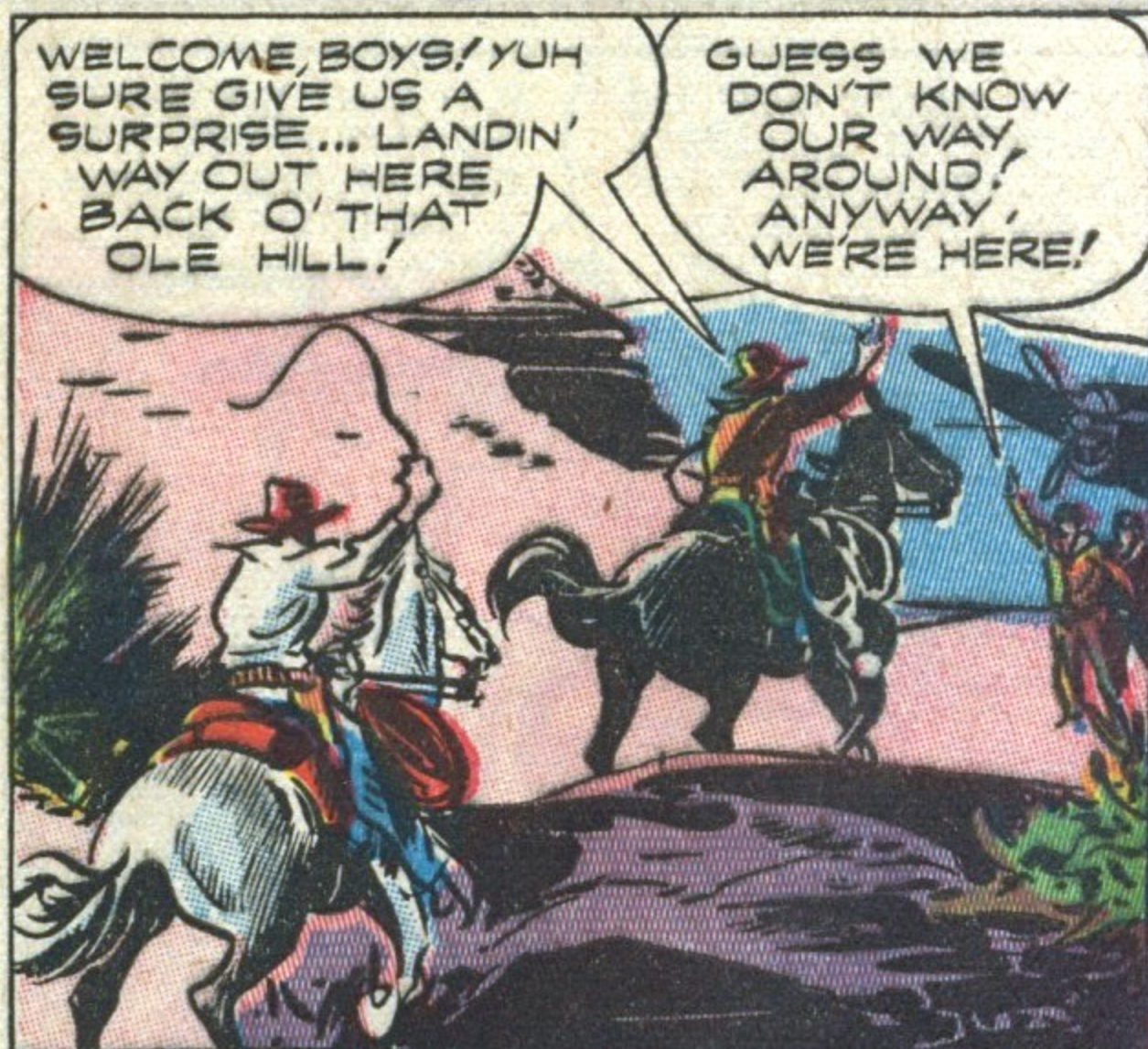
WOW! THAT MUST BE THE PLACE DOWN THERE!

RIGHT! AND THERE'S A GOOD FLAT FIELD TO LAND ON! GOING DOWN!



NOW TO FIND THE RANCH HOUSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE COMIN' AROUND THAT ROCK!

HOPE THEY GOT SOME NICE BARBECUE BUBBLIN' ON THE STOVE!



WELCOME, BOYS! YUH SURE GIVE US A SURPRISE... LANDIN' WAY OUT HERE, BACK O' THAT OLE HILL!

GUESS WE DON'T KNOW OUR WAY AROUND! ANYWAY, WE'RE HERE!



I'M TOD JENKINS, XIT MANAGER! WE'LL GIT YOU BOYS BACK TO THE HOUSE FER SOME VITTALS

TAKE IT EASY THAR SON!

OOPH!



GOSH... IS THIS GENOO-WINE BEAR STEAK, OR MAYBE REINDEER MEAT?

NO, FATTY... IT'S JIST PRIME TEXAS STEER!

YOU BOYS'RE JIST IN TIME FOR SOME EXCITEMENT... BUT IT AINT THE KIND WE HANKER AFTER! SEEMS LIKE SOME SKUNKS IS RUSTLIN' THE XIT'S CATTLE!

GEE... RUSTLERS! YOU MEAN THEY RIDE RIGHT IN, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS?

T'AIN'T AS SIMPLE AS THAT! SEEMS LIKE THESE CRITTERS USE MAGIC! WE DON'T SEE 'EM... BUT THE CATTLE JIST DISAPPEARS!

I WONDER... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



YOU DIDN'T SEE US WHEN WE LANDED, MR. JENKINS! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING... THE RUSTLERS USE PLANES!

YUH MAY BE RIGHT, SON! IF Y'ARE IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO STOP 'EM!

THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN! COME ON, FATTY... LET'S DO SOME RECONNAISSANCE WORK!

GO RIGHT TO IT, BOYS!

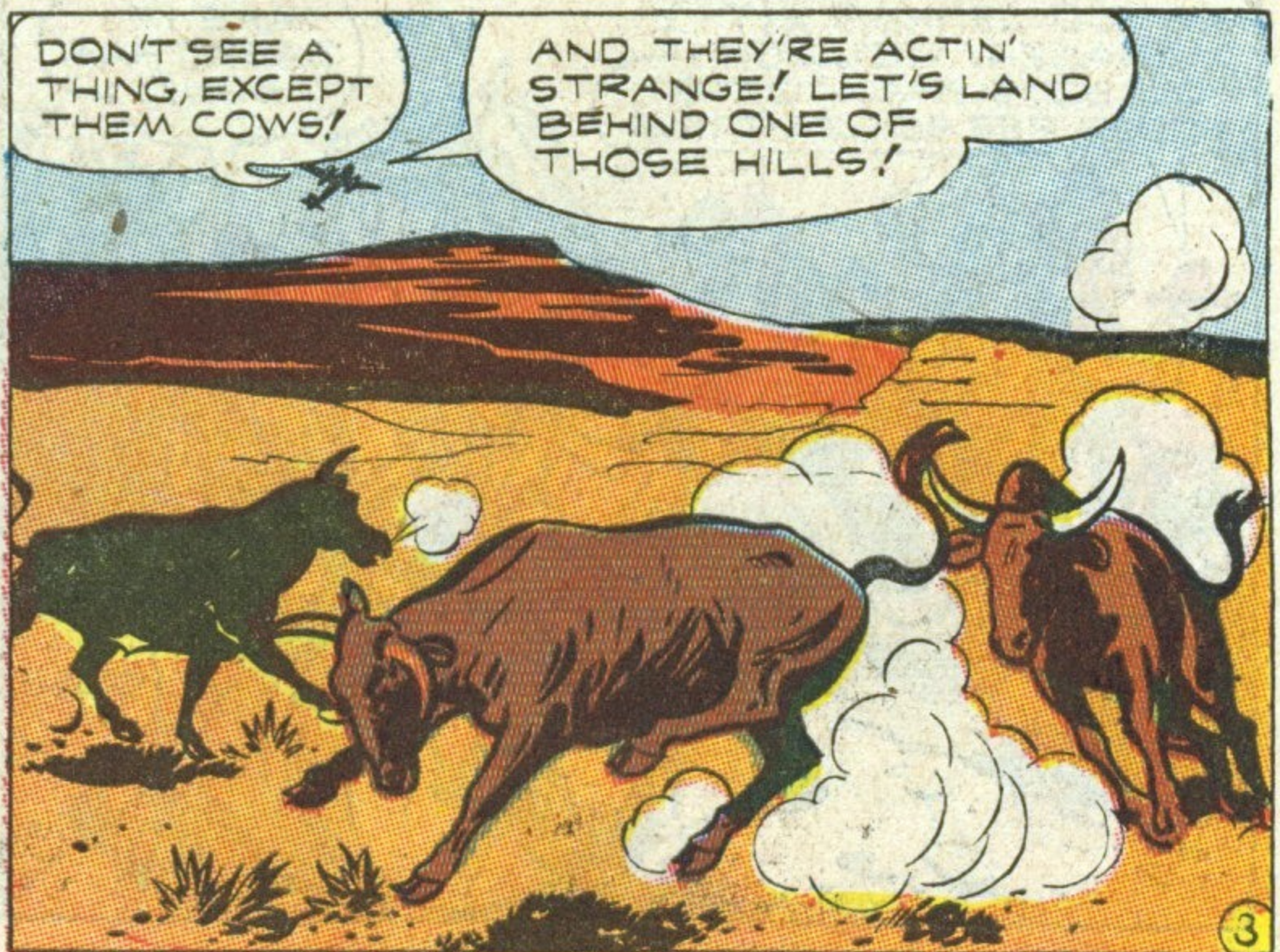


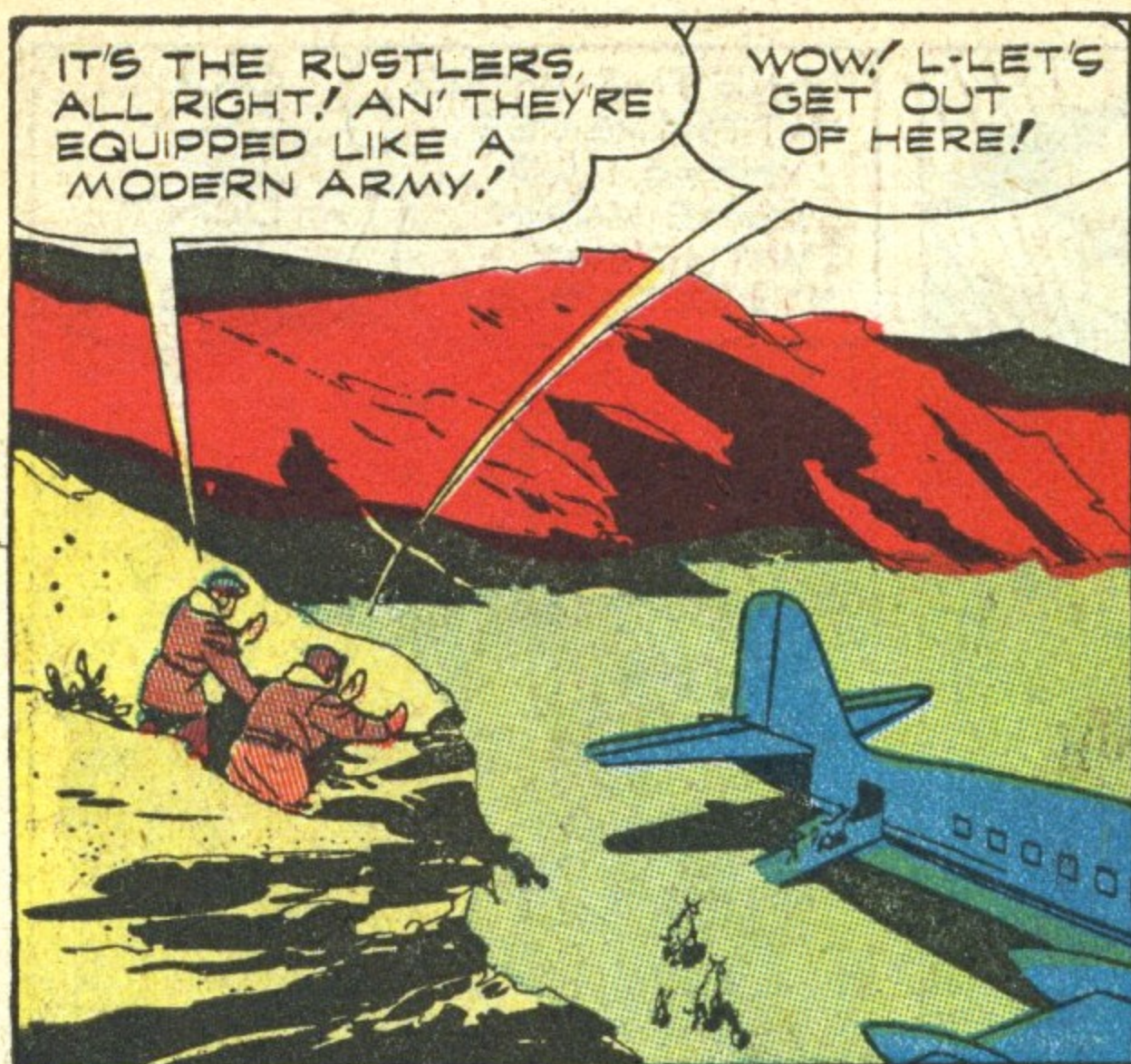
GOSH, BUCK... Y'AIN'T GONNA PUT ME TO WORK RIGHT AWAY, ARE YA?

YOU GOTTA START EARNIN' YOUR CHOW, FATTY!..

DON'T SEE A THING, EXCEPT THEM COWS!

AND THEY'RE ACTIN' STRANGE! LET'S LAND BEHIND ONE OF THOSE HILLS!





IT'S THE RUSTLERS,
ALL RIGHT! AN' THEY'RE
EQUIPPED LIKE A
MODERN ARMY!

WOW! L-LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!



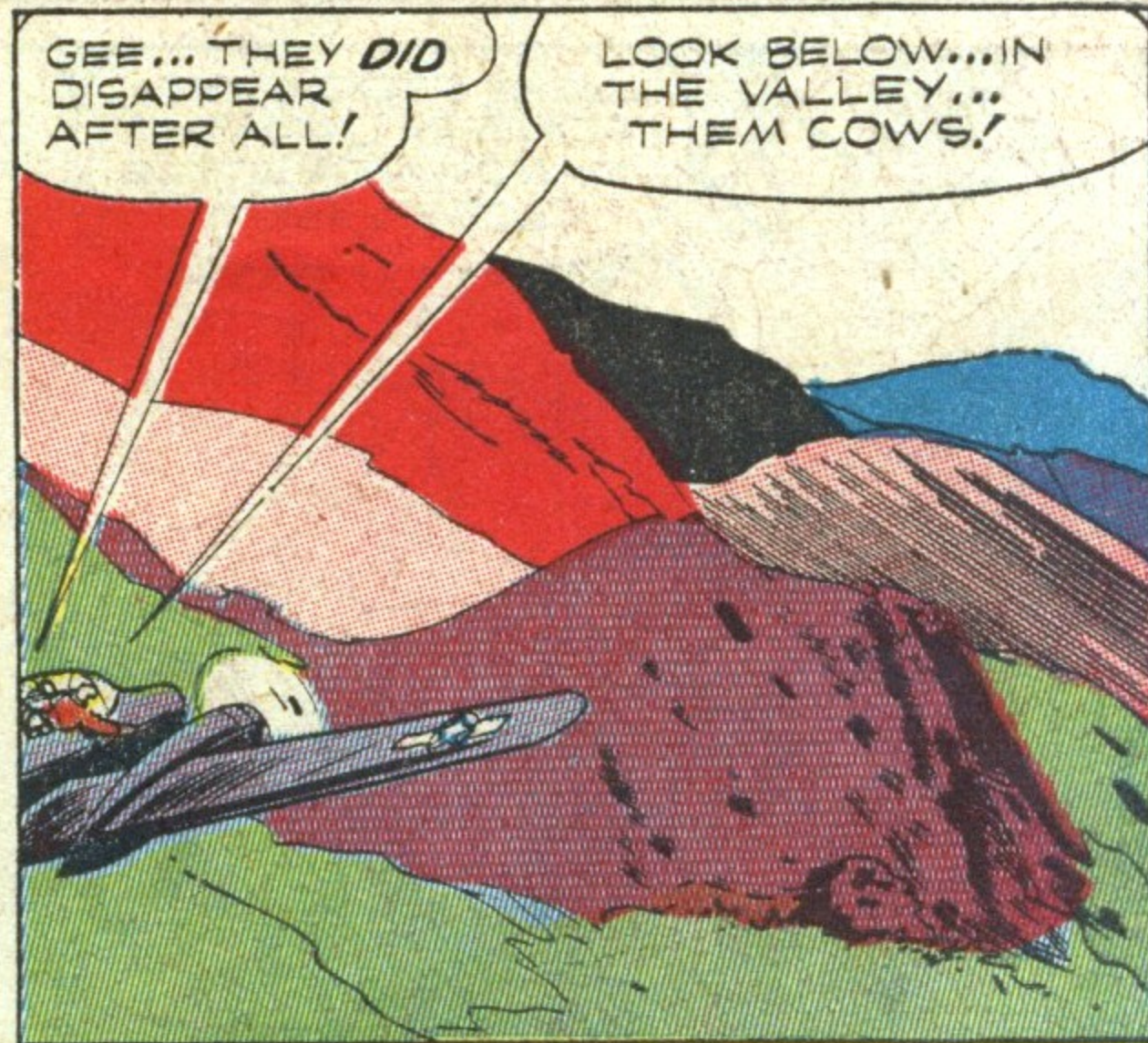
WE'LL STAY... RIGHT
ON THE TAIL OF
THESE THUGS!

OKAY, BUCK...
BUT YA CAN'T
MAKE ME
LIKE IT!



HURRY UP OR WE'LL
LOSE SIGHT
OF 'EM!

DON'T WORRY...
OUR PLANE IS
FASTER THAN
THEIRS!



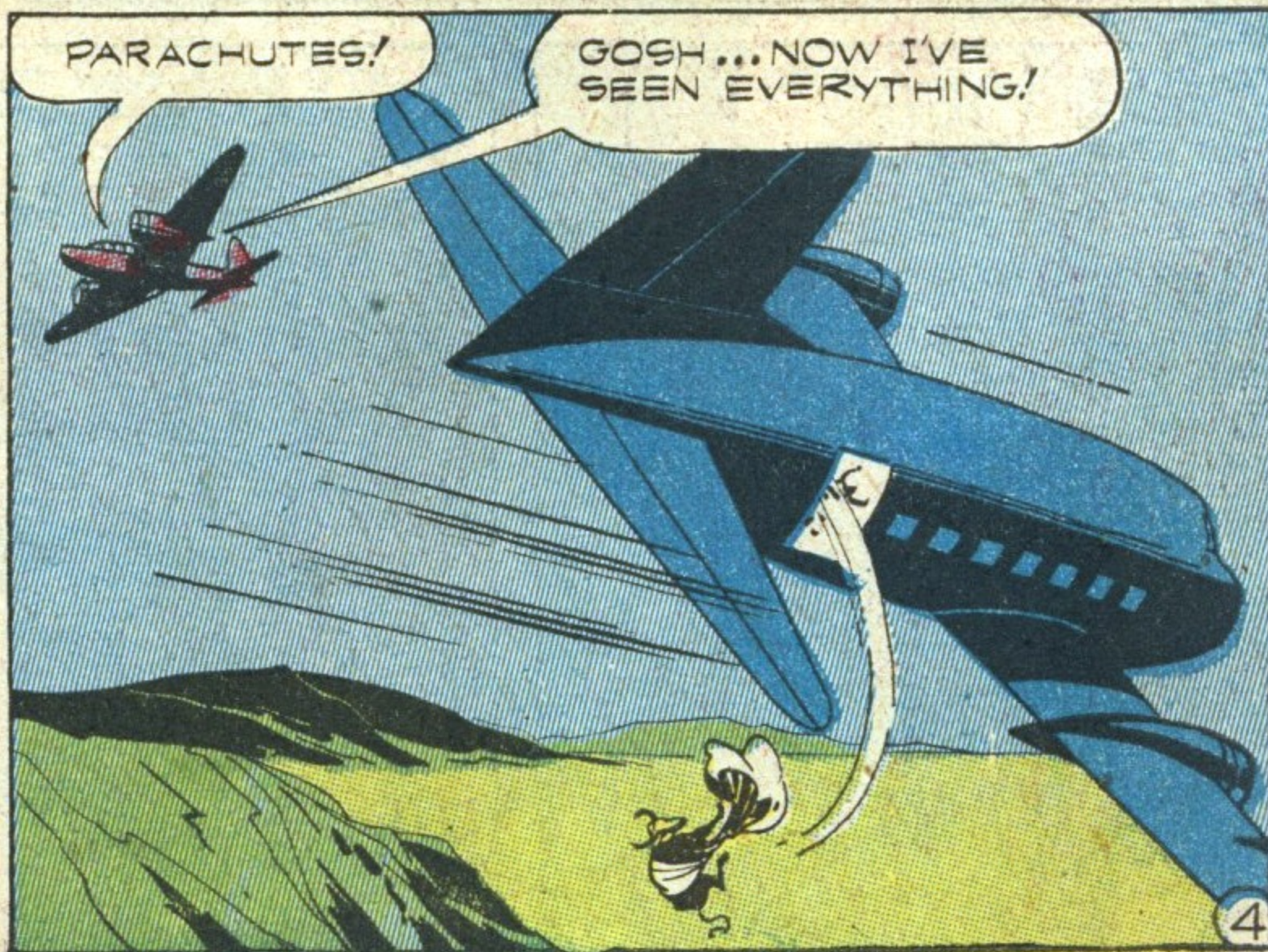
GEE... THEY *DID*
DISAPPEAR
AFTER ALL!

LOOK BELOW... IN
THE VALLEY...
THEM COWS!



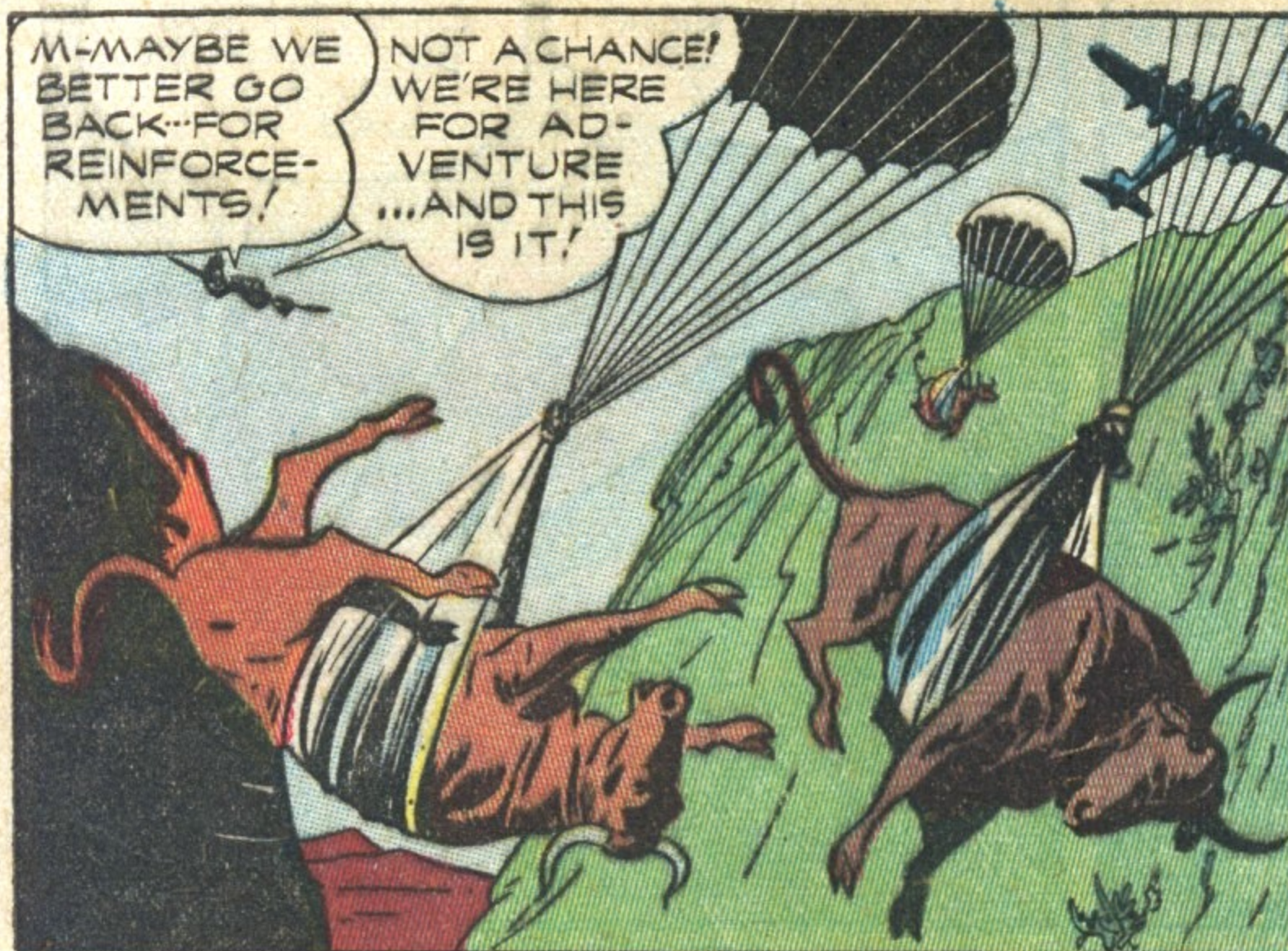
CAN'T FIGURE
OUT HOW THEY
GOT THOSE
STEERS INTO
THAT VALLEY!

WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT!
HERE'S AN-
OTHER ONE
O' THEIR
PLANES!



PARACHUTES!

GOSH... NOW I'VE
SEEN EVERYTHING!



M-MAYBE WE BETTER GO BACK--FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

NOT A CHANCE! WE'RE HERE FOR ADVENTURE...AND THIS IS IT!



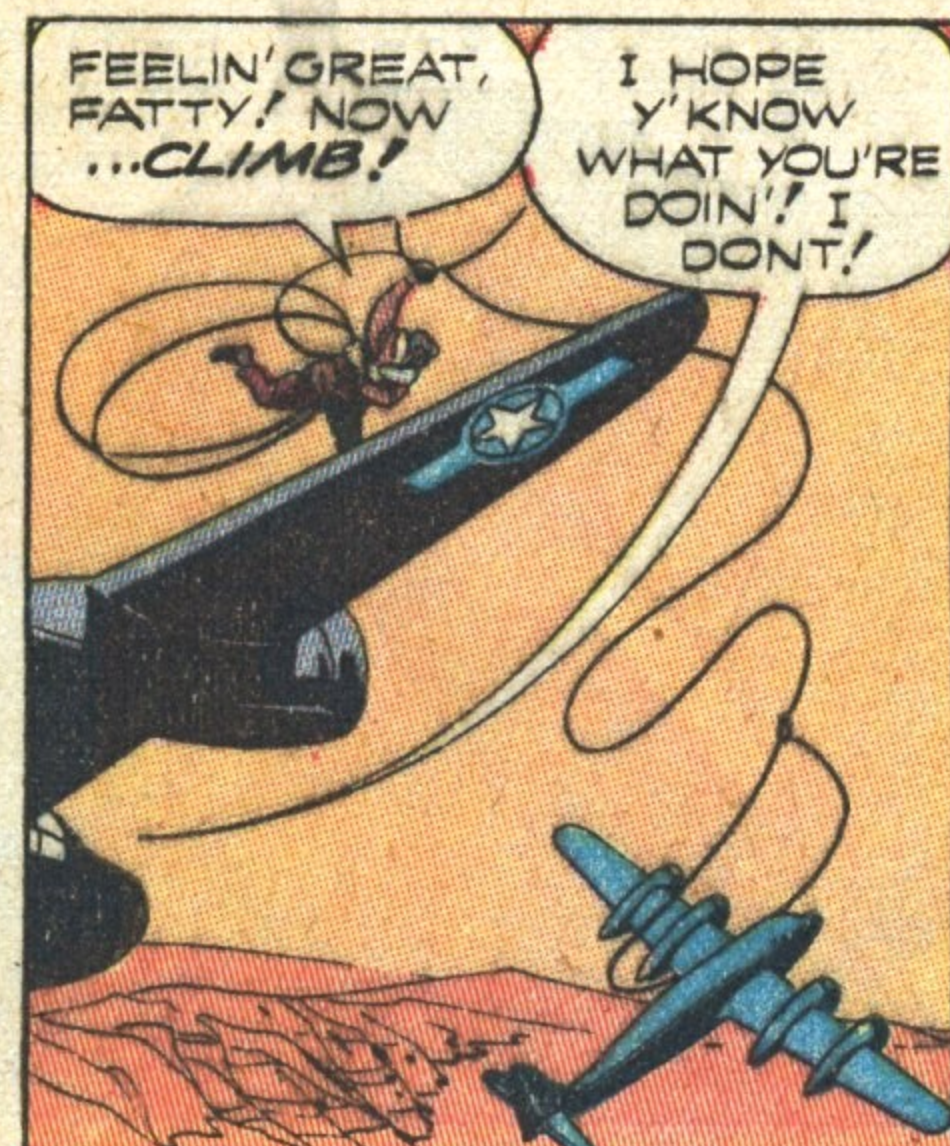
TAKE THE WHEEL, FATTY, HERES WHERE I DO SOME WORK WITH THAT STEEL CABLE!

OKAY... ONLY JIST DON'T RUGH ME!



LUCKY I TOOK LESSONS IN LARIAT-THROWIN'! A LITTLE CLOSER, FATTY!

SURE YOU'RE FEELIN' ALL RIGHT BUCK?



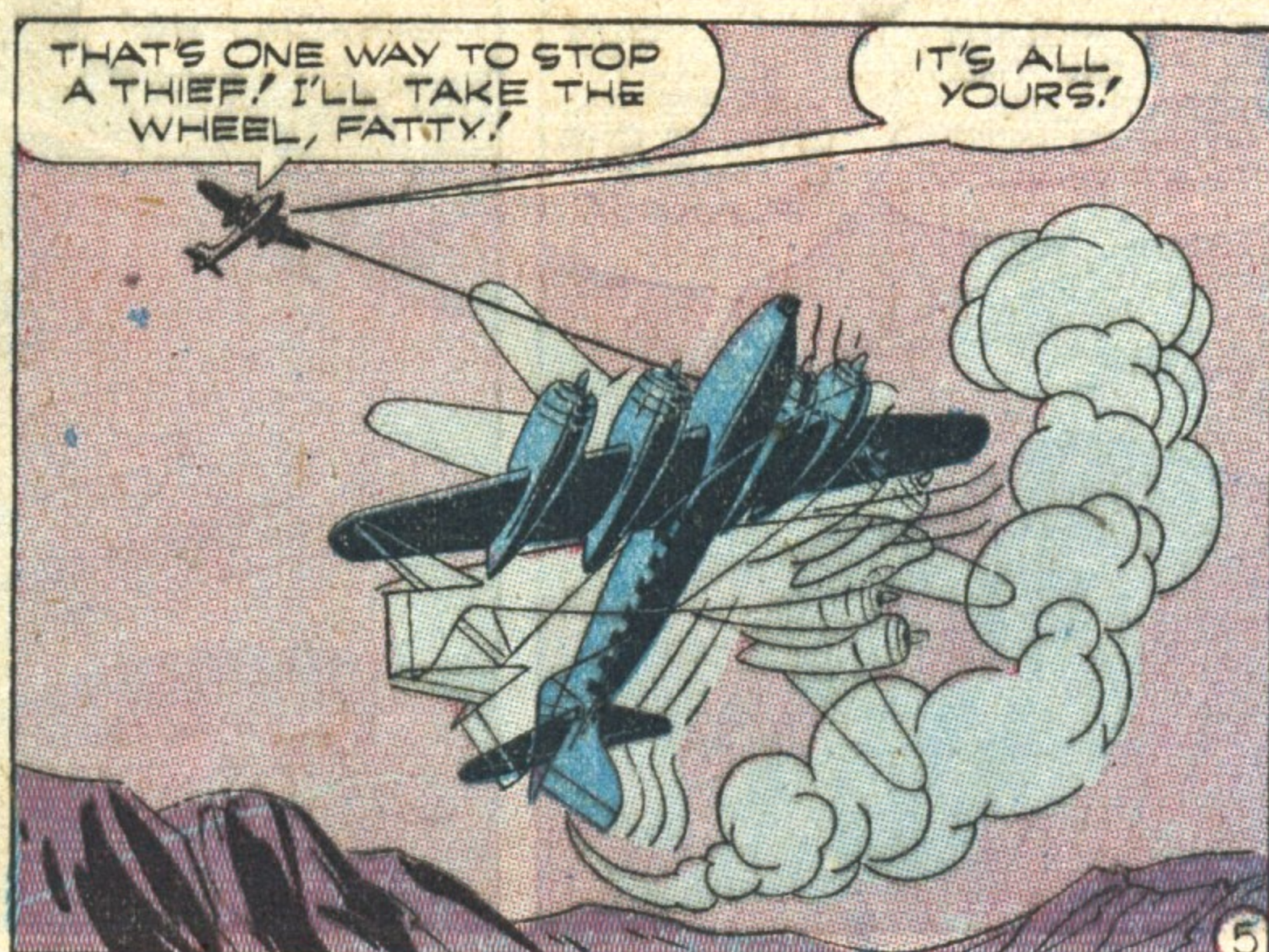
FEELIN' GREAT, FATTY! NOW...CLIMB!

I HOPE Y'KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! I DONT!



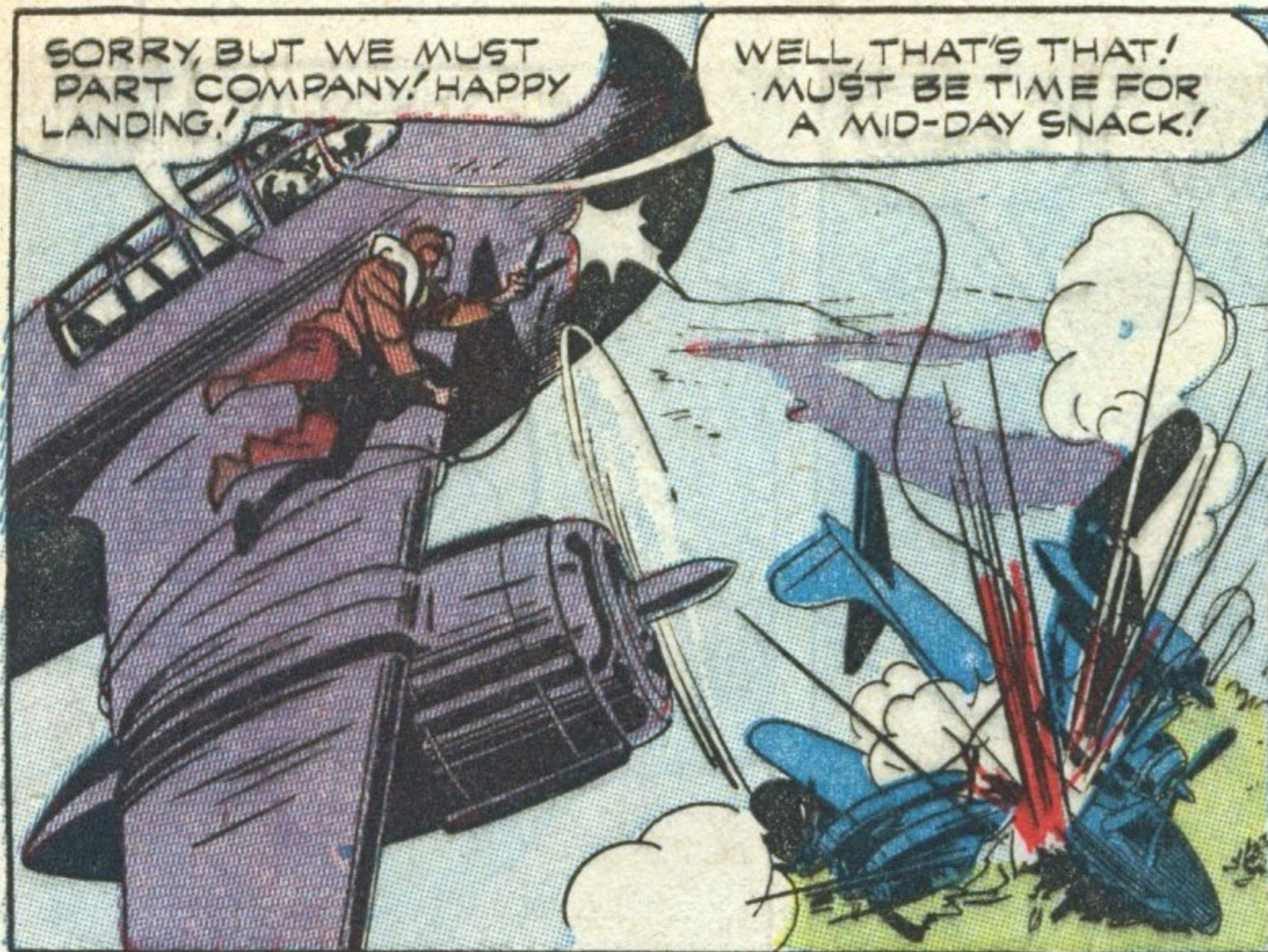
WHAT'RE WE DOIN' HITCHIN' A RIDE?

NO...WE'RE PUTTIN' THE JERK ON SOME JERKS!



THAT'S ONE WAY TO STOP A THIEF! I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, FATTY!

IT'S ALL YOURS!



SORRY, BUT WE MUST
PART COMPANY! HAPPY
LANDING!

WELL, THAT'S THAT!
MUST BE TIME FOR
A MID-DAY SNACK!



SKIP IT, FATTY!
WE GOT SOME
INVESTIGATIN'
TO DO!

AW, I WAS
JIST DREAMIN'
ANYWAY!



I KNEW THERE MUST
BE AN OPENING... SO
THEY CAN RUN THE
CATTLE OUT! AN'
THAT'S IT!

W... WONDER IF
THAT GUY'S GUN
IS LOADED?



IT WON'T
DO 'IM
ANY GOOD
NOW!

YOU TAKE 'IM
BUCK. IT
WOULDN'T BE
FAIR TO GANG
UP ON ONE MAN!



HERE'S
A MAN
FER YUH,
BRAT.

TRY SOME SLEEP,
CREEP!



WHO TOLD
YOU T' BUTT
IN?

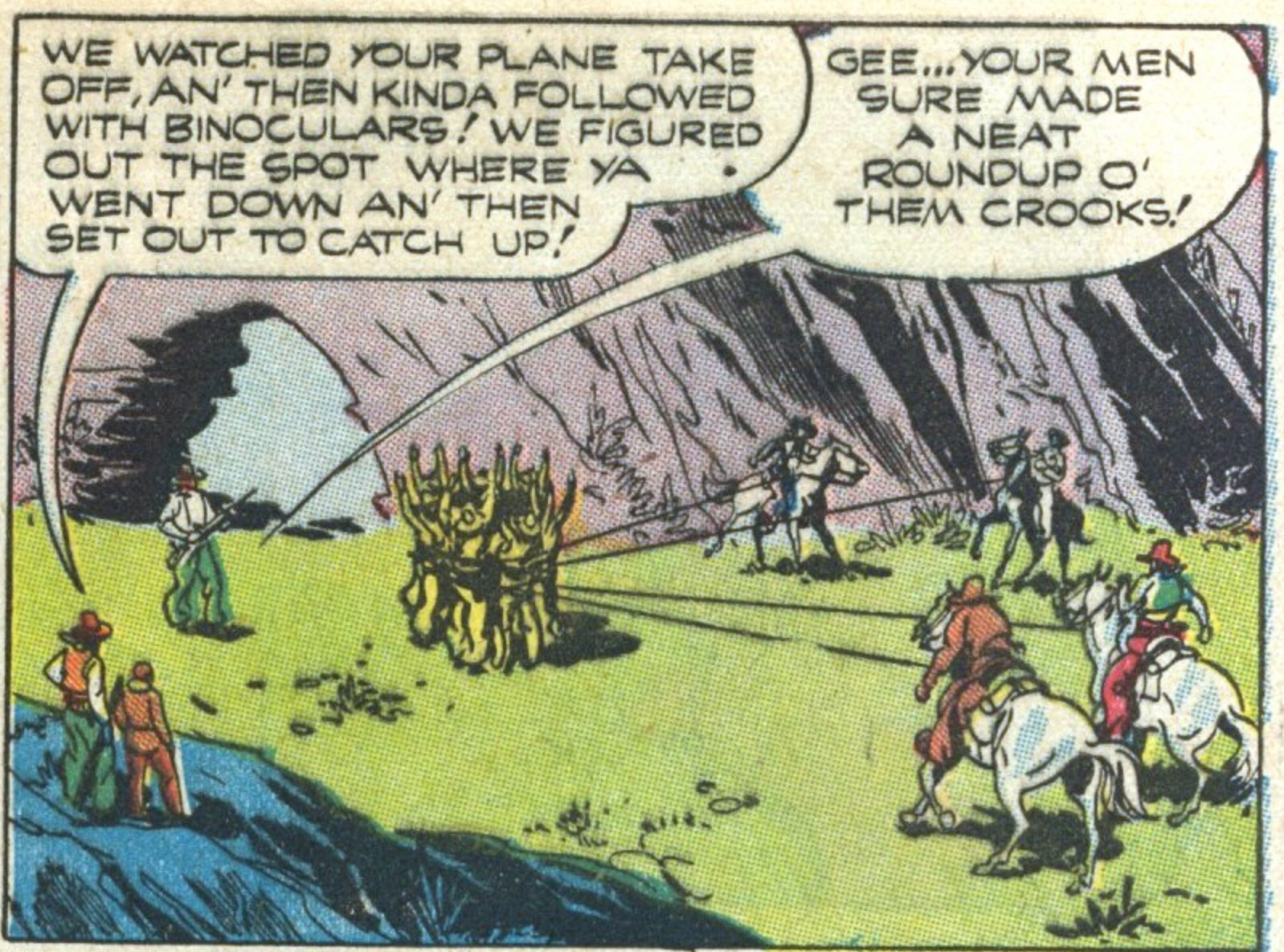
I THOUGHT YOU
NEVER TOOK
EXERCISE,
FATTY!





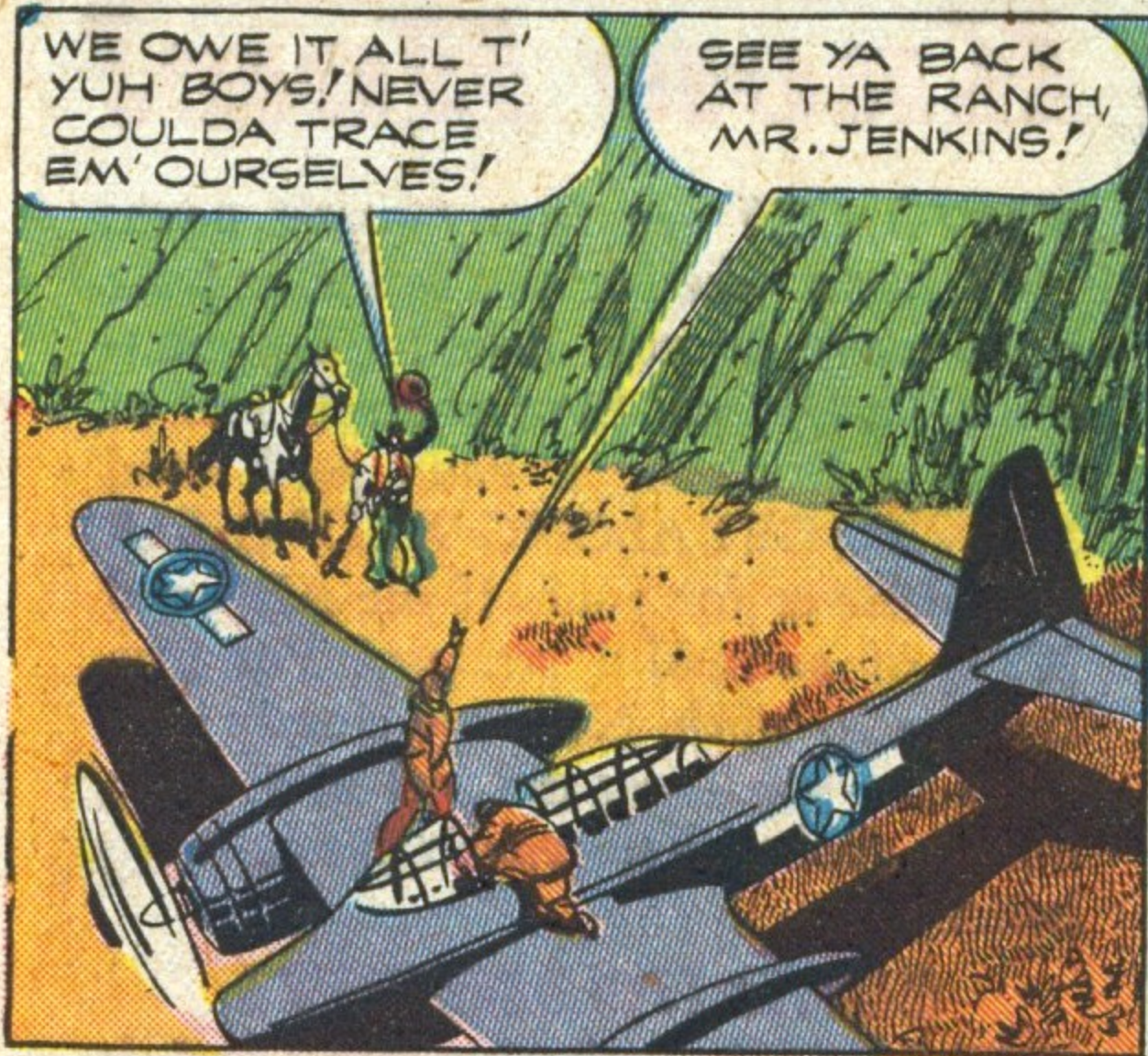
STRAY BULLET NOTHIN'!
JIST THOUGHT I'D
CLIP OFF THAT
THERE FUSE AFORE
IT BURNED DOWN
ANY LOWER!

MR.
JENKINS!
HOW...
I?



WE WATCHED YOUR PLANE TAKE
OFF, AN' THEN KINDA FOLLOWED
WITH BINOCULARS! WE FIGURED
OUT THE SPOT WHERE YA
WENT DOWN AN' THEN
SET OUT TO CATCH UP!

GEE...YOUR MEN
SURE MADE
A NEAT
ROUNDUP O'
THEM CROOKS!



WE OWE IT ALL T'
YUH BOYS! NEVER
COULDA TRACE
EM' OURSELVES!

SEE YA BACK
AT THE RANCH,
MR. JENKINS!



Later...

YUH FELLAS DID SOME,
RIGHT SMART LASSOIN'
O' THAT PLANE IN THE
AIR! HOW ABOUT TRYIN'
YER LUCK WITH
THAT STEER!

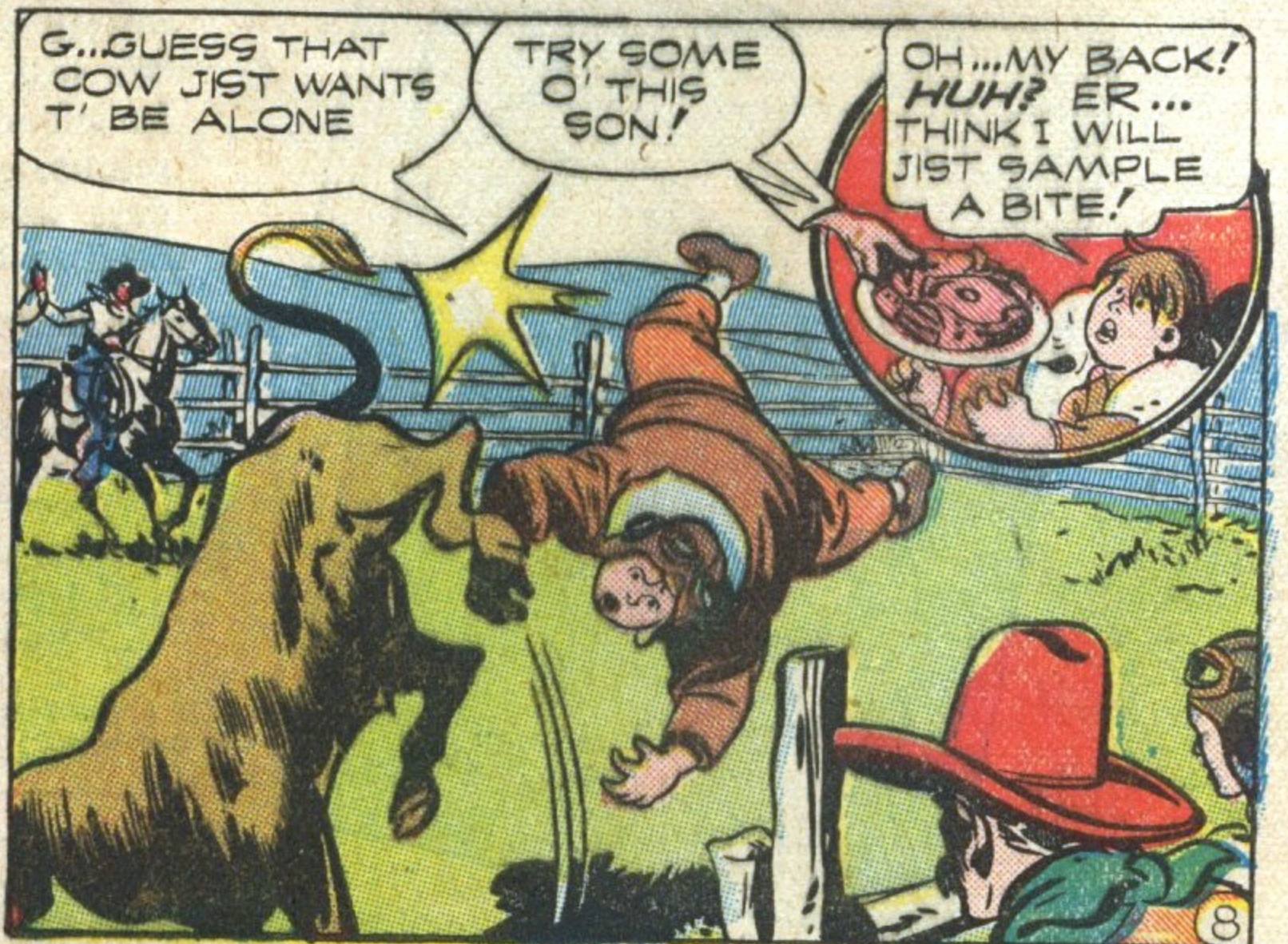
I'M A LITTLE
LIGHT FOR
IT... BUT
FATTY'S
JUST THE
RIGHT
BUILD!

WHO
ME??



THIS OUGHTA
REDUCE SOME
O' THAT EXTRA
BULK, FATTY!

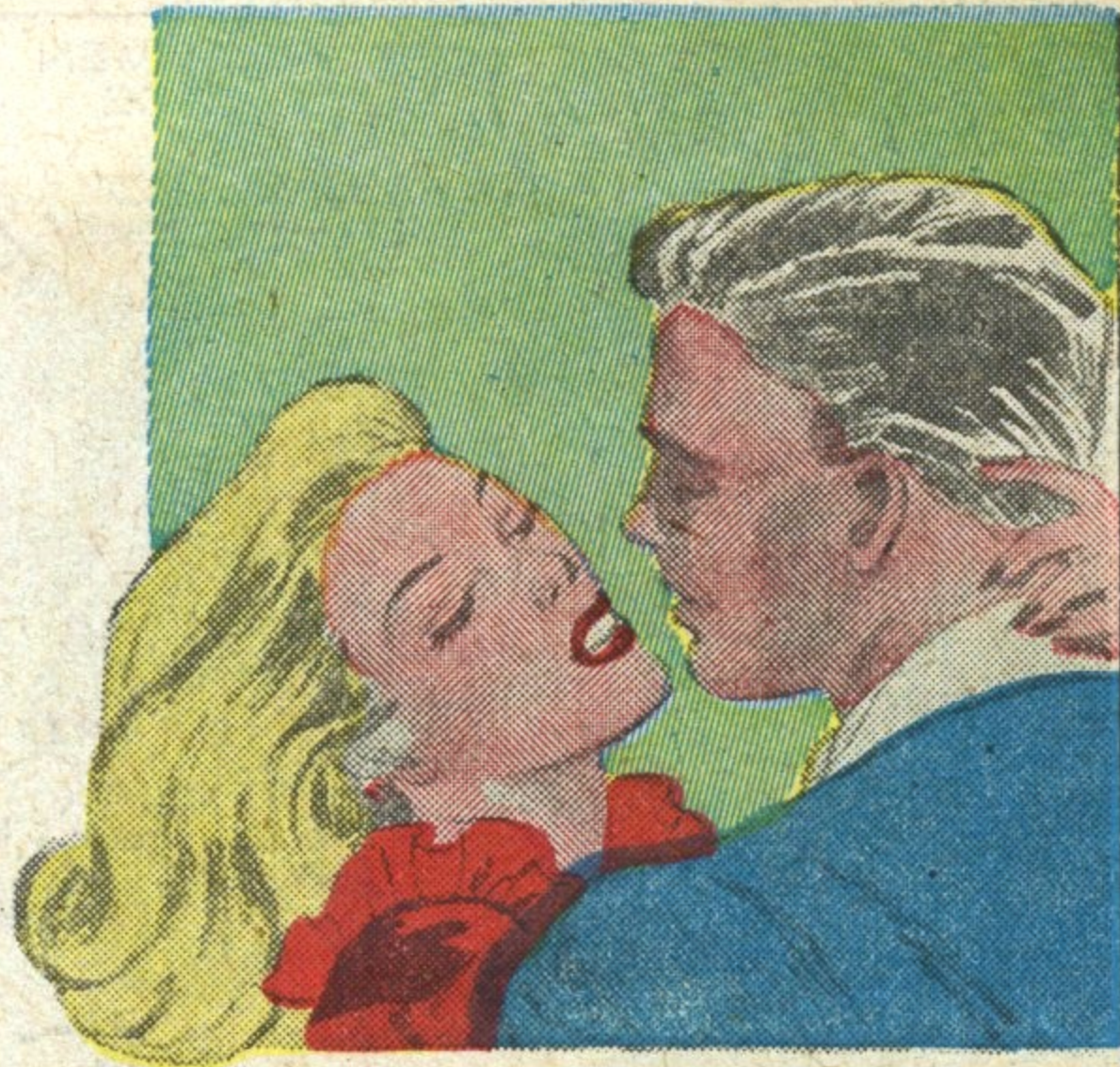
I...I **LIKE**
MY EXTRA
BULK!



G...GUESS THAT
COW JIST WANTS
T' BE ALONE

TRY SOME
O' THIS
SON!

OH...MY BACK!
HUH? ER...
THINK I WILL
JIST SAMPLE
A BITE!



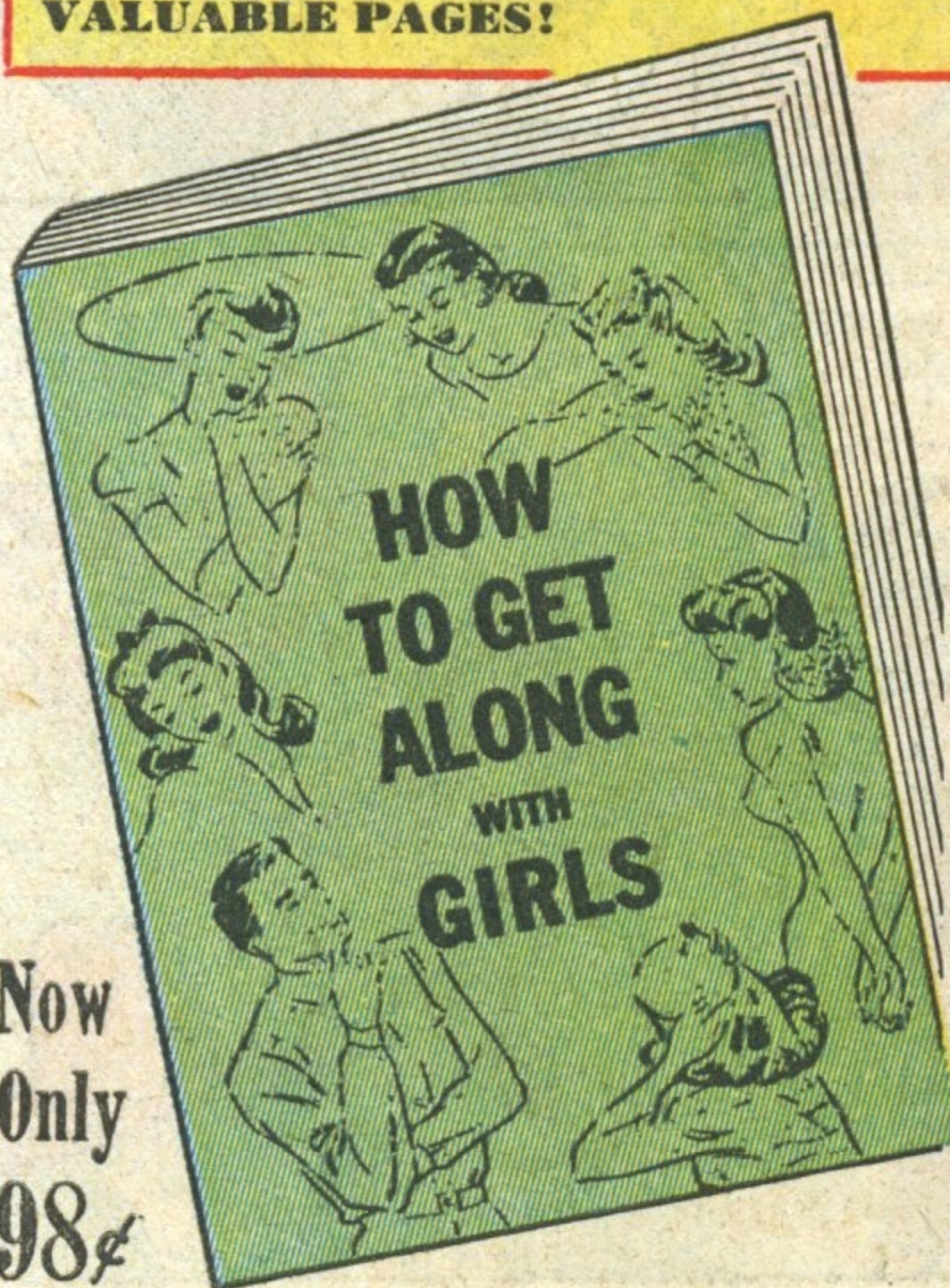
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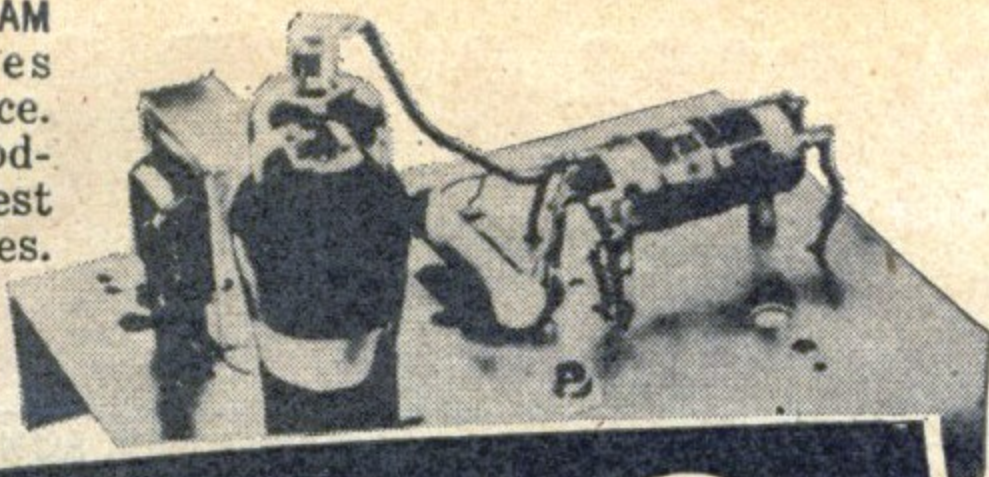
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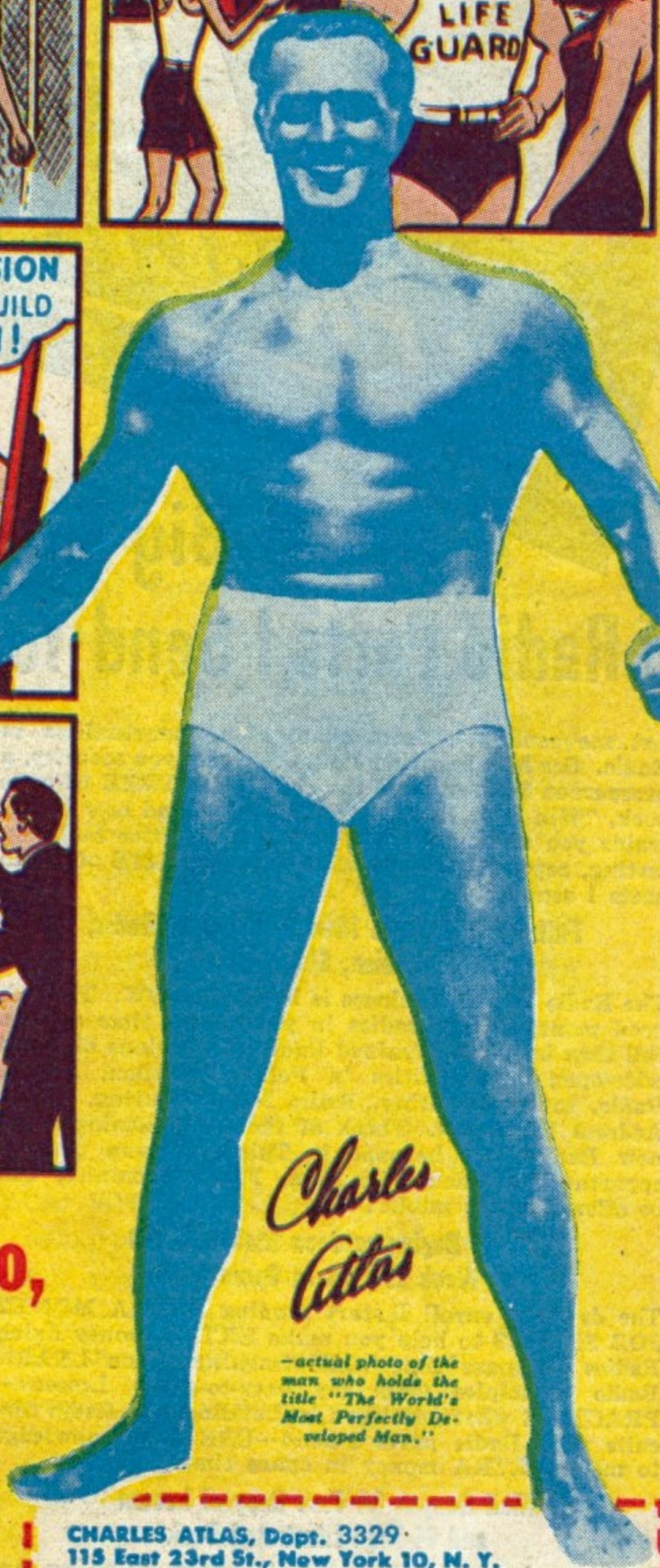
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